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Vol 23 No 1

SCREENLAND

May
25c



Janet
Gaynor

THOMAS
WEBB

DANGER AHEAD
for CLARA BOW!

**WHAT DOES NUMEROLOGY
FORESEE for JANET GAYNOR ?**

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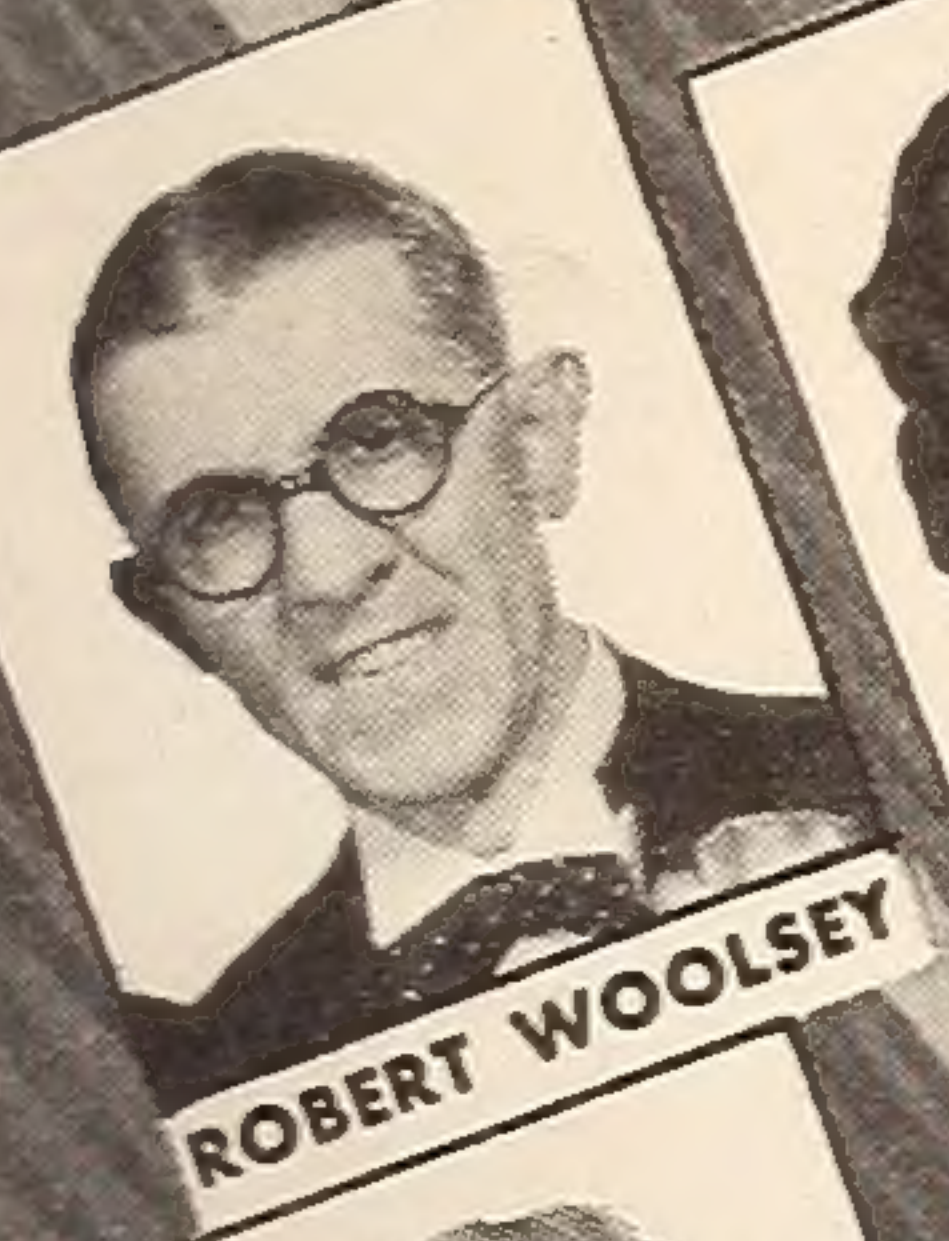
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Current RADIO PICTURES that deserve your attention: Wheeler & Woolsey in "CRACKED NUTS"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne, Star of "Cimarron," in "BACHELOR APARTMENT"; "THE W PLAN", Great War Melodrama; Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez in "BEHIND OFFICE DOORS"; and A. A. Milne's "THE PERFECT ALIBI".

RADIO PICTURES

R-K-O Radio PICTURES

Paul C. Hunter, *Publisher*

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

May, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIII, No. 1

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A

NEW SLANT

on

GARBO!

You may have thought that everything that could be written about Greta has been written. Certainly the Swedish star has been the subject of more articles, gossip, and conjecture than any other film personage. But in next month's SCREENLAND we're going to give you a Garbo story—and it has a *new slant* on the Gorgeous Greta! Don't miss it.

In that same June issue, on the stands the first of May, you'll find a dozen other features, each expressing the originality of the Smart Screen Magazine. "Is Romance Synthetic in Hollywood?" packs a punch. "Mexican Divorce" is a fiction story—and such a story!—all about one of the most beautiful blonde stars in the screen colony, who is all set to marry a playboy of the eastern world, when—but let Charles Winfield Fessier tell you in his own pungent style, next month, in that June issue of SCREENLAND, with Greta Garbo on the cover!



"MOROCCO," "THE BLUE ANGEL"—never before has anyone leaped into such instant popularity as glorious, glamorous Marlene Dietrich, "with the wisdom of the ages in her eyes."

VICTOR McLAGLEN
MARLENE DIETRICH
in
"Dishonored"

Story and direction by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

To tell you the story would spoil it. It must be seen. So true to her part is Marlene Dietrich you live every minute of the picture. Vibrant, alive, telling—right to the end she carries you. And you go out of the theatre with the deep satisfaction that comes with leaving for a while your own life and experiencing the life of another. ¶ A typical Paramount production, which means—the cast is flawless, the story absorbing, the "atmosphere" authentic—unmistakably *A Paramount Picture* and "the best show in town!"

Paramount  Pictures

Paramount Publix Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND



Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll are splendid in "Stolen Heaven"—but it isn't a "Devil's Holiday."

REVUETTES

Screenland's guide to the current films—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class B:

BRIGHT LIGHTS. *First National.* Another back-stage romance with nice comedy and good acting by Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay, Inez Courtney and Frank McHugh.

DAMAGED LOVE. *Sono-Art.* A story of free love adroitly handled by Director Irvin Willat. June Collyer is convincing as the girl and Charles Starrett is the leading man.

DESERT VENGEANCE. *Columbia.* An entertaining western with a new slant. Buck Jones, as a notorious bandit, and Barbara Bedford, as a swindler, fall in love and start over again with a clean slate. Outlaws, excitement and thrills.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN. *Fox.* An amusing light comedy-drama with an excellent cast. Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald, Roland Young and Una Merkel place this film in the "better class."

DRACULA. *Universal.* A weird and gripping mystery drama well acted by Bela Lugosi and Helen Chandler and well directed by Tod Browning.*

EX-FLAME. *Liberty Productions.* A poor attempt at a modernized version of "East Lynne" with Neil Hamilton, Marian Nixon and Norman Kerry.

FAIR WARNING. *Fox.* A nice lively western crammed full of action. George O'Brien, Nat Pendelton and Louise Huntington in the cast. The youngsters will go for this.

FINN AND HATTIE. *Paramount.* Mitzi Green and Jack Searl walk away with this comedy about a trip abroad. ZaSu Pitts and Leon Erroll follow closely. Good for many laughs.*

* **GENTLEMAN'S FATE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* John Gilbert has turned gangster in this talkie, with excellent results. It's a corking picture with Louis Wolheim, Leila Hyams and Anita Page also in the cast.*

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT. *Fox.* A peppy co-ed college comedy. Deals with the male students trying to eject the femmes from the college. Virginia Cherrill, John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill are the leading players.*

GOING WILD. *Warner Brothers.* A comedy of mistaken identity and aviation which is funny because of the efforts of Joe E. Brown, Laura Lee, Lawrence Gray, Frank McHugh and May Boley.

HELL BENT. *Tiffany.* An interesting underworld drama with Leo Carrillo giving a superb performance as a gangster. Lola Lane, Lloyd Hughes and Ralph Ince handle their rôles capably.

HONOR AMONG LOVERS. *Paramount.* Claudette Colbert glorifies the working girl. As a secretary who rejects her employer's proposition and who marries a poor but dishonest clerk, Claudette is grand. Fredric March is also grand in the leading role.*

Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner, the comedy clowns. They convulsed you in "Hold Everything" and they follow up with "Sit Tight," a guaranteed laugh provoker. Winnie's next picture will be "Gold Dust Gertie," and you'll see Joe in "Broadminded."



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE. *Paramount.* A highly amusing comedy; the theme dealing with a father and son as competitors. Skeets Gallagher gets most of the laughs as a high-pressure publicity man. Norman Foster, Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette are immense.*

KEPT HUSBANDS. *Radio Pictures.* A domestic drama about a poor boy who marries a rich girl and who revolts against being "kept" by his wealthy wife. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea are the heroine and hero.

* **KIKI.** *United Artists.* Mary Pickford makes a cute hoyden and supplies many laughs as the chorus girl who tries to vamp a theatrical producer, Reginald Denny. You'll like this one.*

LONELY WIVES. *Pathé.* Clever comedy intelligently handled. Edward Everett Horton plays a dual role. Esther Ralston, Laura La Plante and Patsy Ruth Miller provide the feminine charm splendidly.

MEN ON CALL. *Fox.* A trite talkie about a locomotive engineer and a stage dancer, Edmund Lowe and Mae Clark. Both Edmund and Mae do their best but the plot floors them.

MILLIE. *Radio Pictures.* The trials and tribulations of a red-headed siren which you'll enjoy with Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Ames and James Hall.*

PAGLIACCI. *Audio Cinema.* The first real opera to reach the screen is a noteworthy attempt in so far as the music and voices are concerned. The photography and direction aren't as good as they might be. Recommended to music lovers.

SCANDAL SHEET. *Paramount.* George Bancroft splendid in a newspaper story that packs a wallop. Kay Francis and Clive Brook offer capable assistance.*

SEAS BENEATH. *Fox.* George O'Brien is in the Navy now and gives a good account of himself in this drama sprinkled with comedy. Runners-up for acting honors are Marion Lessing, Warren Hymer and Walter C. Kelly.

SIT TIGHT. *Warner Brothers.* Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner in a flimsy story packed with sure-fire gags. Brown is a would-be wrestler and Winnie a health doctor. Plenty of laughs.

STOLEN HEAVEN. *Paramount.* Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes are grand but the picture falls short. All about one last spree on stolen money.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM. *Roadshow Productions.* The ex-stage classic made into a fair melodrama. No attempt has been made to modernize it. William Farnum, Tom Santchi and Patty Lou Lynd are the featured players.

* Reviewed in this issue.

* These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 125)

Class A:

★ **CIMARRON.** *Radio.* The history of Oklahoma with Richard Dix scoring a personal triumph. Irene Dunne and Estelle Taylor are splendid. See it.

★ **CITY LIGHTS.** *United Artists.* This Charlie Chaplin classic is worth waiting two years for. Virginia Cherrill is a lovely heroine and Charlie plays his usual tramp superbly.*

★ **DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Joan Crawford brings home the bacon again with her performance in this fairly interesting newspaper yarn. Lester Vail and William Bakewell are the male support.*

★ **DISHONORED.** *Paramount.* Another personal victory for Marlene Dietrich. She's a spy in this one. However, the picture is also good and the cast is top-notch—Victor McLaglen, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lew Cody, Warner Oland and Barry Norton.*

★ **EAST LYNNE.** *Fox.* The excellent acting of Ann Harding, Clive Brook and Conrad Nagel make this old-fashioned hokum melodrama and interesting picture bet.*

★ **INSPIRATION.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Greta Garbo in a modern story not worthy of her talents. Robert Montgomery, Marjorie Rambeau and Lewis Stone support the star.

★ **RANGO.** *Paramount.* An interesting drama of life in the jungles. Rango, an ourang-outang, is the hero. Don't miss this one.*

★ **THE BACHELOR FATHER.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Marion Davies very amusing in a sprightly comedy. Ralph Forbes and C. Aubrey Smith assist with the hilarity.

★ **THE CRIMINAL CODE.** *Columbia.* A gripping prison drama—one of the best—with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes and Constance Cummings giving notable performances.

★ **THE EASIEST WAY.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Glamorous Constance Bennett in a sophisticated yarn about a girl who takes the wrong path and regrets. Adolphe Menjou and Robert Montgomery are capable male support.

★ **THE GANG BUSTER.** *Paramount.* A Jack Oakie fun-fest. A howling burlesque on the crook dramas. Jean Arthur is the heroine.

★ **THE ROYAL FAMILY.** *Paramount.* Don't miss this talkie treat. A grand burlesque about a famous theatrical family and a grand cast—Fredric March, Ina Claire and Henrietta Crosman.

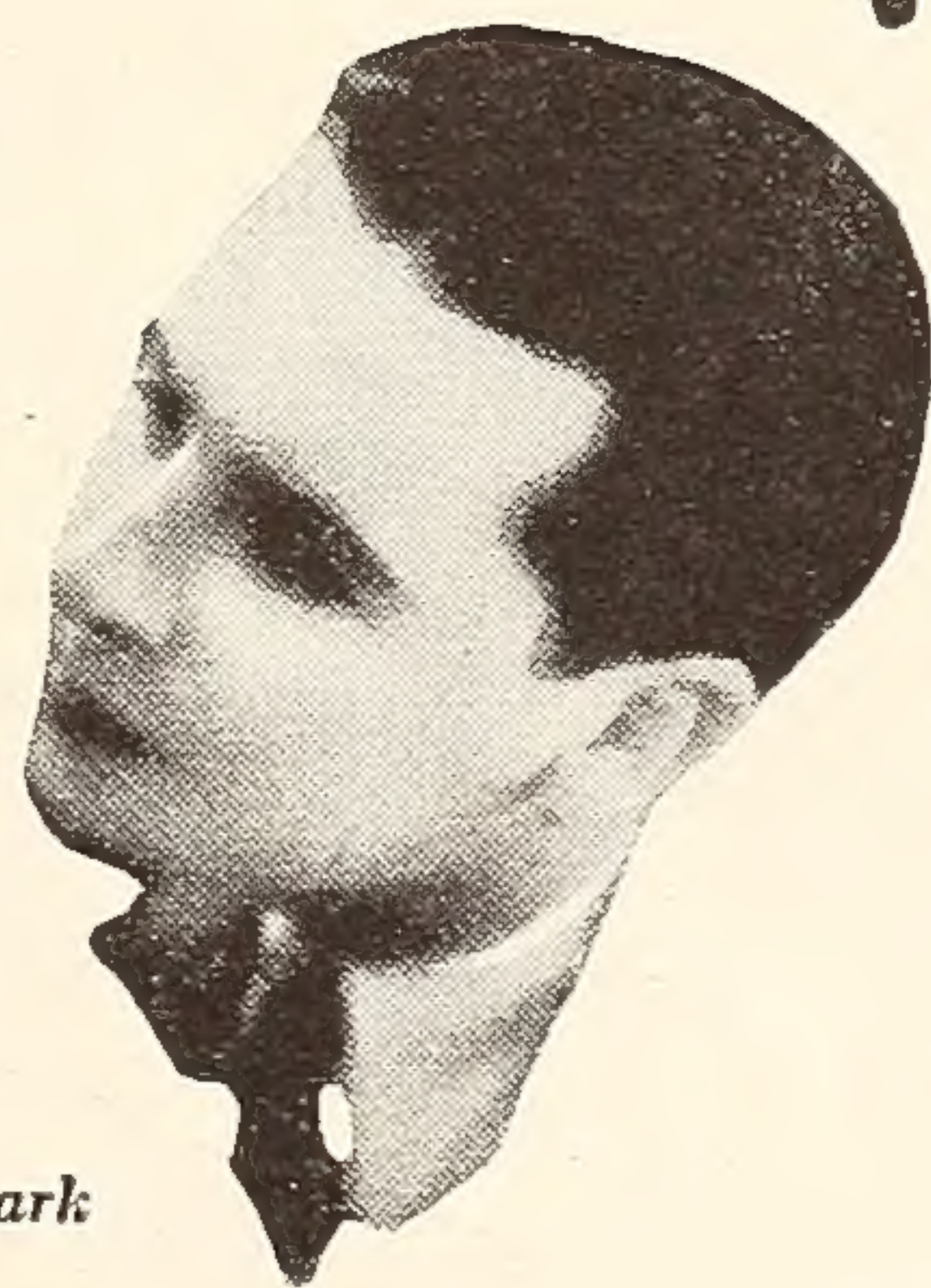
★ **TRADER HORN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A gripping and one of the most interesting and authentic African pictures. Plenty of animals and romance. Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo are splendid.*



BEBE DANIELS



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L E W I S S T O N E
J O A N B L O N D E L L
N A T A L I E M O O R H E A D
Screen adaptation and dialogue
by Charles Kenyon
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

"My Past"

*The tell-tale autobiography
of DORA MACY'S life!*

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!

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SLAMS *and* SALVOS

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your screen views!

POOR GRETA!

(First Prize Letter)

It is my contention that publicized people, of the stage, the screen or the less glamorous walks of life, are not the happiest. Genius must of necessity walk alone since there is a scarcity of kind. Poor Greta Garbo!

Greta was scarcely more than a child when she came to us and was pleased and astounded at the sensation she became following the release of "The Torrent." She is just a young girl now, though she is the most sought-after woman in the world, a young girl with rare intelligence, who chooses the wind in her face, the sun on her back and the firm earth under her feet rather than the adulation of those countless thousands who sing her praise.

Poor Greta! Must she tear her heart out to satisfy the gods of publicity?

Miss Kay Yarborough,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

DON'T

(Second Prize Letter)

Don'ts to greater appreciation of the universal medium of entertainment:

Don't enter the theatre in a critical mood;

Don't expect to see and hear something entirely different;

Don't feel that even you could have done better;

Don't drift into ennui;

Don't let unfavorable publicity of a player's personal life detract from your appreciation of his work (it's none of your business, anyway);

Don't think that you are sitting next to the most vociferous person in the house (changing seats might be a move for the worse);

Don't make comparisons (it's an odious habit);

Don't reach a conclusion before the end of the picture;

Don't consider yourself morally superior to thespians (if you weren't so unimportant, you, too, might be scandalized);

Don't let pronunciations that differ from yours bother you;

Don't go to the theatre at all if you are not open-minded!

LaVerne Caron,
564 W. Hollywood Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan.



A winning team! Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to be the leading co-starring favorites. Charlie's marriage to Virginia Valli hasn't lessened his popularity with the young ladies of the nation.

TURN BACK THE MOVIE UNIVERSE!

(Third Prize Letter)

It always makes one seem like an old fogey to weep over the dear, dead days, and I'm really not that, but still I do wipe away a furtive tear when I look back upon some of the early pictures. The comedies of today seem so elaborate, so pretentious, compared with the old ones. Chaplin takes years to produce one picture. The old Harold Lloyd is no more. In his place is a cautious business man who weighs the laughter-chances of every gag before he dares to put it in his million-dollar production.

Where is the Douglas McLean who made us hold our sides in "The Yankee Consul?"

Where is the successor to Constance Talmadge in her light, sophisticated bits of nonsense?

We have no counterparts of the Sidney Drew comedies which provoked a gentle smile.

Somehow, the present day comedies seem lacking in spontaneity.

Jessie F. Edgerly,
4145 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

LET'S HAVE REVIVALS!

(Fourth Prize Letter)

This is a plea for forgotten masterpieces. Where are the old films, the Valentino films and the other triumphs? Are movies made to be seen once and then be forgotten? I never saw a Valentino picture; that is one of the greatest regrets of my life. Will there never be any great revivals of old pictures? In my opinion, great movies are like great books and great works of art. We do not view the great dramas only once; they are continual sources of pleasure. And are not great moving pictures on a level with such works of art?

It is not logical that all the time and energy used in the creation of a really worthy picture should serve only to give it a few months of life. But the movie masterpieces lie on the dusty shelves like wonderful books, forgotten, after being read once, but I hope not forever.

Ralph Friedrich,
3846 Millsbrae Ave.,
Hyde Park,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Let's get together in this department every month and see who can write the best letter. The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of \$20.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize, \$10.00. And there's a fourth prize of \$5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and Salvos department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

CINEMA REPERTORY?

Why don't we have repertory houses for the revival of classic and near-classic silent and talking pictures? As time goes on, an increasingly large number of masterpieces and exceptional films enter the limbo of forgotten and inaccessible things. Many of the fans would gladly see these pictures if possible, but few such theatres exist in the country today. Not only older persons who remember these titles, but the younger people who are familiar only with recent productions would eagerly patronize such old favorites as "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood," and the other great Fairbanks silents; the Valentino series of popular successes; the Garbo-Gilbert

(Continued on page 114)



BEN LYON

THE HOT HEIRESS



BEN LYON
ONA MUNSON
WALTER PIDGEON
TOM DUGAN, INEZ COURTNEY

Original Story by Herbert Fields

Music and Lyrics by
Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Directed by CLARENCE BADGER

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What would you do with a lover who was an expert at slinging rivets but who bungled his forks at the Ritz? , ,

Suppose you were a Park Avenue debutante . . . and some husky brute of an ironworker was mean enough to spoil your beauty sleep by pounding rivets right outside your bedroom window . . . and then you saw he was big and strong and handsome . . . and Oh! look out — he's falling — falling in love with you! See what charming Ona Munson does when Park and Third Avenues meet! It's her newest, biggest part and you're going to like this rising young star.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

ASK ME!

Your information guide
to screen plays
and players

By

Miss Vee Dee

RUTH, Portland, Ore. You'd just pass out without my department to look forward to each month, would you? That's settled, I'm a knockout. Clara Bow wears a 5-B shoe and a 6½ glove, or maybe two gloves. She is not engaged to Gary Cooper and has never been married.

Joan. Glad you find me amusing—thanks for kind words; and kind of words, but they must be kind. I try to please and tease. Joan Crawford is devoted to her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whom she married June 3, 1929. She was born March 3, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her first picture was "Sally, Irene and Mary," produced in 1926. Joan was *Irene*, remember? How Joan has changed! She's swell in "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Mrs. O. E. W. It's a difficult matter for the picture fans and producers to get together on just what would be a box-office success. We fans know what we want and we usually get it. Sorry I can't say why the serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery," has never been made into a feature talkie. That's an old timer.

Lylah May. I'm always glad to welcome our friends from Canada. Henry Byron Warner, otherwise known as H. B. Warner, was *Sorrell* in "Sorrell and Son." Nils Asther was *Kit*, the son grown up, and Mickey McBan was *Kit* as a child.

Gin from Brooklyn. Thanks but I can't afford to go reeling around. The only reels I go in for are celluloid. Ann Harding's family name was Gately. She was born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, but she doesn't say when. Her husband is Harry Bannister from the Broadway stage. They have a young daughter, Jane Harding Bannister.

A. M. P. You seem to be cuckoos-conscious. Robert Woolsey was born Aug. 14, 1889, in Oakland, Cal. He is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. His wife is Mignone Reed. Bert Wheeler was born in Paterson, N. J. Lew Ayres is not married but lives alone in Hollywood. He was born Dec. 28, 1908. His hobbies are music and astronomy—and listen, boys and girls, he doesn't smoke or drink.

M. A. B. To keep a record of all the divorces wouldn't leave us any time or space for the marriages, birth-dates, etc. Constance Bennett was married when sixteen to Chester W. Morehead. The marriage was annulled; then she married Phil Plante, and they were divorced; but I don't know what fate had stored up for Mr. Morehead. I only record the stars that shine—not their ex-husbands.

The Chicagoan. Constance Talmadge appeared in "East Is West" for First National in 1922. Belle Bennett was born near Dublin, Ireland. She has blonde hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Among her latest pictures are, "Their Own Desires," with Norma Shearer;

This department will answer your questions about your favorites and their films. You'll have to be patient if you wish to see your answer in the magazine. If you prefer a personal reply, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



Clara Bow is the Star of the Month in Miss Vee Dee's fan mail. Read the story, "Danger Ahead for Clara" in this issue — and don't miss Rex Bell's account of his romance with the Red-head on Page 66.

You'll find the stars' addresses on Page 112; and the casts of current films on Page 97. Please consult these services before asking your questions.

Thank you!

"My Lady's Past," with Joe E. Brown, and "Courage," with Marian Nixon.

Blondie. So you're crazy to know my age—I'd be crazy to tell you. Marguerite Churchill was born on Christmas day about 20 years ago. Marie Dressler was on the stage 28 years, has been in pictures since "Tillie's Punctured Romance" and maybe longer, so figure out her age if you can. Are you reading her own story? It's great stuff. Jeanette McDonald is 23 and Robert Montgomery is 27.

Opal. How can you secure letters from the stars? If I ever received any, I'd put them in a strong box and mark them Exhibit A. Sorry I haven't a record of Jack Buchanan, the English musical comedy favorite. His appearance with Jeanette McDonald in "Monte Carlo" has made him a great favorite with the picture fans and here's hoping we will see more of his clever acting and dancing. And can he wear high-hats? Don't ask me, you've seen him.

V. M. B. I don't play second fiddle to any saxophone player when it comes to settling arguments over picture stars. In Zane Grey's story, "The Water Hole," filmed by Paramount, Nancy Carroll played opposite Jack Holt. John Boles and Jack Perrin were also in the cast.

Jeanne of Ill. Among Robert Montgomery's newest pictures are "Inspiration," with Greta Garbo, and "The Easiest Way," with Constance Bennett. He uses his own name in films. He was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. Bob is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He was married in 1928 to Elizabeth Allen and their daughter, Martha Bryan, was born Oct. 13, 1930.

S. O. S. What's your hurry and how have you been? Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on Aug. 10, 1904. She was attending a convent in Canada but at the age of 16 she found it necessary to help the family out of financial difficulties. She came to the U. S. in 1920, for a picture career, but met with many hardships. Her first part in pictures was a small one in "The Stealers." In 1924 she played with John Gilbert in "The Snob." She was married to Irving Thalberg in 1927. There is a young son, Irving, Jr. Norma's latest film, "Strangers May Kiss," is said to be her best.

Gomborra H. What do I think of your name? It's grand, but what does it mean? Lois Moran appeared at the Plymouth Theatre in New York City in "This is New York." Her last picture before her stage appearance was "The Dancers," with Walter Byron, Mae Clarke and Phillips Holmes. Lois was born March 1, 1909, in Pittsburgh, Pa. She has ash blonde hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Lois is not married or engaged as far as I know. She's back in pictures now, for Fox.

Marjorie O. In a recent issue of
(Continued on page 123)

ANOTHER GREAT RÔLE—ANOTHER BLAZING TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930 BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA SHEARER

in
**STRANGERS
MAY
KISS**



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.



SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love.... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**
NEIL HAMILTON **MARJORIE RAMBEAU**
and **IRENE RICH**

Directed by
GEORGE FITZMAURICE

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.



Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

METRO-GO



WYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



Charlie Chaplin, Harry Myers, and the inevitable policeman in "City Lights." Myers gives a grand show as the bibulous millionaire who, when convivial, makes a pal of the little tramp; but, when sober, has him thrown out.



The one screen star who is defying the talkie trend and getting away with it: Charlot. No—he can't bring back silent films, but he can stick to his own pantomime and pack them in.

SCREENLAND

HONOR

PAGE

won by

Charlie Chaplin

IT isn't "arty." It has no message—no continental camera angles—no dialogue—no modern "treatment." Maybe it's got "rhythm"—we don't know: we can't be bothered.

All we know is that "City Lights" is a good, old-fashioned Chaplin comedy. We know that practically everybody is laughing at it—Broadway and Main Street mobs rubbing funny bones with the Einsteins and the Shaws of the world. And we know that we had a grand time, and that's all we care about.

Of course, if you are looking for something besides swell entertainment in a Chaplin comedy, you won't find it in "City Lights." If Charlie made any other kind of comedy, he wouldn't be Charlie. Critics have written about his "Art." But he keeps right on doing his stuff. He's a real primitive. He knows it. And we think he is pretty smart.





She thought:

"We'd squeeze you in somehow—
if it weren't for 'B.O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"We'd give you a lift if we weren't
so crowded."

Another invitation lost

... all because of 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*. . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't *tell* us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy

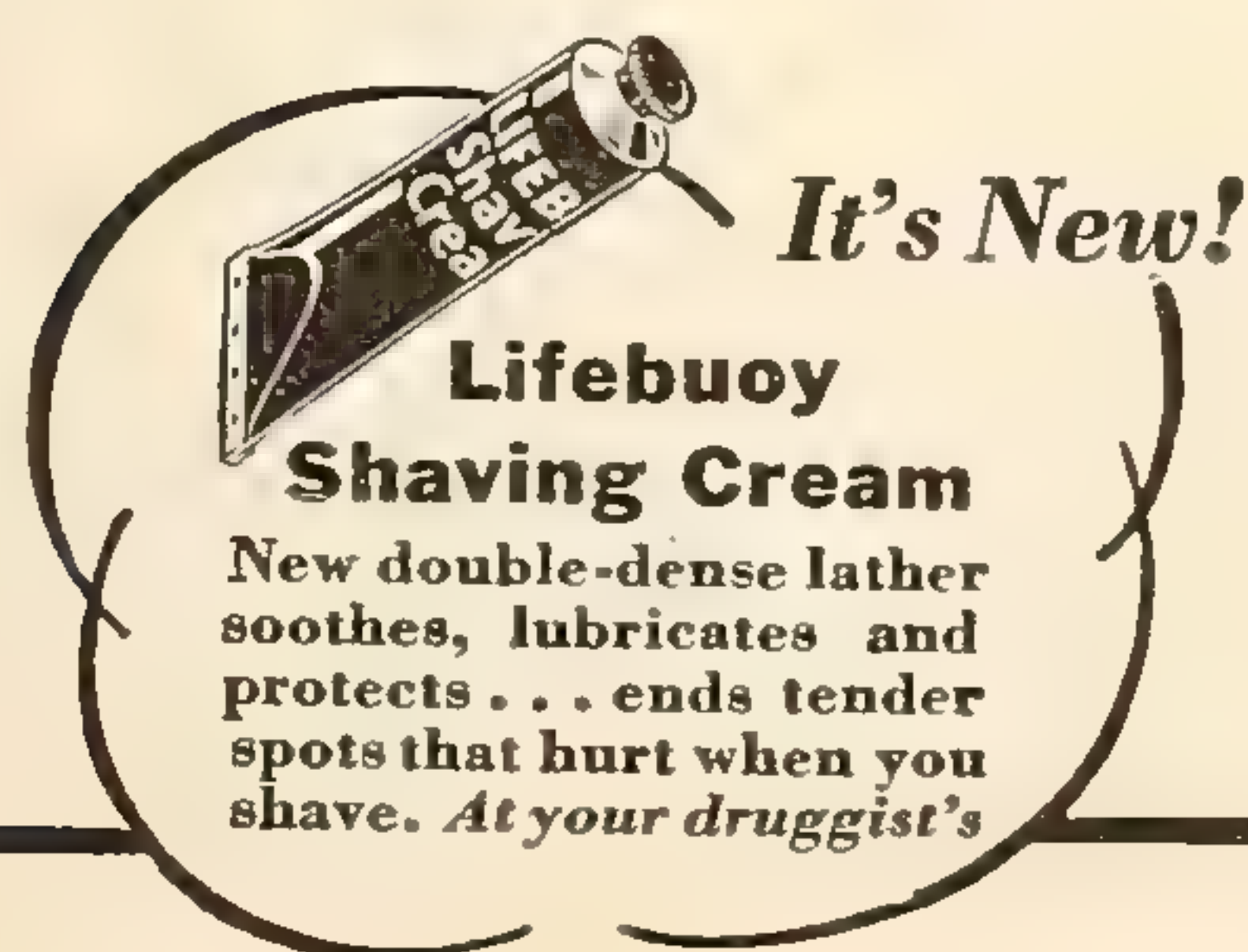
pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy *free*. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 505, Cambridge, Mass.



New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist's

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—



John and Genevieve had been photographed in "Seed" eating cake—which Miss Tobin declared wasn't half as good as she could have made herself. John's "Oh, yes?" brought a real invitation to tea—and Genevieve showed him. John went for the orange marmalade!

IT all came about when John Boles smiled at the idea of Genevieve Tobin being able to make gingerbread. They were working together in "Seed" and had just been photographed eating cake which Genevieve declared was not as good as that she could have made herself. Mr. Boles—frankly—had not taken her seriously.

(Confidentially, and for your information, Genevieve *does* give the impression of never having seen the inside of a kitchen. As for knowing how to cook—well, almost anyone would have smiled at the idea just as John Boles did.) So Genevieve retaliated by inviting Mr. Boles to tea, vowing she'd prepare everything herself.

The day was warm, and to prove she was not only a good cook but also a good hostess, Miss Tobin had the tea table taken out onto the lawn in a charming spot where it was easy to roll a tea wagon. Then, with deft hands she arranged a lovely lace cover, and fixed a low blue bowl of flowers for the centerpiece. They were sweet peas and delphinias.

Her egg-shell tea set with modernistic teapot would go well with the little chairs and table she'd chosen for out-of-doors. Much better than the silver service and not so formal. So a dainty napkin was placed between

TEA *for* TWO

Genevieve Tobin convinces John Boles she really can cook! Don't miss her favorite recipes for tea delicacies

By Betty Boone

GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S ORANGE MARMALADE:

Take 5 oranges, 3 lemons, and 2 grapefruits. Remove pulp and chop; put skin through meat chopper. Add pulp and juice to the skin. To each pint of the mixture add 3 quarts of cold water and let stand over night. Measure and to each quart of the mixture allow 1 cup of sugar. Boil for an hour. Take it off when a little of it, tested in a cool place, hardens.

(It's the best marmalade John Boles ever ate!)

the plates and with teapot, sugarbowl, cups, saucers and cream pitcher (Genevieve *would* drink milk in her tea) were fixed on the tray and put on the table.

Out in the kitchen Genevieve pondered a few moments before deciding what kind of hot bread she should prepare for her guest. No tea would be complete without hot bread! Should it be Sally Lunn? No, too warm weather for that. English crumpets would be nice, and Genevieve has an excellent recipe for them that was given her by a friend in London when she was there two years ago. Recalling John's southern accent, however, she crossed crumpets off her list along with cinnamon toast and proceeded to get out baking powder and flour and shortening and milk. Tea biscuits were southern enough and she knew hers were good.

Two cups of flour; two teaspoons of baking powder; one teaspoon of salt. She sifted them all together. Shortening came next. This was laid in carefully, or rather "cut" in, with a knife until the flour looked rough and lumpy. She mixed the milk and flour and shortening together and rolled it out on a floured board about an inch thick. The smallest cutter in the kitchen was used and the biscuits were ready for the oven.

(Continued on page 88)

The RADIO GOLD RUSH

From \$2,500 to \$25,000 for a few minutes of broadcasting! No wonder your favorite entertainers are rushing to the microphones

By Louis Reid

ABOUT the magic world of the microphone there is something of the hectic, breath-taking atmosphere of the days when the talkies rushed into the gates of Hollywood. Among all fields of entertainment the radio is most surely today the promised land to fame and fortune.

The broadcasters not only possess the bulkiest wallets in the amusement world, they are continuously unstrapping them that 50,000,000 ear-cuppers may be pleased. It is the rarest spectacle of money-spending that has yet been offered in what is known as legitimate enterprise in the land.

Those in control of the microphone mills are the most reckless, the most spendthrift of all the providers of entertainment. Their bank notes are limitless. They think nothing of offering sums that range from \$2500 to \$25,000 for a few minutes of broadcasting, for a brief and spectacular catching of the ears of the country. Even the legends of Hollywood, concerned, as they have been and still continue to be, with the reckless



Will Rogers can always command a high stipend for broadcasting.



The golden voiced tenor! Radio is making Morton Downey rich!

gesture of shooting the bank-roll pale into insignificance when the radio rajahs assemble in their counting-houses.

And maybe the entertainers are not aware of the opportunity before them! They know they are in demand and they are asking fees that make those of the movie stars seem like the wages of legislators. Moreover, in the majority of cases they are getting what they ask, so spirited is the competition of the radio program sponsors.

Radio, in short, is the sweetest racket yet developed in America. And it grows sweeter by day as it reaches out and embraces the foremost personalities of the amusement world.

Broadcasters, alert to the arm-chair appeal of a big name, scour the musical, dramatic, cinematic marts for talent, waving in their search gold certificates, contracts, assurances of vast publicity upon which pledges of even bigger money can be built.

Though radio is primarily a musical instrument it has paid curiously the majority of its largest fees to those stars temporarily, if not permanently, located in the Hollywood heavens. It has dug deeply into its purse and come up smiling with a carload in gold to Maurice Chevalier, Al Jolson, Will Rogers, Lawrence Tibbett, Morton Downey. The films made these names famous throughout the land. Radio has enlarged their fame, extended it to the lonely

crossroads of the republic, made their personalities known wherever the ether waves penetrate. And are they downhearted?

If money rolls into the radio rajahs—and even in 1930, year of financial calamity, it rolled in more than at any time in its history—it also rolls out. To the pockets of entertainers. If soap or soup must be exploited on the air there are hundreds of performers ready for the job—and with no apologies.

There was a time, you may recall, when entertainers concealed their association with radio. It had not achieved the glamor of big business. There was a haphazard, fly-by-night aspect about it that would lower their prestige, they feared, were their connection with it to become known.

Suddenly, it became an industrial giant, captured the services of outstanding capi- (Continued on page 108)



One of the mike's particular pets at the moment is Monsieur Maurice Chevalier. He is in ze beeg money!



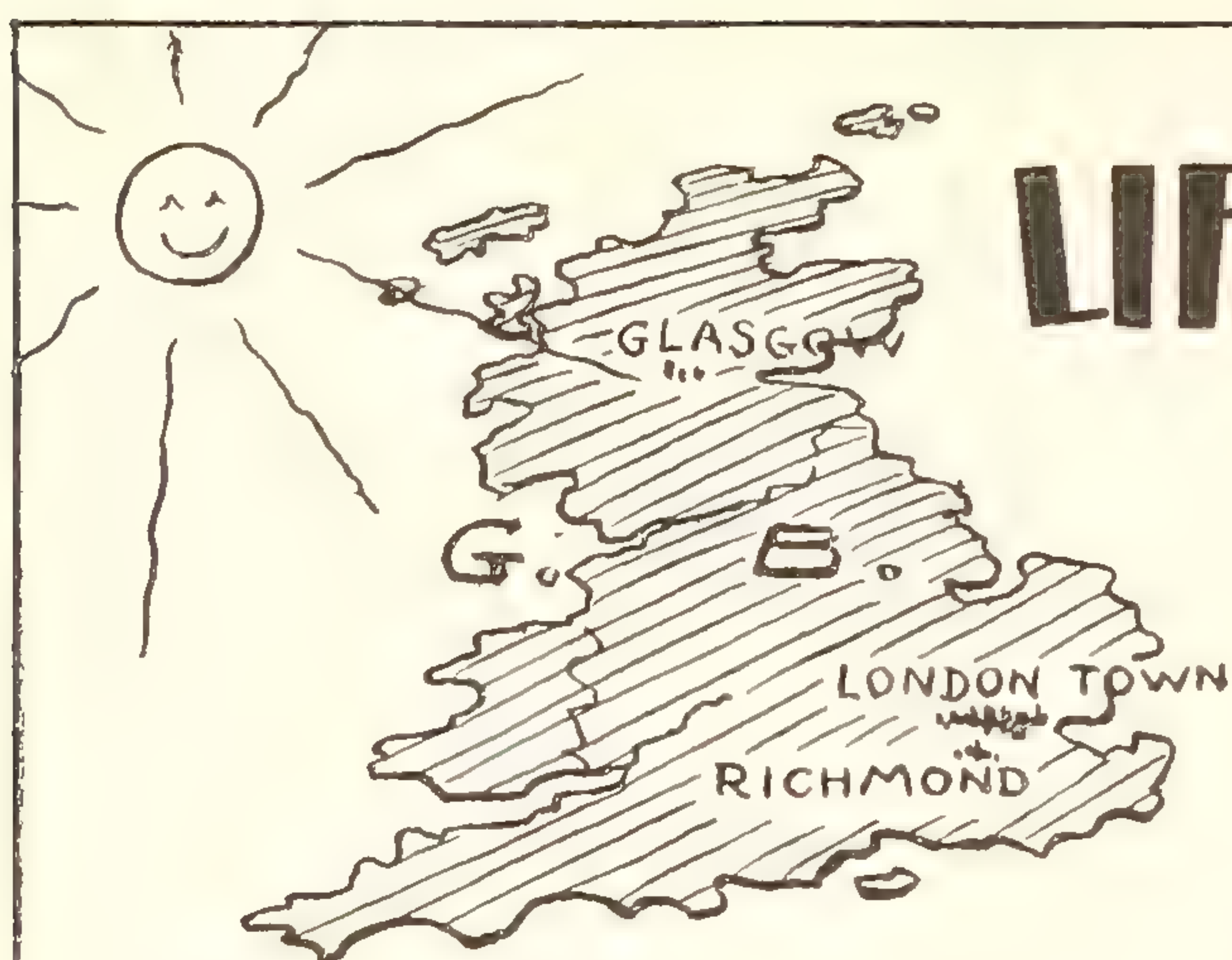
Lawrence Tibbett, whose fine baritone thrills radio listeners.



Ruth Etting, perhaps the most popular torch singer of our times.

LIFE SKETCHES

by
Henry Rood Jr.



- ① RONALD COLMAN FIRST SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY FEBRUARY 9, 1891, IN RICHMOND, A CITY NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND



RONALD
COLMAN



- ② WHILE ATTENDING HADLEY SCHOOL HE BECAME MUCH INTERESTED IN THEATRICALS



- ③ AT THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, WHOSE BUSINESS WENT BANKRUPT, HE GOT A JOB AS OFFICE BOY AND REMAINED WITH THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP CO. SEVERAL YEARS ATTAINING THE POSITION OF JUNIOR ACCOUNTANT



- ④ CAME THE WAR AND HE WAS ONE OF "THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND" SEEING ACTION AT YPRES AND MESSINES



- ⑤ THE URGE TO ENTER AMERICAN MOVIES BROUGHT HIM HERE IN 1920. HE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK WITH \$37 IN HIS POCKET



- HARD WORK EARNED HIM SUCCESS... REMEMBER "RONNIE" AND VILMA BANKY IN "TWO LOVERS"? FAME STARTED WITH "THE WHITE SISTER" FOLLOWED BY "STELLA DALLAS" "THE RESCUE" "BULLDOG DRUMMOND" "CONDEMNED" "DEVIL TO PAY", ETC.

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Delight Evans

CAN you remember when the high-hats of your acquaintance made refined fun of you because you went to the movies?

I can! And I didn't like it, either. But somehow I could never think of a bright retort in time, outside of something like "Well, I like Charlie Chaplin"; or "The movies give you a lot for your money."

Now, how different! Now, with Chaplin hailed as a Great Creative Artist, and Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel designing some of her smartest clothes expressly for the screen, and Lonsdale refusing to write an original drawing-room story for Garbo because he doesn't think she speaks perfect English—now you don't need an excuse for not going to the movies; you have to alibi yourself for staying away.

There's a nice little moral somewhere in the visit of Einstein to Hollywood. I'm not going to look for it because it's more amusing to think of the Herr Professor, his kind eyes very round and wide, exploring the screen city. With Frau Elsa Einstein, the Big Time and Space Man visited the studios, went to Chaplin's premier, were honor guests at luncheons and dinners. Einstein laughed and cried at

"City Lights." He was deeply moved by "All Quiet on the Western Front." And at the First National studio he changed his mind about not posing for the movie camera and let himself be photographed in an old, dilapidated car, in which, by tricks of double exposure, he was made to climb mountains, speed through Los Angeles streets, and finally fly! The master film was destroyed and the only copy given to the Einsteins.

Einstein had the time of his life in Hollywood. He admits it. So you don't have to sneak your movie fun any longer. Come right out into the open and admit, with Einstein, that the movies are more fun than any other form of entertainment.

And, while we're throwing bouquets, we might as well dodge one directed at us. There's a new show on Broadway called "America's Sweetheart"—a brisk musical comedy burlesque of Hollywood. It's all about a small-town boy and girl who set out to win fame and fortune in the movies. And when one of the pretty screen-struck girls picks up a magazine—of course it's this one she picks. And the line is: "Let's look at SCREENLAND and get all the dope about Hollywood!"

Well, go ahead!



Here are Jack Whiting and Harriette Lake, leads in "America's Sweetheart," Broadway musical hit of the moment.



**DANGER
AHEAD
for
CLARA
BOW**

STOP!

LOOK!

LISTEN!

What will become of the Red-headed Riot? Here's a story that will open your eyes—and Clara's!

By

Sydney Valentine

SLOW down!
There's danger ahead. Usually it's a red light that flashes the warning. This time it's a red head—the most famous red-head in the world. Clara Bow.

Back in the January issue, we warned her. We asked her to go slow. We wanted her to stay in the place she has made for herself on the screen—to make it a bigger place. To forget all about everything but making pictures. Somehow we always felt that if Clara ever was as much in love with her job as she seems to be with Life, nothing could stop her. She'd be the biggest thing on the screens. But this little red-head from Brooklyn loves the bright face of danger. No sooner is she free of one complication than she jumps into another. Another chance for Clara Bow? Why, she has had dozens of chances. She's always taking chances! And now—what's to become of her?

We won't go into the Bow-De Voe-de-o-do trial—that's old stuff. Clara's screen goose, for a while, there, looked not only cooked, but burnt.

Because of the trial, she couldn't make "City Streets" in which she was to play opposite Gary Cooper. Sylvia Sidney went into the part instead. Clara went off to the desert for a rest. Paramount issued statements. Clara would have a month's vacation before starting work in "Working Girl," adapted from a stage play called "Three Blind Mice." Clara might go to work in "Kick In," from Willard Mack's stage hit, if she recovered in time to play in it according to schedule. Meanwhile the newspapers and the film trade papers asked "Is Clara Bow through?"

Her fans answered that question. They wrote 10,000 letters to her within a few weeks, expressing affectionate sympathy. At the time of the rumpus Clara's picture, "No Limit," with those scenes of the star gambling, was playing the country. In New York City it didn't go so well. A check-up by the leading film trade paper, *Motion Picture Daily*, revealed that in ten different cities Bow was holding her own, and in some cases, even going strong. Here are some

of the figures, quoted by kind permission of *Motion Picture Daily*:

Boston, \$44,500;
Cleveland, \$25,000;
Minneapolis, \$25,000;
New York City, \$55,000;
Philadelphia, \$14,000;
Denver, \$18,000;
Portland, \$15,000;
Houston, \$11,500.

Of course, it must be taken into consideration that these figures vary according to the size of the city and theatre. In Boston, Clara's picture was aided by Rudy Vallée's personal appearance the same week. Clara on the screen and Vallée in person bucked

such opposition as "Little Caesar" and "Inspiration," the Garbo film, and proved the high spot for the week.

On the other hand, Seattle, Washington, failed to take Clara back to its bosom. "No Limit" grossed only a fair business there.

But down in Louisville, suh, she retains her popularity, and her picture drew better than any which had been shown for several weeks. The comments from Kentucky indicate that the public is all for the little It Girl and considers her private life her own affair. The very idea!

All in all, she's holding her own so far. Her fans have come through. Just as Garbo's fans have risen in a body to steady the pedestal on which their idol stands—as if it were in danger of toppling! Clara has a public. It's a great, big, generous, devoted public. They used to say that English audiences are the most loyal in the world, clinging to their favorites long after youth and freshness had passed. But I think American audiences can top them. Once their allegiance is won, nothing short of a general cataclysm can shake it.

But there's no denying that this time, Clara Bow must pull up short and take stock. She may be weathering this latest storm. Incidentally, she and Charlie Chaplin are the only stars who have been able to stand up under so much unsavoury publicity. Once scandal has scorched a screen celebrity, his or her days are usually numbered. Charlie pulled through by sheer force of genius—world-wide popularity—an unassailable position as the greatest entertainer in the world. When Mary Pickford divorced Owen Moore and later married Douglas Fairbanks there was a flurry—for a while; then Mary and Doug reigned supreme. But the others—that pitiful procession of once-loved, once famous players who lived too fast and furiously and ran amuck—you won't find them on any screen or stage today. Their fame was too false. Built on personal charm, beauty, or sex appeal, it couldn't stand up under the sharp, hard blows of misfortune. When once the public is through with a star, there's no appeal. There's no light burning in the window.

All very well—if Clara realizes what she is up against. It is doubtful if she does. She has a lot of friends—more friends than you'd think. Her ex-secretary the blonde Miss De Voe, alienated sympathy by her exposure of Clara's love letters, even if they did only prove that Clara is a fascinator of men. It was obvious that Clara's extreme generosity in money matters and indifference to bookkeeping was partly to blame. The Bow-DeVoe menage ran through \$350,000 in slightly over a year besides caring for

CLARA'S MESSAGE TO HER FANS

"With all my heart I thank my dear fans for the thousands of kind letters they have written me, and for the affectionate sympathy they express.

"It is precious to know that I have so many friends!"

Clara Bow



Clara's rival! Carman Barnes, who was starred overnight by Paramount at the height of the Bow excitement. Carman's first film is "A Débutante Confesses," which she wrote herself. Read more about her on Page 51.

Another potential contender for Clara's flapper crown—Sidney Fox, New York stage actress whom Universal is starring. They say Sidney has everything. Maybe they're right!



Clara's dependent relatives, including her father, Robert Bow.

Clara Bow is capable of more deep and sincere feeling than any actress in Hollywood. Slangy—impulsive—child-like—now naïve, now hard-boiled—no one was surprised at Clara's plea to the district attorney for mercy for Daisy De Voe. Clara was so poignantly capable of putting herself in Daisy's position. This trial and the bitterness distressed her to the point of a nervous breakdown.

Studio officials were alarmed at the embarrassing publicity occasioned by the "revelations" and were frankly relieved when the floods of sympathetic letters came pouring in. B. P. Schulberg, Clara's studio boss, who gave her her big chance as a Paramount star, will probably stand by. But Paramount refuses, at this writing, to commit itself beyond the bare fact that Clara is scheduled to begin "Kick In," in March, with Norman Foster. It all depends!

Upon Clara. On how she feels and looks and acts when she returns from that long rest in the desert. Will she think things over out there—away from Hollywood and reporters and blonde secretaries? Will she probe a little, look into her own little mind and heart and discover the Clara Bow that's tucked away in there inside all the make-up and the tricks and the mascara?

There are two roads ahead for her. She can take one or the other. She can grow up and be somebody—a rather splendid and understanding woman, capable of reaching dramatic heights on the screen. Or she can keep right on being Clara Bow, the bad child of Hollywood—the girl who just can't grow up; who plays with fire and then is surprised and hurt when she gets burned. I hope Clara will take the right road. There's a lot more than the hoyden to her. She

has the makings of a fine actress. She has the rich warm earthiness—the unplumbed depths of emotion—the zest, the fire. But she'd better hurry.

Because—

Right now, out in Hollywood, there are more promising new girls than ever before! And at least two of them are apparently being groomed "to take Clara Bow's place." Never before have there been so many potential rivals for Bow's crown as queen of the co-eds. Just as Garbo brought on the imitators, so did Clara. And as always, the obvious imitators don't last long. But these new girls—they are not imitations. The only thing they have in common with Clara is the spirit of youth—sweet and hot! They have dash and daring. They have full red lips and big, big eyes. More, most of them have ability of a very dangerous and competitive kind. Two of them have already won their diplomas on the Broadway stage. And one of them is a real prodigy—a



Sylvia Sidney, who was given the rôle Clara was to have played opposite Gary Cooper in "City Streets." She's very young and beautiful.

"child wonder" you'll read all about in Margaret Reid's story on Page 51 of this issue.

Carman Barnes. The 18-year-old writer whom Paramount suddenly made a screen star, who will act in versions of her own books. Something brand new—exciting—with a dash of the exotic, too. In fact, if you can imagine anything so fantastic—if there could be a combination of Garbo, Dietrich and Bow, Carman is it!

Sylvia Sidney. Lovely. Lush. Terribly young. Terribly keen, and smart. Knowing in the New York manner. Sure of herself—a little too sure, maybe; but so exquisite you can't worry about that. She was a hit on Broadway in "Crime" several seasons ago when she was only seventeen or so. A baby, really—but a wise baby. And it was Sylvia who was thrust into Clara's rôle opposite Gary Cooper in "City Streets"—the rôle that was to give back to Bow all her dramatic glory. Sylvia is a very formidable rival, and you'll be interested to see and read about her in this issue in the special roto section, "Stars of Tomorrow."

Sidney Fox. Also very young, also

brunette, with lovely big dark eyes, and a warmth and sweetness to her that the camera will gulp in great big bites. She's Universal's find, and Junior Laemmle has big things in store for her. Miss Fox, too, was an established actress on the Broadway stage before Hollywood grabbed her. You'll find her in that gallery.

Lillian Bond. Metro's latest discovery—and do they know how to discover 'em out in Culver City! An English girl. A sweet little siren with irreproachable diction and frank ambitions to create a new type of vamp on the screen. Look for her in our special section, too.

And Marian Marsh, the lovely little girl who looks like Dolores Costello with a dash of Constance Bennett, and who has been chosen by John Barrymore to play opposite him in "Svengali." You'll see many more exciting newcomers in that special gallery of ours.

So we're warning you, Clara. In a nice, friendly way—as you'd be warned by the big brother you should have had to back you in your Hollywood battles. Maybe Rex Bell will prove to be just the right boy to stand behind you and see you through. Only we think you should know what you're up against.

If you read the letters in the contest conducted by a New York tabloid, asking if you should be barred from the movies, you should have cried a little; then, like one of your own (*Continued on page 113*)



Clara Bow, who has weathered more storms than any other star in pictures. Will she come back strong against such formidable competition?

Marlene Dietrich can afford to show her gorgeous underpinnings any old time—and does. Here's how Miss Dietrich looked in "Morocco."



That GARBO- DIETRICH QUESTION!

Professor, will you please
play a little variation on
"Body or Soul"?

YOU'D think that with Marlene safely launched, and Garbo sailing smoothly along, everything would be all right. But no—the Dietrich adorers and the Garbo defenders are still at it. And while they're at it, we might as well join in with the query, "Body or soul?"

If all you fans were as much concerned with the art of these two stars as you say, there wouldn't be any argument at all, for the respective techniques of Garbo and Dietrich are as different as they can be. It's only in their physical resemblance that there is really any basis for comparison. And if you are going into *that*—

Garbo's face is more classic. And colder. There are absolutely no other eyes like hers. They are incomparable. Dietrich's face is more whimsical—and warmer. Her eyes are impish, mocking, rather than cataclysmic. Greta's, in fact, might be the face that launched a thousand slips. Marlene's face changes with her moods. One minute it's Mona Lisa's; the next, a naughty little girl's. Fascinating. But not the marvelous mask of Garbo.

Then there is the matter of legs. And here Marlene has everything her own way. She can afford to show her gorgeous underpinnings any old time—and does. In "Morocco" she wore some scanty costumes; there was scene after scene to show the symmetry of the Dietrich pins and pedals. In "The Blue Angel," too, Director von Sternberg was evidently bent on proving that his star-discovery can always get a job with Mr. Ziegfeld if she tires of the screen. Marlene Dietrich has show-girl contours — if recently acquired; in her earlier German

By
*Keith
Richards*



films she was too plump for American taste. Garbo is no Ziegfeld candidate—and here her admirers will probably rise in a body and shout: "She can be anything she wants to be!" And there's some truth in that. If for some reason Greta wanted to be accepted for
(Continued on
page 120)

Greta, who goes in for low-heeled shoes and sturdy clothes off-screen—and never has staged a leg-show on the screen.

THOUGHTS

While Being Interviewed

as given by

Neil Hamilton

To Peter Kent

NEIL HAMILTON and I were chatting recently. He wondered what writers really thought of actors to whom they had talked and about whom, on getting home, they wrote their sugary interviews or invectives, although they had smiled ever so sweetly while the interview was in progress.

I, in turn, wondered what an actor really thought about the pencil pushers who interviewed him—the scribes on whom he smiled so charmingly the while he graciously gave the desired information.

"I'll tell you what," Neil volunteered. "I won't expound my thoughts to you orally, because you'd be constantly interrupting and arguing, trying to convince me that I have a wrong idea, but I'll *write* my impressions out for you. You won't use them because they will probably pique your vanity and that must be preserved at all costs. You interviewers might write anything you please about *us* but woe betide the actor who ventures to 'be himself' where a writer is concerned!"

"You write it," I retorted, "and I'll print it as you give it to me even though I haven't a shred of reputation left when you've finished with me."

"O. K.," said Neil, "but—for the sake of our friendship—I want to explain that although I'll use your name as the writer, you simply—in this instance—represent a composite of all the writers I've ever known."

And so—except for the parentheses in italics which represent my own comments—I am giving you this verbatim, as it was handed to me by Mr. James Neil Hamilton!

* * *

There are two sides to every story. Maybe mine will interest you. My current production, "Strangers May Kiss," in which I play opposite Norma Shearer, is finished. After three weeks of strenuously concentrated work I am looking forward to a brief vacation.

On Tuesday morning the 'phone rings. On my way to answer it, I think, "what a great day to go to the beach." "Hello!" It's the publicity department asking me to be at home this afternoon as I am to be interviewed. "Oh, yeah? Male or female?" "Male. He will be there at one o'clock. Good-bye." Why can't he get here at ten thirty, or five thirty and, in either case, have given me time to get to the beach? One o'clock spoils the whole day.

This business of being interviewed is a funny racket, anyhow. A perfect stranger walks into your home, knowing you to be a human being but expecting you to combine all the virtues of the gods, and demands that you give him some news that will startle the universe—or at least that part of it that reads fan magazines. How the devil can you dress up the same old story so as to make it look new? What is there left to say when you've already told—more or less intimately—the story of your life to a hundred interviewers in a concentrated manner?

I hope he doesn't start asking me how much I make and whether I save anything and if so how much, and whether I beat Elsa or if she throws rolling pins at me and how often I change my linen.

Maybe he'll be one of these guys with a superior attitude who (Continued on page 106)

The handsome Hamilton plays opposite Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss." And of course you remember him in "The Dawn Patrol."





Shedding a little light on that Dark Continent! How much of the African stuff you see on the screen is the real thing—how much is fake? This story tells you

Here's the girl who wrote this article, just after she had brought down her first lion. Youngest active member of the Akeley gorilla expedition, Martha Miller was getting her elephants and lions and what-nots at the age when other girls were getting their high-school teachers' goats! She knows the real Africa—and she gives you the truth about the celluloid versions



From
"Africa
Speaks,"
(Columbia
Pictures.)



From
Columbia's
"Africa
Speaks."

What about these AFRICAN FILMS?

By

Martha Miller Bliven

ARE you Africa-conscious?

You should be; and you would be, if you have seen some of the waves of African films beached upon our shores. For years you have sat through sessions of seeing Africa parade before your eyes. The animal kingdom of Africa—elephants, lions, gorillas, and what-nots of the antelope variety — has posed silently for you in these various manners:—

Running.
Eating.
Standing still.
Alive.
Dead.

For a number of years I have been interested in everything connected with and pertaining to Africa. In fact, a youthful ambition was realized when I was fortunate enough to be included as a member of a party of six on the Akeley Gorilla Expedition (1921-1922) for the American Museum of Natural History. Even after one eventful year — crammed full of interest and balanced with sufficient discomfort to make it all worth while—my appetite for things

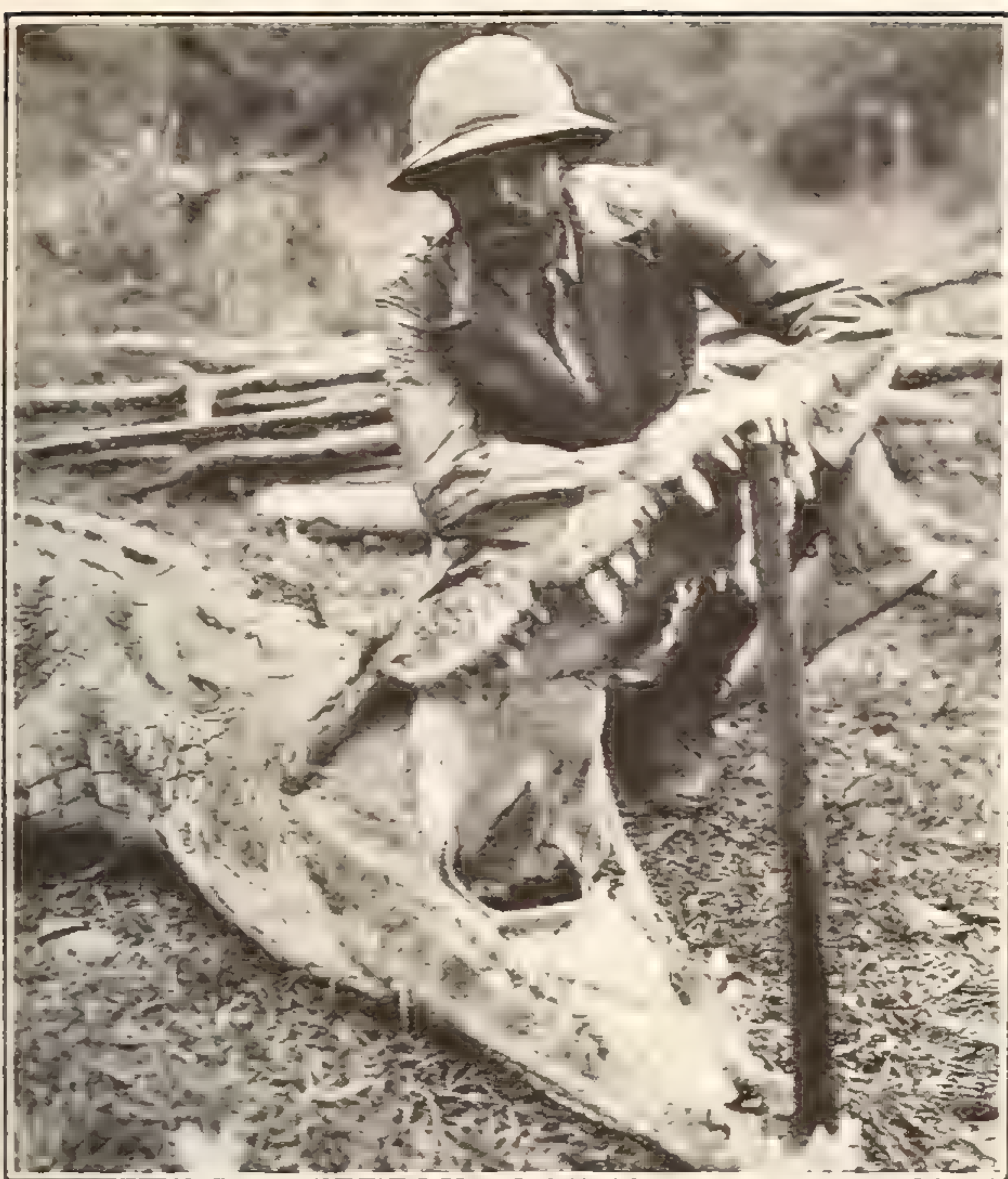
African had not been appeased. There still remained many sections of African territory that I had not seen and was desirous of seeing. So the years of 1923, 1924, and 1925 found me "following the riverways and the trails" of the Belgian Congo and of French Equatorial Africa as a member of my husband's expedition. Now, as my thoughts rest upon Africa, that same urge to return for a "look-see" enters my soul. I suppose that it is natural that I have become an addict to these African films, and that I have found some of them to be good, some bad, and some indifferent.

Within the past year, "N'Gagi," "Jango," "Across Africa with the Martin Johnsons," "Up the Congo," "Africa Speaks," and "Trader Horn" have flashed before the public eye. "Across Africa with the Martin Johnsons" and "Up the Congo" synchronized "talkie-lectures" with the pictures. "Africa Speaks," during its first showings on Broadway, professed to have the first "all-sound" film from Africa. However, it was a known fact, from perfectly reliable sources in Africa, that Mr. Hoessler had no sound equipment in Africa



Columbia Pictures

Two native belles shown in "Africa Speaks," one of the films discussed in this article.



Edwina Booth, above, as the beautiful Nina in the African epic.

W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Trader Horn," with a crocodile prize.

Harry Carey, right, as Aloysius Horn, the picturesque African trader.



for the filming of "Africa Speaks." At any rate, the National Better Business Bureau, Inc., investigated the situation and reported:

"The distributor of the 'Africa Speaks' film has now added a foreword to the picture explaining that scenes and sounds have been interpolated in the film in order to give it added theatre entertainment value. Furthermore, all references in the accompanying dialogue and all scenes in which sound equipment apparatus is shown have been removed from the film."

Therefore, "Trader Horn" has the distinction of being the first "all-sound" film actually made in Africa and shown in this country.

And, speaking of "Trader Horn"! Here at last has arrived a production which had the foresight to capitalize upon some of the education that has been crammed down the eyes of the movie-going-public by releasing an African film with a plot. "Trader Horn," adapted from the book of the same name, is brim-full of thrills, narrow squeaks, love interest, local color, animal lore, and beautiful scenes. Furthermore, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer should insist that the World Court at Geneva introduce a foreword upon the international value of this picture, as the "all-talking" film employs many languages. English is clipped and drawled, Swahili and other native languages are chanted, lions roar in their own tongues most convincingly, hyenas laugh on both sides of their faces, hippos snort, elephants trumpet, baboons jabber, and — (yea, villains, look to your laurels!) — crocodiles gnash their teeth in most sinister fashion. The only mis-cast animal in the all-sound production is the giraffe. He cannot help it. He

has no vocal chords. No "sound effects" from him.

Although the book setting for "Trader Horn" was West Africa, the film location was changed to East Africa and covered a territory from the East Coast, through Kenya Colony, Uganda, Tanganyika and into the Belgian Congo in Central Africa. The obstacles encountered in transportation alone for such a large as-

semblage, with tons and tons of equipment, food, and baggage, must have been tremendous. The thought of the cost involved in such an undertaking is staggering. No wonder that it has not been attempted on such a scale before! However, so smoothly flows the continuity of the finished production that the audience little realizes the effort involved in the filming.

I know, from my own experience in developing films of still pictures in the field, some of the tragedies encountered. Many a night I have developed confounded pictures between the hours of two and six A. M. I had to do it during these hours as the buckets of water, carried on the porters' heads and placed in front of my tent, took some six or eight hours to cool in the night air sufficiently so as not to melt the gelatine of the film. Also, as I had to do this work by candle-light or kerosene-lantern light, all of the small pests of the air—sand flies, mosquitoes, and so on—were attracted into the vicinity. Needless to say, many a morning proved that the labor had been in vain, as the drying film had contacted a thick coating of insect life. When this type of work was accompanied by the grunt of a lion—not far away enough for comfort's sake—it hardly seemed worth while.

As for Edwina Booth, who played the part of Nina in
(Continued on page 121)



Jungle drama! Duncan Renaldo as Peru in a scene with Edwina Booth from "Trader Horn."



Garbo is past mistress of the art of public life. She has mastered it partly by accident but mostly by sheer intelligence and good management.

HOW TO BEHAVE THOUGH FAMOUS!

Living up to your public's illusions is an art. Ask any smart and successful screen star

By

Allen Erwin

PUBLIC life is an art; just like learning to dance on your toes, or making the world's best cornbread, or playing the piano like Paderewski. It has much in common with marriage; it gets you both coming and going.

Having chosen a public career, it enters into your existence without being invited. If you ignore it, or if you overdo it, it's likely to prove your undoing. You can work at it conscientiously and never be quite certain of the results. And what is it?

"The art of public life consists to a great extent of knowing exactly where to stop and going a bit farther."

Clever, isn't it? Much as I'd like to take a bow I can't because it isn't original. So I'll give credit where credit's due, to Saki, and lie awake nights trying to think up one as good.

Of course, you know I'm not going to waste a perfectly good quotation. Certainly not! In these days of Hollywood unemployment I'm not wasting anything, not even quotations. So we'll take Saki's aphorism (Effie rises to remark that by any name it's still just a smart-crack for her) and apply it to the movie personages, than whom there is no class of people who have public life thrust upon them quite so forcibly, nor who practice it with such varying degrees of success.

Let's start with Garbo and be stylish. Every story should start with Garbo. And end with Garbo. The Great Allure is like the weather; when the conversation lags you can offer your own solution of the Garbo mystery or wonder if it's going to rain. Only I'd advise sticking to Garbo because what with having such reliable weather bureaus and the elements refusing to assume any glamor though goodness knows how many centuries they've frit-

tered away without acquiring it (or It, as you will), Garbo seems a shade smarter.

A varied assortment of diverse opinions notwithstanding, Garbo is unquestionably past mistress of the art of public life. She has mastered that elusive art partly by accident but mostly by sheer intelligence and good management.

People who met her when she first came to Hollywood say that she was then a shy, lonely girl. The stories written about her recorded these facts and made the pattern from which she was to fashion her public life.

We've had a few lonely idols before but instead of emphasizing the situation with tact they forgot to stay in character and spoiled the whole effect. White whales and lonely idols are rather at a premium.

Garbo soon realized that her silence was not only golden but that if she would, as the aphorism admonished, go a bit farther and make it absolute, it would probably become a platinum silence rather than one of mere gold.

There are those, of course, who insist that Garbo shuns interviewers because she doesn't want publicity. Just the same she receives reams more by not talking. She could probably cut the amount of her publicity material in half by seeing press representatives. If interviewers could see her they would write their impressions and there would be little more to conjecture about.

Neither is the Swedish star afraid of interviewers. If she couldn't talk intelligently she might well shun the press, but those who have been granted special dispensation to pump the Magnetic One all agree that she talks most intelligently. Nor is her attitude a pose; the young actress merely slid into Hollywood and showed the local boys and girls that you don't have to tell the press about

Introducing a new writer we think you'll like. He has a whimsical slant on Hollywood

your Love Life, discuss your Most Hectic Moment, nor divulge the eccentricities of your second maid to attain new heights in the art of public life.

Clara Bow goes at things in a different way. Where Garbo says one word, Clara says ten, and where Garbo says nothing at all, Clara makes the headlines. She is almost a case unto herself in that she has merely to forget that there's such a thing as repression, and the rest takes care of itself.

Our text, I mean our aphorism, says one should know exactly where to stop, and then (and then *only*, if you don't mind my interpreting it for you), go a bit farther. Clara's bosses have begun to wonder if their little Ode to the Joy of Living really knows when enough's enough. They frowned their best front-office frown when Clara recently crowded the Spanish situation and Mr. Gandhi right off the front pages.

But those of us whose mundane existence requires us to punch time clocks or typewriters and pay for the vacuum cleaner on the installment plan rather side in with Clara because we like to see someone else enjoy those things for which we have neither the time, money, nor energy. What's more, Clara must know we like to read about it. Regardless of what the outcome will be, the Brooklyn Bonfire has thus far blazed brightly on the high end of the public life seesaw.

To bow out of public life but keep on making successful pictures would be Richard Barthelmess' idea of heaven. But since p. l. is forced upon him he resorts to a

modified Garbo gesture and makes suppression serve a double purpose; he naturally dislikes telling intimate details about himself and this dislike is in turn the thing upon which he hinges his public life.

The Barthelmess personal press agent goes to no end of pains to let the world know that Dick thinks it's no one's business what he does after he leaves the studio. He hasn't permitted his young daughter to be photographed for several years and he absolutely balks at posing with his wife for the crazy-about-our-fireside domestic sort of pictures.

His admirers consider him a modest, retiring young man who vibrates sincerely all over the place and being well up on his psychology he's staying in character. Keeping his private life private and having the fact understood all around makes a splendid selling point for Dick's public life.

Janet Gaynor finds public (Continued on page 120)



Knowing when to apply the soft pedal is a gift in any line, but in Hollywood it amounts almost to genius. Bill Haines knows how.

To bow out of public life but keep on making successful pictures at the same time would be Richard Barthelmess' idea of heaven!

Wallace Beery has to be uncouth for his art's sake and conveys much the same impression in the cause of his public life.



CONFESSIONS *of a* Hollywood Baby

Editor's Note:

Last month you met this Hollywood *enfant terrible* for the first time in your life—and his! You read all about his dawning doubts that his parents' home life was not following the continuity of the perfect screen romance. In fact, a Latin lover seemed to be doing his best to break up the family. But Baby got busy, and now read the rest—it's the laugh of a lifetime. Baby Knows Best!

Continuing the intimate diary of an infant born to the cinema purple. Smart Baby!

By
Owen Atkinson

FRIDAY. Everything's all right. Nurse says she's never seen Dad and Miss Latour act so affectionate. Mike says it takes a kid to make a family.

Sunday. Cocktail party. Spent most of the afternoon with Doak Williams and Grace Rhodes. Grace said Doak couldn't stay around me with a highball glass in his hand. Doak put the glass away. Didn't fall into the swimming pool, as usual. Grace is swell. Said I was an astonishing baby. If she thought she could have a child like me, she might get married herself. Good party. A boy of my age likes to have something going on.

Tuesday. The twins come to visit. Played with Bingo and Mitzi. One of the twins pulled Mitzi's tail so hard the hair came out. Guess that cat won't hang around any more. Never liked it, anyway. Give me a dog like Bingo every time.

McGuire and Dad came and watched us. Smoked cigars. Talked about the days when they were on the Force together. Dad's a real man. Got a bullet hole in his shoulder. A crook took a shot at him. Not every kid has a Dad like Bill Regan. Just because the twins' father is a cop is no reason for them to act so fresh. Guess Dad could be a cop again if he wanted to.

Thursday. Dad and Miss Latour had a row about Del Santo. Miss Latour said that he was a lovely boy. Went well with the flapper fans. Said she might use him in her next picture. Dad said Del Santo was crooked. Dad wants Miss Latour to take the lead in his new outdoor epic. Said he'd make her famous. Miss Latour said she was famous already. Didn't care to play in any rough-neck horse operas. Guess things aren't running as smoothly as I thought. A boy has a hard time keeping his family straightened out.

Friday. Two months old today. Nurse says I'm getting to be a big boy and ought to behave myself.

Saturday. Miss Latour has stopped production on "Boudoir Brides." Nurse says they are rewriting the

script so Del Santo can be in the picture. Going to call it "Bride of the Rio Grande." Will be laid in Mexico. Dad's on location.

Sunday. Not many people at the cocktail party today. Miss Dad. Del Santo was here. Looked mighty pleased about something. Grace wouldn't dance with him. Said when he touched her it made her squirm. Not much of

a party. A dull time was had by all.

Tuesday. Went for a ride with Mike and Nurse. Had no idea Hollywood was such a big town. Saw a lot of people wandering around the streets. Mike said they were actors looking for jobs.

Thursday. Miss Latour held a story conference at the house. All the big shots from the studio were there. Seems there is a row about putting Del Santo into "Bride of the Rio Grande." Director said Del Santo couldn't act natural. Always mugging. Miss Latour said she'd have him or nobody. Guess she gets what she wants.

Monday. No cocktail party yesterday. Miss Latour and Del Santo started work on the new picture. Wish Dad

would come back from location. Pretty lonesome around here for Nurse and me.

Friday. Big excitement. Nurse and I had a call from the studio. We're going to be in Miss Latour's new picture. Nurse was so nervous she almost dropped me. "Can you beat it, Spooks?" she said. "I'm going to arrive at last. Bet when the directors see how I film, they'll offer me a contract."

Saturday. Another exciting day. Reporter from *Picture News* came



Baby
Tells All!

An exposé of the home life of the movie colony by its youngest member, the son and heir of two screen celebrities. The funniest Hollywood fiction you ever read!

to the house to interview Miss Latour. Story got out that Miss Latour was going to use her own baby. Was brought down from the nursery. Reporter took pictures of Miss Latour holding me in her arms. Beginning to worry about this business. Don't want to lose Nurse because of any contract.

Sunday. No cocktail party. Getting ready to go to the studio tomorrow. Mike came back this afternoon. Doesn't like the idea of Nurse going to the studio. Nurse showed me pictures and stories in all the newspapers. "Can you beat it?" she said. "A kid like you getting all that publicity. I'd have to bite a dog before they put my name in the papers. Then they'd probably spell it wrong."

Monday. Went to the studio. Mike took us in the car. Didn't smile once. Nurse wore a new uniform. Was so excited she didn't pay any attention to Mike.

Reported to the Millbank Company on Stage 7. Millbank's the director. Mike drove us to the door. Nurse took me inside. What a sight! Couldn't see much at first on account of the lights. Got used to them after a while. On one side of the stage was the set. Patio of a big hacienda in Mexico. People running around like they didn't know where they were going. Two cameras. Big lights everywhere. Noise and confusion. Saw Miss Latour. Hardly recognized her. Had a lot of stuff on her face. She was wearing a blue dress with a long skirt covered with ruffles. Spanish, I guess. Del Santo wore tight pants and a short coat.

Nurse told Millbank who we were. He didn't pay any attention. "Run through it again," he yelled. "Places, everybody! Quiet! All right, Miss Latour. Give it to us!"

Miss Latour and Del Santo rehearsed the scene. This was the big dramatic climax of the picture. Miss Latour has been married before and has a baby. Del Santo is in love with her but doesn't know about the child. When she springs it on him, he's mad. He's not going to marry her. That's where I come in. Nurse was to give

get a contract. Didn't like Del Santo. Didn't want to lose Nurse. What could a boy do?

Miss Latour and Del Santo went through the scene again.

"This is it," said the director. "Get the kid ready. Quiet, everybody. On the set."

Somebody blew a whistle. "Hit the lights." It was so bright I had to shut my eyes.

"Turn 'em over," said the director.

"Speed," said the cameraman.

"Red light."

Miss Latour and Del Santo began to act. Nurse was excited. Held me too tight. Had to kick myself loose. Carried me onto the set. Couldn't see anything. Heard voices. Miss Latour took me in her arms. Now was my chance.

Yelled!

"Cut!" shouted the director.

A lot of excitement. Things quieted down. Heard the director tell Miss Latour we'd have to take it over. "Put a muffler on that kid," he said. "He'll break the mike."

They tried it again. I yelled. Millbank said a lot of words I never heard before. Said to stuff a rag in my mouth. Miss Latour wouldn't let him.

"All right," said the director. "Let him yell.

We'll cut the sound

track. It won't

make any dif-

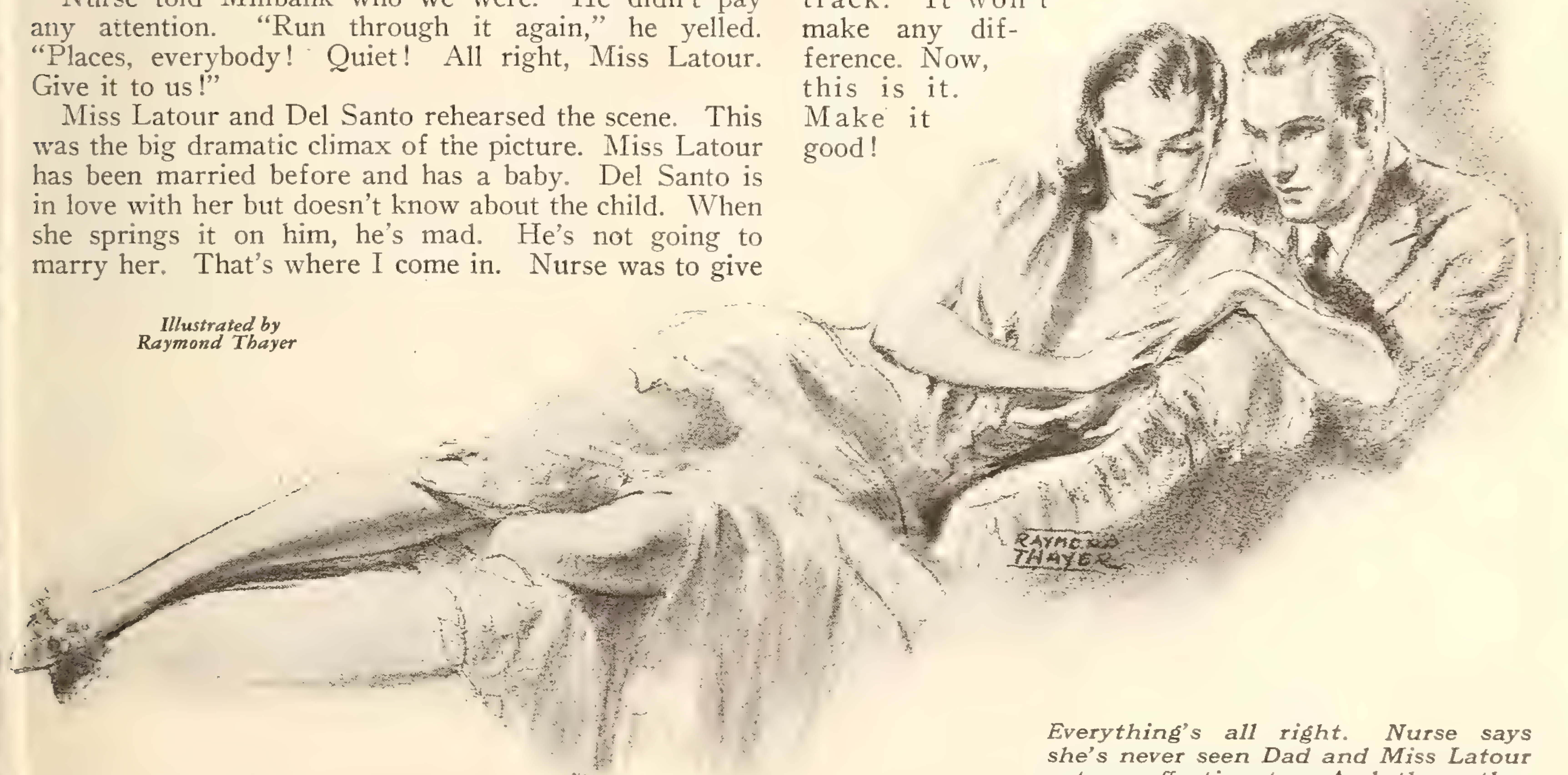
ference. Now,

this is it.

Make it

good!

Illustrated by
Raymond Thayer



Everything's all right. Nurse says she's never seen Dad and Miss Latour act so affectionate. And then—they had to have a row about Del Santo!

me to Miss Latour. When Del Santo sees me, he gets over being mad and decides he will marry Miss Latour anyway. Millbank said if the scene clicked it would make the picture.

Started thinking things over. Suppose the picture was a hit. Del Santo would be a success. Nurse would

Quiet, everybody! On the set! Turn 'em over!"

Was worried. Yelling wasn't enough. Had to do something. Nurse whispered to me to be a good boy. "This is my big chance, Spooks. Don't spoil it," she said.

Hated to disappoint her.

Lights went on. Nurse carried me across the set. Was desperate. Nurse handed me to Miss Latour. Then it happened. A funny look came over Miss Latour's face. She'd been holding me on her lap. Picked me up. Grabbed her skirts. "Look at this!" she cried. "He's ruined my costume!"

"Cut!" yelled the director. "This scene is out!"

Tuesday. Dad came home. Heard what had happened. He laughed. Miss Latour was mad. Called him an unfeeling brute. Said I was just like him. Dad said he was glad to know he had a son who took care of the family interests. Hoped the picture was a flop.

Nurse cried last night. Said I'd spoiled her screen test.

Mike's the only one who's happy. Took his new camera along. Got one of the technicians to look at it. Says it's the first break he's had in years. They're going to test it at the studio. Mike says I deserve ten percent of the profits because I'm responsible for getting him his chance.

Dad and Miss Latour not speaking to each other. A boy has a hard time in this world!

Sunday. Big cocktail party today. Nurse said everybody in Hollywood was there. House and grounds crowded. Nurse and I had to stay in Mike's garden. Doak and Grace came to see me. Doak looked fine. Said he hadn't had a drop in a week. United Pictures have offered him a bit in their next comedy.

Del Santo arrived in new clothes made by a Hollywood tailor. Looked even worse than the pants he brought from South America. Everybody talked about Miss Latour and Del Santo and the new picture.

Dad came to see me. Acted funny. Held on to my perambulator. Said I was the only friend he had left in the world. Wanted to pick me up. Nurse said not to joggle me. Might whoop up my formula.

Party got loud. McGuire came in. Told Dad to pipe down his friends. Neighbors were complaining. McGuire put his arm around Dad's shoulder. Helped him into the house. Guess Dad wasn't feeling good.

Monday. Wow! What a night! After the cocktail



Miss Latour and Del Santo went through the scene again. "This is set." Somebody blew a whistle. "Hit the lights." It was so bright Now was

party, Dad and Miss Latour had a row. Dad said if Del Santo showed his face in the house again, he'd bust him one. Miss Latour said she could invite anyone she pleased. Said she'd had enough of Dad's rough-neck ways. Why didn't he act like a gentleman? The door was open. Nurse and I could hear everything. Nurse said it looked like the end. Said I'd be an orphan before long.

Supper didn't agree with me. Been worrying too much lately. It's upset my digestion. Started to yell. The more I yelled, the more my stomach hurt. Big lump down there. Nurse gave me peppermint water. Didn't help. Took me in her arms and bounced me. Made it worse. Wanted Dad to walk me. Couldn't make anybody understand.

Nurse called the family. Miss Latour's eyes were red. Dad's jaw was grim. Things looked pretty black.



it," said the director. "Get the kid ready. Quiet, everybody. On the I had to shut my eyes. Miss Latour and Del Santo began to act. my chance!

I yelled. Both tried to pick me up at the same time. Dad put me over his shoulder. Began to walk up and down. Pain eased up. Put my head on Dad's shoulder. Stopped yelling. "There," he said, "see how easy it is to take care of a baby? Women never have any sense about kids."

"Is that so?" said Miss Latour. "You have the next one if you know so much about it." Went to sleep after that. Guess everything was all right.

Thursday. Doak and Grace came to see me. Doak brought a rattle. Didn't know what it was. Threw it out of the perambulator. It's a blue rattle with a ring on one end to put in my mouth.

Grace said that Doak made a come-back in the comedy he's just finished. Wanted to know if I thought they'd make a good team. Guess she managed to reform him after all.

Friday. Mike heard from the studio today. His camera was tested. Something went wrong with the film. Mike's discouraged. Nurse says he's got to keep trying. He'll win in the end.

Saturday. Went to the beach. Malibu is swell. Dad and Miss Latour have a cottage there. Took Bingo. Dug a hole in the sand. Can almost sit up by myself now. Dad says I've got arms like a prize fighter. Miss Latour said why couldn't she have a cute baby like the Barrymore child? No, I am a rough-neck like my father.

Started to eat sand. Nurse stopped me. Dad said: "Give him a spoonful. Good for his gizzard."

Monday. Saw the rushes of "Bride of the Rio Grande." Not so hot. Miss Latour had the film sent to the house. Dad ran it off in his machine. Del Santo was there and Grace and Doak. Nurse sneaked me in the back of the room. Wanted to see if her scene had been cut. It had. Don't like movies. They hurt my eyes.

Dad said the picture was a flop. Said Millbank ought to be directing barkies and not making love stuff. Miss Latour's worried. The monitor man had jimmed her voice until she sounded like a baritone. Most of the scenes have to be re-

made. Moving pictures are a heart-breaking business. Nurse cried because her scene had been cut. These women!

Wednesday. Dad brought me a suit of rompers. Like 'em. Hope I don't have to wear any more dresses.

Thursday. Nurse's day off. She and Mike went to the beach. When Nurse came home at night she was happy. Kissed me. "Listen, Spooks," she said. "Tell you a secret. Mike's asked me to marry him. Told him I would when his camera is a success. That'll give him something to work for. Think we'll be happy?"

Friday. First three months are the hardest. Weigh fourteen pounds, six ounces. Can sit up without holding.

Saturday. Spent the afternoon with Dad and Bingo in Mike's garden. Dad told Mike he'd use his camera in his next picture. Dad's making another outdoor epic called "The Broad Trail." (Continued on page 98)



John Considine, important film executive, who has been reported engaged, first, to Carmen Pantages, then to Joan Bennett, and now to Miss Pantages again.

Lew Ayres, who has been escorting Joan Bennett about recently, and who was sister Connie's escort before that—to say nothing of Lola Lane's.



Joan, youngest and blondest of the beautiful Bennett girls, who has been married once and reported engaged more than once.



The beautiful Carmen Pantages, who, according to report, will be Mrs. John Considine one of these days in a Hollywood wedding.

Acme—P & A

LOVE *on the* REBOUND

That dull thud you heard was the crash of another crush. Is romance just a racket in Follywood?

By

Samuel Richard Mook

"Men have died—and worms have eaten them—But not for love."—Shakespeare.

IT'S A FUNNY thing how this love racket works," said the lady who goes to the theatre with me. "Oh, it is, is it?" said I.

"You see," she explained, "you get up from the table after eating—say half a bowl of spaghetti—and feel that you never want to see another spag as long as you live. But next day—if you're really fond of spaghetti—you go out in the kitchen, warm up what's left and it's good as new."

"Well, I don't like spaghetti," I tell her.

"No, of course you don't. Nor anything else I like either," she comes back. "But if you *did* happen to like spaghetti, that's how it would be. But now with love, it's different. You care for someone and then you split up. And after they've been gone awhile you forget all about their bad qualities and only remember the good ones and wish you had 'em back again. And maybe you're unfortunate and get your wish. But the second try never lasts. Warmed-over love is just no good."

"Oh, I don't know," I argue, "it's off-again-on-again with *us* most of the time."

"Well, it's off again for keeps this time and the crack still goes," says she flouncing out of the room. I rushed to the door just in time to see her get into a Rolls and drive off with another guy who didn't do my Ford any good when he started backing away.

And then I got to thinking. It's true: people who

love, separate, and go back for another try don't usually have much luck, but somehow, as fast as they fall out of love, they seem to fall in again. Love on the rebound as it were, and it knocks 'em for a goal every time.

"Sure it does," said Dorothy Mackaill when I mentioned the matter to her. "This love racket is the greatest game in the world. We like to think of our affections as eternal and everlasting and all that sort of thing but we know down in our hearts that love isn't like that. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, what we call love is only infatuation and it soon wears off. Every time I'm troubled with a new heart attack, I think, 'Well, at last! Its the *real* thing this time.' But it never is and after a few days or weeks or months, I pick myself up, brush myself off and start out all over again. It's the ability to take on a new love as you shed the old one that takes the sting out of it. My heart may be a little shopworn from all this rebounding but it still works as good as new."

"The trouble with you," I pointed out, "is that you're an incurable romanticist and more in love with love than with an individual."

"Have it your own way," she answered. And a few moments later she added dreamily, "Isn't that moon beautiful, coming up over the water that way?"

Feeling that way, is it any wonder she married Lothar Mendes as she fell out of love with someone else or that another someone was on hand to ease the bumps as the Mendes romance hit the toboggan?

Speaking of love on the rebound, and we certainly

were, it would never do to overlook the Considine-Pantages-Bennett excitement. Seems that John Considine, leading young screen executive, was pretty generally considered around Hollywood the lucky fiancé of Miss Carman Pantages, a gorgeous brunette beauty. They went about socially and were popular in movie-land's brightest and most particular set. Then—one day Hollywood heard they weren't engaged any more. A lovely blonde named Joan Bennett stepped on the scene. Mr. Considine became her escort to screenland functions and gossip buzzed that they would be married. In fact, Joan, on a trip to New York, confided to a girl friend that "John doesn't want me to go out with any other men while I'm here." It really looked as if the Bennett-Considine romance would be a permanent rave. But wait! You don't know your Hollywood if you think that wedding bells are ringing by this time. They may be ringing, all right—but not necessarily for Joan and John. The latest—to date, that is—is that Considine and Miss Pantages have made up. In fact, those 'in the know' may even go so far as to tell you a little tale about how Joan jumped in a 'plane and went to Palm Springs in the wake of John, who in his turn had gone to visit Miss Pantages who was resting there with her mother. Joan returned without Mr. Considine. So Hollywood waits, watches, and wonders.

And meanwhile the blonde littlest Bennett is seen places with Lew Ayres, who not so long ago was sister Connie's proud young escort. But that wasn't serious. Lew admired Constance Bennett extravagantly—and still does. They played together in "Common Clay," you know. But Lew has also gone places with Lola Lane. And of course you all know that Connie and Henry Falaise, once Gloria Swanson's Marquis, seem to think a whole lot of each other. Gloria, these days, is often beau-ed by Gene Markey, well-known writer, who is good-looking enough to be a leading man. And Gene, by



Gloria ex-Marquise de la Falaise Coudraye Swanson.

Gene Markey, the writer, often Gloria's escort.



Connie Bennett, who may be the new Marquise.

The Marquis, otherwise Henry 'Hank' Falaise.



the way, was once Ina Claire's devoted admirer, before Ina up and married Jack Gilbert. What's the matter, is your head swimming? You'll have to get used to that; you're in Hollywood now!

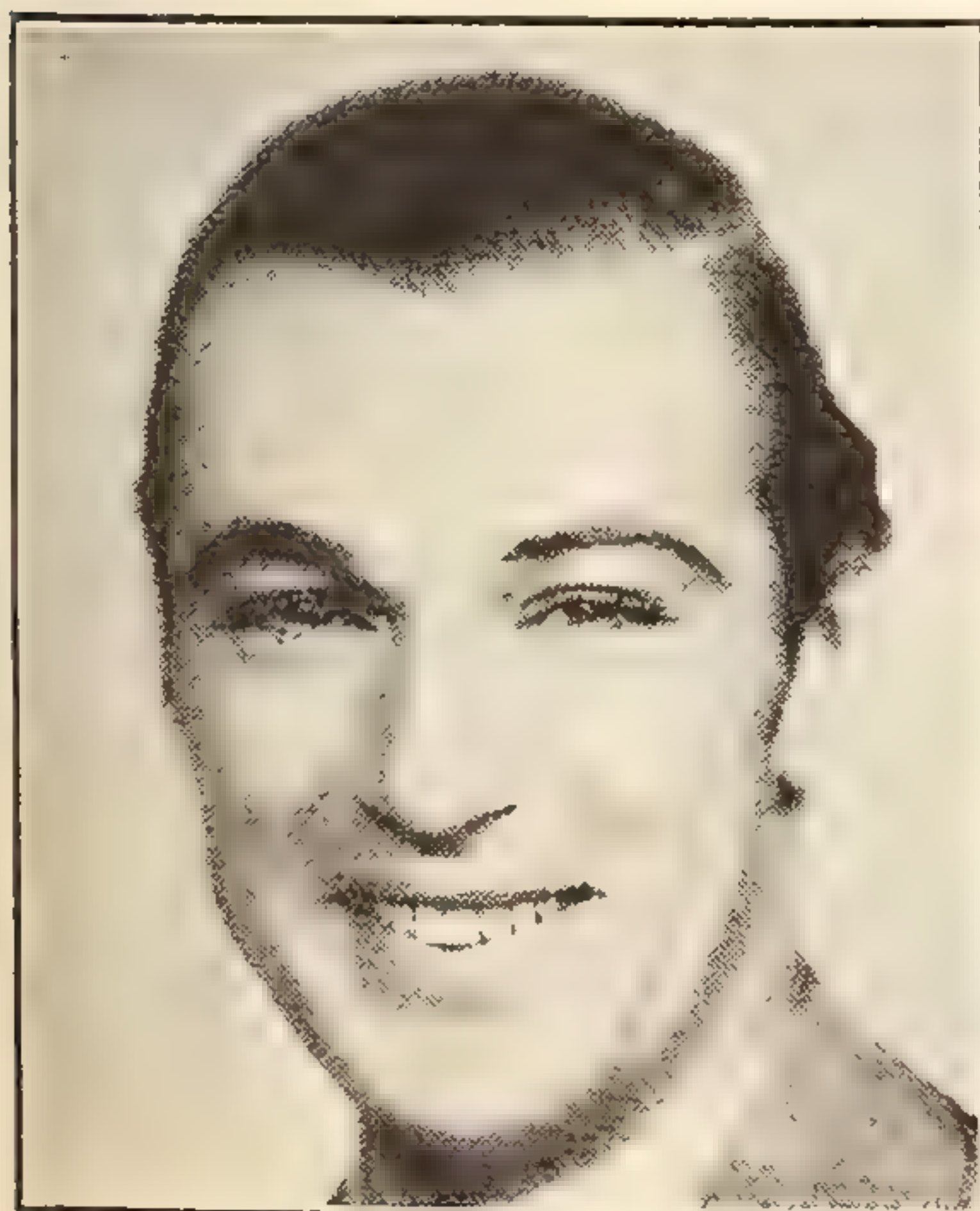
Take Betty Compson and Jim Cruze. Together today, apart tomorrow. But don't make the mistake of picturing Betty as an Ariadne gazing longingly out to sea, waiting for her lover to return. Hardly had the divorce papers been signed and the furniture delivered at her new home when there was a ring at the doorbell and Hugh Trevor dropped in to call. And he's been dropping in ever since.

"How come?" I asked her.

"Well," Betty observed, "when a love affair begins to wane you sense it either consciously or unconsciously, and nature begins to make provisions to safeguard you. For instance, if you lose your eyesight, as a compensation your senses of hearing and touch become more acute. If you fall out of love with one person, nature sends you someone else to love.

"I think if you see a love is growing cold you should never wait until you no longer care for a person before leaving him. If you do that you have only horrible memories left. But if you separate when it begins to ebb, then you always look back with fond recollections and think, 'We could have made it last a little longer and still been happy.'"

And look how one charming lady after another has caught and lightly held the puff ball of John Gilbert's ephemeral fancy. Married to a Southern girl, he came west to seek fame and fortune in the movies. And while trudging along the highway he met Leatrice Joy. Growing away from his wife at the time, he found comfort and inspiration in the society of Leatrice. The story of their love and romance is too well known to require repetition here. But when that flame began to flicker, the torch was re-ignited from the dying embers and carried aloft by no less than Garbo. Love's torch in her hands burned but fitfully and, as it began (Continued on page 109)



Gary Cooper, who has admired Clara Bow, Evelyn, and Lupe.



Evelyn Brent, now happily married to director Harry Edwards.



Betty Compson, once Mrs. James Cruze, reported engaged to—



Handsome young Hugh Trevor, who plays leads for Radio.



How Marian Marsh was picked by Barrymore to play in "Svengali"



WON OUT OF SIXTY!

Sixty actresses were after the rôle of *Trilby*. This little girl got it

By

Brian Herbert

MARIAN MARSH is still stunned! Nothing as sudden or fantastic ever happened to her before.

She's leading lady to John Barrymore! Playing *Trilby* to the noted actor's "Svengali" at seventeen. Glory enough for any girl, isn't it?

And here is the how and why of it all. Just listen.

The scene is Hollywood, of course. Gray-eyed and demure, a girl of seventeen named Marian Marsh has rushed to the Warner Studios at Burbank in answer to an urgent telephone call. She does not know what's in the wind, for she has completed her last picture and has no production schedule for at least a week. Very little is said. She is bundled into the luxurious studio car with the bare explanation that John Barrymore wishes to look her over.

Marian has an inkling—no more than that. Hollywood gossip has been busy for some time over the impasse of John Barrymore, who can't find the right girl for his leading lady for "Svengali," based on the Du Maurier novel of Paris studio life, "Trilby."

The car sped on swiftly, smoothly, through the miles of country road, past opulent estates, till it reached that of John Barrymore. The chauffeur opened the door. Marian was led into the house with its silence bespeaking the illness of its owner. She ascended the stairs, her heart in her mouth at the ordeal she knew awaited her.

A discreet knock, a "come in" from the temporarily muffled stellar voice, and Marian stood before Barrymore. He was in bed, his handsome head embowered in

a mass of plump pillows.

Marian stood stock still, feeling the stage-fright which she had known only the first day she faced a camera. But something in the Barrymore smile, his friendly appraisal of her, his obvious interest, disarmed her; and before long she was at her ease,

feeling equal to the situation, and determined that she would make a good impression; so much depended upon it! *Trilby* or not *Trilby*!

Barrymore questioned her. What parts had she played? He knew her work in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and "God's Gift to Women." And yes, he remembered liking a glimpse of her in "Whoopee." Did she think she would like to play the part of a Paris studio model? She thought she would. And all the while he was interrogating her, the shrewd eyes of Barrymore were watching her poise, her carriage, her photographic possibilities. And all the while, too, his eyes roved from her to the batch of photographic "stills" in his hands which the studio had sent for his study, photographs showing Marian in a variety of poses.

After what seemed an interminable period, Barrymore nodded. He had made up his mind. He assured her she was the girl he had been looking for, and that he would inform the studio that he wanted her to be his leading lady for "Svengali."

And that was how Marian jumped to fame. At the Warner Studio the cameras are whirring and the microphones picking up the speech of Barrymore, completely recovered from the fever he (Continued on page 107)



Elmer Fryer

Marian
Marsh

Marian Marsh, whose story is on the opposite page, was born Violet Krauth, in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17, 1913. She has blonde hair, gray eyes, is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 102 pounds.

Presenting
**POTENTIAL
HOLLYWOOD
HEADLINERS**

Discoveries of today
stars of tomorrow!



Eugene Robert Richee

Sylvia Sidney

Sylvia Sidney from Broadway! She stepped into Clara Bow's rôle in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper. Miss Sidney was born in New York City; she is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 104 pounds, with dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. She started her stage career at the age of twelve.



Meet twenty-four-year-old Robert Allen—a Dartmouth graduate, with no professional experience either on stage or screen. Robert was born in Mount Vernon, New York; is six feet tall and has light hair and blue eyes; has a contract with Warner Brothers, and you'll see him in "Party Husband."

Bert Longworth

Robert Allen

Lillian Bond



Hurrell

Lillian Bond is a red head—a Clara Bow contender. She was born in London and her first appearance on the stage was at the age of fourteen. Lillian is five feet, four and one-half inches tall, and has hazel eyes. She sings soprano and is a good dancer. Miss Bond is under contract to M-G-M.



Mitchell

A stage star signs for the screen! Ivor Novello is an Englishman and a decided hit on the London stage and screen. Some years ago he played in D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose." Novello has written many plays. He will make a screen version of his own comedy, "The Truth Game."

Ivor Novello



Kent Douglas was born October 29, 1907; is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has hazel eyes and blond hair. He's in "It's a Wise Child."



Constance Cummings conquered Broadway, then struck out for the gold-coast. She was born in Seattle; is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 117 pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes.



Loretta Sayers, "discovered" by Columbia, was born in Seattle, Washington; is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes.



The villain entered and he's going to stay — Clark Gable plays "heavies." He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901; is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes.

BUDS and BUDDIES



Miss Mary Blackford—Gladys Ford to you. Gladys was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has blue eyes, light brown hair, and a Warner contract.



Edward Woods is a Los Angeles boy, an ex-student of the University of California, and an ex-stage actor. His next picture will be "The Public Enemy."

Lester Vail has been a troupier since 1922. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes; born in Denver, Colorado.



Conchita Montenegro was born in Spain—of course, she can dance! Conchita has been playing in Spanish versions. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes.

An informal
introduction to
some interesting
newcomers



Fox

Elissa Landi

Elissa Landi, signed by Fox, was born in Italy and educated in England. She has had two novels published; and the versatile girl can also sing and dance! She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has light auburn hair and green eyes—and she's married to J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister



Joan Marsh was a movie actress before she could walk or talk, making her debut at the age of nine months. She was born in Porterville, California; is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 104 pounds; is very blonde and has light blue eyes. Her next appearance is with William Haines in "A Tailor Made Man."

Hurrell

Joan Marsh

Evalyn Knapp

Evalyn Knapp made Hollywood via the stage route. She first played in "shorts." Miss Knapp had the second feminine lead in her first feature picture and then stepped right into leading rôles. Evalyn was born in Kansas City, Kansas; is five feet, four inches, weighs 105 pounds, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

Irving Lippman



Joan Blondell

Joan Blondell has been an actress almost all her life, playing in vaudeville, stock, and on the Broadway stage. Her first screen rôle was in "The Office Wife"; her next is "God's Gift to Women," opposite Frank Fay. Joan is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has gray eyes and blonde hair.



Elmer Fryer

SIGNED for Screen Success



Donald Dillaway was born in New York City, March 17, 1905; is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. He played in vaudeville and stock. His next picture is "Mr. Lemon of Orange."

Charge it to Irish luck! Ray Milland was born in Drogheda, Ireland, January 3, 1906; is six feet, one inch tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He had stage and screen experience in London.



Sweet sixteen! Little Anita Louise made her first stage appearance at the age of six. She was a screen favorite as a child actress. Now, grown up a little, she's in "The Third Alarm" and "Millie."

Charles Starrett was born in Athol, Massachusetts; is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 180 pounds, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. He appeared in "Fast and Loose" and "The Royal Family"





Raoul Walsh discovered Rosalie Roy and gave her a part in "Women of All Nations." She hails from Texas. Nineteen years old, she's five feet, two and one-half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has chestnut hair and gray eyes.

Home town girl makes good—Mae Madison was born in Los Angeles, California, in September, 1913. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has gray-olive eyes and auburn hair. You'll see her in "Chances."



Karen Morley has had stage experience but her first picture was "Inspiration." She was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12, 1911; is five feet, four inches, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.



Arline Judge is a product of the Broadway stage. She is five feet, two and one-half inches tall, has brown hair and brown eyes, and is nineteen years old.

New York City claims James Cagney, who is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, and has reddish hair. He has a long-term contract with Warner and his next film is "The Public Enemy."





Freulich

Sidney Fox

Sidney Fox is a little girl, but a great big success on Broadway—and more of the same is predicted for her in pictures. Sidney was born in New York City, is not quite five feet tall, weighs 94 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes, and a contract with Universal. Her first film will be "Gambling Daughters."



Two new girls in Jack Oakie's new talkie, "June Moon." The blonde, June MacCloy, came from the stage. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, with blue eyes. Brunette Wynne Gibson is also from the stage; was born in New York City, is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 103 pounds.

Don English

June MacCloy and Wynne Gibson



Carman Barnes

Richee

Carman Barnes was on Paramount's writing staff when that company decided to film her story, "Débutante" and asked Carman to star in it. Miss Barnes has had two novels published and a play produced on Broadway. She was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, November 20, 1912; has red hair and brown eyes, is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 111 pounds.

Read more about her on the opposite page.

The Child Wonder

The new Hollywood sensation—Carman Barnes, starring in her own story at 18!

By
Margaret Reid



She's the hottest thing in Hollywood right now! You'll want to know all about Carman and this story tells you.

AUTHOR of a published novel at sixteen, author of another novel and sensational Broadway play at seventeen, filmwriter and movie star at eighteen. Carman Barnes!

She sat in the big chair beside her big desk in the swank Writers' Building at Paramount, looking like a little girl who has eaten too many chocolate-coated marshmallows. She looked slightly sick.

"I wish things wouldn't happen so fast. I'm tired."

Her round cheeks were white, her eyes strained. A masseuse had tried, without result, to loosen the taut nerves in her shoulders and back. At the Mayfair, the Saturday before, she had run abruptly to the ladies' room and cried and cried.

She smiled wanly.

"It's pretty silly—feeling like this. I ought to be terribly happy. But I'm not, any more. I want—I want to *want* something. But I don't."

Now I was never one to become exercised about the unfortunate successful. The penalties of accomplished desire have always struck me as pretty pale beside the pleasures therein. Me, I just can't shed a tear for the tragedy of success.

Yet, on this day and occasion, I felt deeply and sincerely sorry for a beautiful eighteen-year-old into whose complaisant lap had been dropped considerable of the treasures of earth. You would have felt sorry for her, too. Maybe she would have felt sorry for herself, had she been capable of feeling anything. Which she wasn't.

"I'm all numb. I can't get thrilled about anything. I'll probably get over it—I certainly hope so. I hate feeling old and satiated like this."

A few weeks ago, Paramount announced the acquisition of Carman Barnes' dialogue-writing services. "Oh yes"—explanations were exchanged—"the dizzy kid who wrote that show 'Schoolgirl.'"

Five weeks later, Paramount announced the imminent stardom of Carman Barnes in "A Débutante Confesses," by Carman Barnes. "What next?" was the general consensus of opinion. A natural enough opinion to have

about the precipitate enthronement of a child and amateur.

But the Paramount ensemble is nobody's fool. The stardom of Carman in her own story is, of course, a trick. If, however, you think it isn't a good trick, you're crazy. *Sans* experience, grooming, preparation, previous exploitation, this youngster's first picture will be a box-office clean-up. After that, nobody knows. Certainly Carman doesn't. But no great anguish of suspense is hers. Acting is incidental to a lady with the great American novel worrying at her vitals.

Stringing with the journalistic pack that formed at Carman's heels when the story 'broke,' I went to have a look at the—practically—child prodigy. She came into the publicity department with her hands full of lists from real estate offices.

"We're trying to find a house," she explained. "I've been looking at houses all morning. I've never seen so much *rococo* in my life. Don't you know of a nice, *simple* house for rent?"

She speaks quietly, with the slightly plaintive inflection of the South. She has a gentle manner, well-bred, self-contained. She has, as yet, no personality tricks. She is not dizzy. Obviously, she has been nicely reared.

In appearance, she is an anomaly. Rather tall, slim, there still is in her budding grace the last remnants of adolescent awkwardness, though apparent infrequently. Her hair shows evidence of relations with a bottle and her nails are too tangerine—but she dresses in excellent, sub-deb taste and uses little make-up. Her brown eyes have a sophisticated expression not usually associated with eighteen, but if you look more closely you will find that the reason for this lies (Continued on page 126)



Janet in her first hit, "The Johnstown Flood."

In her second feature, "The Shamrock Handicap."

As she looked in "The Blue Eagle," next.

Janet in "The Midnight Kiss"—remember it?

Little Gaynor in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

WHAT DOES NUMEROLOGY

I AM going to find considerable interest in analyzing your numbers, Miss Gaynor, according to the science of Numerology.

Much of this interest will come from the fact that your numbers are so entirely different from those of so many players whom I have analyzed in the course of my eighteen years' practice of this subject.

When I interview men or women who tell me that they are on the stage or in the movies, I have come to expect to find a number 7 as the outstanding number in their names, for this number 7 being the symbol of the hidden, the mysterious, the subjective and creative naturally leads the individual into a phase of work where 'in character' the true identity has to be put aside.

Like water, and almost everything else, humans find their own level in life sooner or later, sifting down through what is called experience to a plane of expression for which their true natures fit them. When this plane is reached it is seen to be that which the measuring of their impulses and abilities by the numbers of their names and birthdates would have suggested.

After years of practice the analyst comes mentally to place individuals who arrive for an analysis into certain groupings of numbers according to their occupation; but sometimes, as in your case, Miss Gaynor, when the chart of the name and date is completed the analyst gets a surprise.

In order to succeed as you have done, you have had more influences in your own nature to overcome than most of the screen favorites that I have analyzed; and had it not been for circumstances indicated by the numbers of your birthday which I shall explain to you, I doubt whether, in spite of your ability, you could have gained very much public attention in any artistic direction.

Attaching the numerical values of the

How long will Janet hold her high place on the screen? Here's an analysis of her life and career and a forecast of her future

By

Clifford W. Cheasley

ancient Greek system of Numerology to your name of Laura Gainer, which is the form under which you were born, I am able to analyze the two most important phases of your personality: your motives and your methods.

The addition of the vowels of a, u, a, in your first name Laura gives a total through the numbers 1, 3, 1, of 5. In the second name there are the vowels a, i, e, numbered 1, 9 and 5 respectively and totaling 6. In your 'Ideality' or 'Motive' you are 'a

number 11.'

Placing a number under each letter of your name we obtain 31391 for the first name, Laura, and 719559 for Gainer. The first group totals 17, which reduces to 8; and the second group to 36, which reduces to 9. The addition of 8 and 9 is 17, again 8. This tells your 'Expression' 'Method number,' your outer general temperament through which you would express your ideas.

Practically this means that your original outlook upon life was imaginative, romantic, not really very definite; and you must have found as a child that while you were easily able to adapt yourself inwardly to the kind of surroundings you found yourself in, you could not have



She gave a touching performance in "Four Devils."

Janet starred alone as "Christina," seen here.

She sang in her first talkie, "Sunny Side Up."



Janet when she played in "Two Girls Wanted."

As the unforgettable Diane in "7th Heaven."

Miss Gaynor in the title rôle of "Street Angel."

In that blonde wig she wore in "Sunrise."

You remember her with Charlie in "Lucky Star"

FORESEE *for* JANET GAYNOR?

told any one very definitely what you really wanted to do.

Your number 11 'Ideality' caused you to be reaching up towards the more idealistic, to live somewhat in a world peopled by your imagination, and I am sure that when I analyze the numbers of the month, day and year in which you were born, that I am going to discover phases of your early life, association, and environment, which made it necessary for you to bring your ideas to a more sensible and reasonable basis, or you would have had a great deal of disillusionment which could easily result in fits of despondency.

As a child you should have been fond of music, of acting, of dramatizing the ordinary situations of your life; but because your number 11 'Ideality' is composed of a 5 and 6, you were not all on the serious side—for the 5 in this position of your Numberscope means a love for pleasure, fun, social life, and quickly changing experience. This 5 combined with the dramatic sense of the 11 should turn you to mimicry.

There is very little conceit in your deeper nature, Miss Gaynor—in fact, as a child I

Cheasley gets a surprise when he studies Janet's numbers! Read what the next few years promise for this little star

doubt already referred to.

With such a combination deciding your outlook on life, you needed either great encouragement or somewhat of a push into situations where you were forced to stand

should have expected some evidence of doubt as to whether you could or would become successful and happy, which made a rather discouraging combination, with the inability to make up your mind a result of the inner

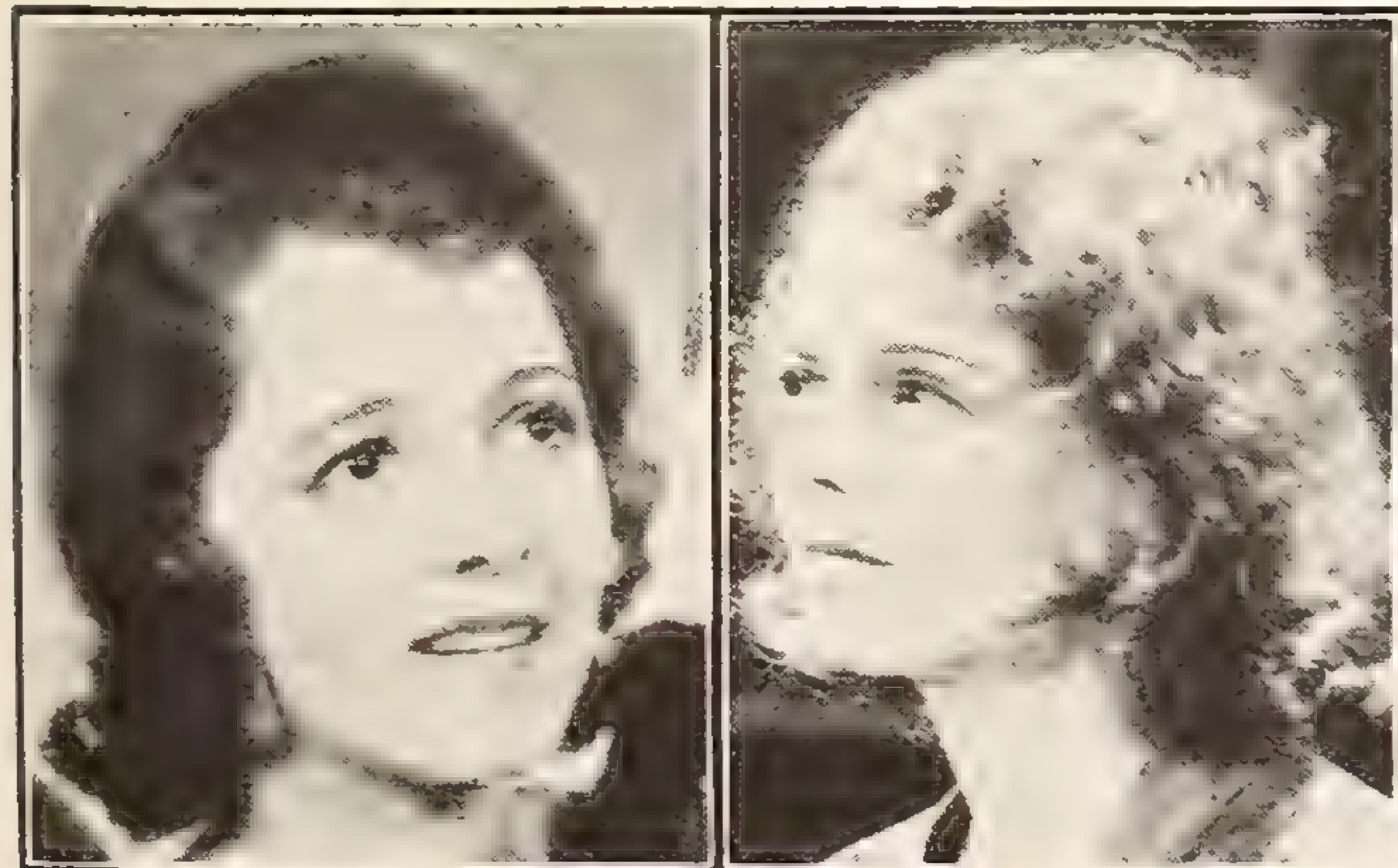
upon your own decisions or accept failure. It rather seems that you strengthened your character through the latter means of experience, for I see that you were born in October.

The presence of the number 8 as the symbol of your outer temperament, your 'Expression number' reveals that latent in your name at birth were many stronger vibrations giving you an unsuspected ability as a business woman, an organizer, one capable of directing your own and other people's thoughts and efforts towards a material success. This number would not make you interested in a business career but ensure that you could give a good account of yourself when forced to handle situations that needed attention to detail, the employment of reason and judgment.

Indecision and doubt in your deeper outlook upon life and yet a latent ability to exercise good judgment and common sense in your outward expression, would make you uncertain whether you wanted an occupation other than one in
(Continued on page 103)



Acme—P. & A.



In her musical movie, "High Society Blues."

As the girl in "The Man Who Came Back."

She's Mrs. Lydell Peck now. Janet and her husband on vacation in Honolulu.



Rosita Moreno, one of the lovely Zuloaga ladies who help make Hollywood such an exciting place.



Charlie Chaplin, who danced the tango and danced it beautifully, too!



Dolores Del Rio, recovered from her long illness, is now being seen socially and screenically.

Hollywood Goes Spanish!

"TWO great pantomimists are going to meet tonight!" exclaimed Patsy, "Charlie Chaplin and Argentina, the Spanish dancer! Dolores Del Rio, Jose Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Rivelles and some of the other Spanish players are giving a party."

And for once in Hollywood a Spaniard actually lives in a Spanish house! The home of the Rivelles is a beautiful Spanish town house on the side of a hill, and the view of the city lights was like jewel-studded black velvet.

Charlie hadn't arrived yet when we came, but we found Mme. Argentina there, and she proved to be one of those rare and radiant people, all life and spirit. We heard that she was a grandmother, but as the Spanish people achieve motherhood early, it is possible to believe it, even though she is probably much younger looking than she really is.

"I never saw so many pretty girls!" gasped Patsy, "even in Hollywood."

Anita Page was there, and Lupita Tovar, Maria Alba, Conchita Montenegro, Rosita Moreno, Maria Tubau, and others, besides Dolores Del Rio, and any one of them might have taken a beauty prize anywhere. All of them, as well as Mrs. Rivelles, are playing in Spanish pictures, and some of them in English ones, too.



Conchita Montenegro, a pretty little importation, appears in both Spanish and American films.

Come along to this picture party! See Chaplin dance a tango—meet Del Rio and the other Spanish beauties.

By

Grace Kingsley

Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno were to have been present, but both had to work, so sent graceful little telegrams of regret.

Anita Page was quite a belle, and was the only blonde present. She has Spanish blood in her veins, you know, her real name being Pomares, and her father being Spanish.

Charlie Chaplin arrived finally, with apologies for being late. He had been working at the studio, putting the final touches and some new music to "City Lights," and he came in his business clothes, not having time to go home and change.

Of course he and Argentina held animated discourse, partly through interpreters, but she had to leave

early, as she never permits herself late hours, due to the strenuousness of her work. She danced only once, with Jose Crespo, who is an old friend of hers.

Charlie told us he would write his next story in Europe, and we were told by some of the Spanish people that it is quite likely the story will have a Spanish background. After Argentina had gone, Charlie danced the tango with Lupita Tovar, and danced it beautifully.

"Only," as Patsy remarked, "he did dance it rather as an Englishman *would* dance the tango!"

For the most part Charlie (*Continued on page 115*)

All about Barrymore!

Answering your questions about Jack, the man, and John, the actor

By Bradford Nelson



Barrymore revels in his rôle of "Svengali," the grotesque gentleman who eats little Trilby girls!

D LORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE calls him "Winkie." Scolds him for being late to appointments. And fusses with him when he does not take his top coat, knowing that he catches cold easily.

He has been called "America's foremost actor." This pleases him. He declares it obviates the necessity of further effort. Admits he is inclined to overact and sometimes does so atrociously. Points out the fact that he was connected with what was probably the worst picture ever made. Played in it and had much to do with the making of it. Declares that it is some distinction to be intimately associated with the world's worst picture.

Admits he is a most indolent person. Wanted to be an artist in his youth. Points with pride that he sold a macabre drawing "The Hangman" to Andrew Carnegie for \$10.00. Also admits he was fired by Arthur Brisbane when he was a newspaper illustrator. Still has a "creative urge" in spite of his laziness.

Often flies into a rage at the studio. Seems pleased and sometimes amused over his exhibitions of bad temper. He once astonished the wife of an important film magnate who was visiting the studio with a greeting that left her breathless for weeks. Yet to a property boy or

a studio hand he may display the manners of a Chesterfield.

Selects his leading women carefully. But when it comes to the love scenes he loses all interest. During a big love scene in a picture his thoughts wander and he remembers that fishing is a much more entertaining business.

Says that if it had not been for talking pictures he would be in the rubber business. Whatever that means. Says that before the talkies came the film industry was the Sick Man of the West. Declares that now the business is all right but a lot of people in pictures are still bum actors.

Actors have not advanced as rapidly as motion picture technicians, according to Barrymore. Says that on the "Svengali" set they have cameras that do everything but read the paper. They turn somersaults, shoot up in the air, slide or gallop, chase him, or let him chase them.

Likes to portray character rôles. Because they are more fun. But he welcomed the opportunity to play the modern inebriate in "The Man From Blankley's." His one objection to character rôles is make-up (Con't. on page 90)

Jack Barrymore—the Bad Boy of the American theatre, as he looks when lounging in the gardens of his Beverly Hills home.



THEY GET \$1,000

But how these women
scenario writers earn it!



Frances Marion, winner of the Motion Picture Academy prize for the best original scenario of the year, "The Big House."



Louise Long, a stenographer, taught herself to write for the screen. It took five years to win her present success.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Pollyanna," and "Stella Maris" were all the work of Frances. Later she wrote and directed "The Lovelight."

Norma Talmadge secured Frances for scenarizing "The Eternal Flame," "Secrets," and "The Lady." "East is West," "Cytherea," "Tarnish," "The Dark Angel" and "Stella Dallas" are among the many other silents for which Frances Marion received screen credit.

But if the men expected the talkies to flummox Frances, they had another think coming. Instead she won the Motion Picture Academy prize for the best original scenario of the year with "The Big House," an intensely all-masculine picture. She earned the fond approval of Eugene O'Neill for her screen version of his "Anna Christie," and was also responsible for "Min and Bill" and "The

ALL the world wants to write scenarios for motion pictures. Not only established writers, but bell-boys, nurse maids, stokers, politicians, bankers, *et al.* You should see the mountains of scenarios that flow into the studios. Almost every arrival in Southern California, from celebrity to immigrant, has a scenario up his sleeve. Even weighty nabobs, like Dr. Edward Smith Williams, author of 100 scientific books, self-consciously admit a scenario in the making!

Hence the competition is terrific. When the silent screen took to talking, a perky male predicted, in print, that women scenario writers would now make an inglorious exit. Just as though women did not know all about talking!

But instead, the clever scenario girls have covered themselves with glory, and actually there are more women successful in this difficult field than men. How did they break in? That's the precious question all the yearners are asking.

Take that brilliant Frances Marion, versatile, humorous, immeasurably kind. Frances started in a newspaper career in San Francisco, her home town. She comes of aristocratic lineage, her great-grandfathers being respectively Lord Douglas of England and General Francis Marion of the Revolutionary War. But that did not prevent her having to begin at the bottom, from financial necessity. Besides the newspaper work, Frances was doing art posters and going to college on the side. You see, she had an intellect and cultivated it. She didn't consider compulsory business an excuse for ignorance!

It was through writing short stories for magazines that Frances attracted the attention of the studios. After they had bought the scenario rights of a couple of them, she was invited to go to Hollywood with Mary Pickford. "The Foundling," "The Poor Little Rich Girl,"



Madeleine Ruthven, left, migrated from an Iowa ranch via newspaper work to triumphant scenario writing. She's with M-G-M.



Bess Meredyth, above, began as a newspaper woman, also writing short stories. She has maintained her scenario success through the years, with such hits to her credit as "Ben Hur," "A Woman Of Affairs," "Don Juan," "Our Blushing Brides" and Garbo's "Romance."



Bradley King, above, convent-bred, wrote magazine stories, caught Tom Ince's attention, and has been a successful scenarist ever since.



Right, Ethel Doherty, once a stenographer, served a 7-year apprenticeship and then clicked with "The Vanishing American."

to \$5,000 for a STORY!

By Alma Whitaker

Secret Six," all great screen successes.

It sounds alarmingly modern, but Frances Marion has had four husbands. The first was a fellow newspaper man when she was a mere girl. The second was an invalid and died of tuberculosis. The third was Fred Thompson, the athletic pastor, cowboy, actor, whose career she fondly fostered. And she is now married to George Hill, the director of several of her pictures. She has two dear small boys, one a son of Fred Thompson, and the other adopted; five dogs and two lambs, and a secretary. They live in a charming home, and it is interesting to note that this remarkable Frances is also an excellent housekeeper.

Elsie Janis, formerly a musical comedy star and imitator, is now writing for pictures—mostly dialogue and lyrics, as for "Madame Satan," and she is now working on "The Squaw



Lenore Coffee, formerly a stenographer, has been writing scenarios for six years. "Mothers Cry" is one of her latest and best.



Florence Ryerson, left, newspaper woman, playwright, and scenarist, is a versatile success in all branches of writing.



Jane Murfin, above, creator of the "Strongheart" stories, was an actress and playwright before adopting the scenario field. She was co-author of "Lilac Time" and "Smilin' Through," and at present is a member of the scenario staff at Radio Pictures.

Eve Unsell, right, has written successful scenarios for years for our most famous stars, from Mary Pickford to Lon Chaney.



Dorothy Howell, above, worked in the business departments of Columbia Pictures. In three years she has become screen editor.



Left, Winifred Dunn, who began screen writing at 18, later becoming editor for Metro. She has twenty good scenarios to her credit.

Man," with Lenore Coffee for Cecil de Mille. Elsie never went to school, but her intellect was not neglected, as she had private tutors.

Bess Meredyth is another girl who weathered the advent of talkies. Besides the regular schooling in Buffalo, Bess travelled a great deal—Europe, Australia, the South Seas, and Alaska—very valuable in this work. She, too, began as a newspaper woman, and won her way in via her short stories in maga-

zines: "Ben Hur," "Sea Beast," "A Woman of Affairs," and "When a Man Loves" and "Don Juan" for John Barrymore, were amongst her best known silents. Since then she has been busy on talkies all the time. "Our Blushing Brides," "Romance" for Garbo, and so on. Bess, too, is matrimonially experienced, her present spouse being Michael Curtiz, the director.

Then there's Zelda Sears, former stage actress and playwright, with forty years' experience behind her. Zelda also began with the silents—"Covered," "The Clinging Vine," "The Scarlet Woman," etc. Talkies with which she has been connected in a scenario capacity are "Rubber Tires," "Night Bride," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "Wise Wife," "Devil-May-Care," "The Divorcée" and "Daybreak." Zelda Sears is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under contract.

Madeleine Ruthven is an Iowa ranch girl, and a university graduate, likewise beginning her career on a newspaper. Her screen plays include "Love in the Rough" and "Among the Married."

Alice Miller broke in via the reading department, during the silent era. She is regarded as an excellent assistant, having contributed much to such pictures as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Four Walls," "Two Lovers," "The Devil Dancer," and many more.

Edith Fitzgerald, a Kentucky maiden, began as an actress but later wrote plays for the stage, through which she naturally gravitated (Continued on page 127)



The most beloved woman in Hollywood, Miss Marie Dressler, resting in a sunny corner of the upstairs sitting room in her Beverly Hills home. This installment of her own story, which began in the March issue, is the most intimate and amusing she has written. You won't want to miss it!

MARIE DRESSLER'S Own Story

A new chapter in the life of
the Laugh Queen

By

Marie Dressler

was situated on a rock. It had a patio, a swimming pool, and a view of the ocean. The view was immense, but the house was small and cosy. I always keep my houses simple. Chintz is more to my taste than priceless, musty fabrics valued because some king and queen had a deuce of a time when they lived with them. Palace stuff never inspired the song, *Home, Sweet Home*. I like firm chairs when I sit socially. I've had more than my share of collapsible stage furniture so that my aversion to antiques may easily be explained. I do feel, however, that ancient furniture in the home should always carry weight limit signs like country bridges!

A house should be small enough and the furniture so arranged that there are no bunkers in the way of a straight drive to the kitchen; for around the kitchen the real home is built. A home with sloppy meals—whether they are prepared by the maid or the madam—leads to the divorce court sooner or later and the woman who can give her husband better meals than any other woman wins—sometimes! I've always wondered why folks who were so anxious to get their bumps felt and their palms

PART III.

LAST month I had just started to tell you about home, sweet home in Hollywood, when we were cut off. Now I'm going on with my story and just try to stop me!

I want to give you my idea of a house. Or rather, a home—there's a lot of difference, you know. When things began to look pretty good for me I gave up the first house I had chosen and selected another one. This



Marie tells 'em! Newspaper men crowd around the star as she returns from one of her trips to Europe. Miss Dressler is popular with the ship-news men; and that's an achievement!

The Girl stood on the Burning Deck

read by experts didn't have their iceboxes and garbage pails examined. These are the true character indicators. In them you find extravagance, vanity, lack of imagination, laziness, stinginess, stupidity, carelessness, untidiness and all the sins pictured by the handwriting expert or other good guessers. On the other hand these tell-tale containers may indicate tolerance, inspiration, energy, generosity, cleverness, carefulness and neatness. The whole point is to make the most of what you have and give the pigs a break. Garbage men respect me. One told me once, "Miss Dressler, you have swell swill. You see it's nice for pigs and it ain't taking away from humans like most of 'em."

All of which is a delightfully direct way of informing the world that I can cook and like it. Did you ever

notice that the bigger the woman, the better the cook? Well, that means my cooking is above the average. When I say I cook, I don't refer to those people who order expensive materials and then start a meal. My idea of a cook is somebody who can take what would otherwise be thrown out and make you want to come again. Suppose I give you a few favorite recipes a la Dressler?

Take steak-tails, for instance. Everybody takes a steak-tail, lays it on a plate, carefully puts it in the icebox and throws it out on the third day. Somehow you feel less extravagant if you don't chuck it out upon its arrival. When it comes to steak-tails with me, I make both ends meat.

Icebox Steak-tail

Take the steak-tail firmly and persuasively, all the while thinking, "Come seven—come eleven," reduce it to dice-like pieces. Worry some celery and potato into a similar state. Add one chopped onion, tomatoes if at hand, otherwise any vegetables left over in the icebox, toss in a lump of butter, and simmer these ingredients slowly in a frying pan in the vegetable juices or just enough soup stock to keep from burning. When the odor makes you hungry, put the odor and the mixture causing it into individual ramekins, break an egg over each, add grated cheese if desired, and place in the oven to brown. If you have invited your worst enemy to dinner this will be the beginning of a beautiful friendship. And why not ask either your friends or your enemies to a pick-up dinner? I shudder when I receive

an engraved invitation to a meal so far ahead that I have to turn a leaf on the calendar. I can see in advance the crab flakes full of gill gristle carefully masked by the cold gravy they call cocktail sauce. I can see the mock turtle chilling its skin in the clear soup and the other company dinner do-dabs which look so pretty in the magazines and taste like kid gloves just home from the cleaners. No, sir—my idea of enjoying my friends' hospitality is to drop in when they are not expecting me and enjoy honest-to-goodness food!

Compare company consommés and bouillon, for example, with my favorite soup which anybody can have every day.

Tomato Soup

Spoil the shape of four pieces of bacon by chopping very fine, treat celery and onions with equal lack of consideration, add seasoning, a bay leaf, and one medium size can of tomatoes. Nonchalantly consign this luscious mixture to a bright clean stew-pan and cook until tender, (the food, not the pan, which will burn if not watched, but can never be made edible even by me). This done, add one teaspoonful of soda and one pint of milk, if you feel poor, or the same amount of cream, if you feel rich; strain if you are in a Ritzy mood or leave as is if you just want food, add

(Continued on page 117)



Miss Dressler was schooled in slapstick. Here she is in one of her early screen comedies, "Tillie's Tomato Surprise."



A trouser who is also a home-maker. Marie Dressler with a part of her cherished collection of china and glass in her new home.

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

CITY LIGHTS

EAST LYNNE

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE

RANGO

DISHONORED

TRADER HORN

By
Delight Evans
City Lights
United Artists



Virginia Cherrill as the blind flower girl and Charlie Chaplin as her admirer in "City Lights."

HE'S back! Go to see "City Lights" with perfect confidence—Chaplin won't let you down. He reserves those tricks for his cast, not his audience. His new picture which took so much time and money to make may not be his best—I don't know. And I don't care. I know only that I laughed a lot at practically everything Charlie did, including all his old tricks and a few new ones. His comic device of the rich stew who loves him when he's in his cups and boots him when he's sober is a grand chance for complications. There's even a prize-fight. Romance—a little blind flower girl nicely played by Virginia Cherrill. And lots of Chaplin—all of Chaplin back again. Don't let it be so long next time, Charlie, we need your kind of comedy.



Joan Crawford is splendid in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Lester Vail is her leading man.

Dance, Fools, Dance
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

IN which Joan Crawford proves that her performance in "Paid" was no accident. Now, I didn't say I ever thought it was, did I? I mean that this picture fails to give the star the dramatic opportunities of her first serious film; so I applaud her splendid work all the more. She has a pretty unbelievable rôle in this one—a pampered darling who is forced to make her own way in the world, goes to work on a newspaper, and gets involved in gangster doings; but Joan flashes through it all with brains and brilliance. But isn't she getting too thin? Go out and celebrate your success with a nice, thick, juicy steak, girl! Like Lester Vail? He's Joan's able leading man, and you'll be seeing more of him.



Clive Brook, Ann Harding, and Conrad Nagel in "East Lynne," all giving fine performances.



East Lynne
Fox

THIS picture has a rather rare quality—charm. And that saves it! Given this good old tear-jerking melodrama to direct, Frank Lloyd turned aside from the obvious treatment and endowed it with some of his own poetic feeling, thereby lifting it out of bathos. Lloyd manages to make the wooden puppets of the tale appealing and sometimes human. In Ann Harding he has the perfect heroine—lovely in coiffure and costume, competent in performance, and poignant in those scenes with her baby which still have power to make strong women filmgoers weep. Clive Brook is splendid in a grand and nasty rôle; with Conrad Nagel, Cissie Loftus and Beryl Mercer all fine.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Harry Myers in "City Lights"
Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights"
Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored"
Ann Harding in "East Lynne"
Clive Brook in "East Lynne"
Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn"
Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance"
John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Millie"
George Bancroft in "Scandal Sheet"



Trader Horn

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THIS is a "special"—a combination adventure film and romantic melodrama that will fascinate you. There's excitement in practically every scene. And while you'll leave the theatre feeling as if you personally had accompanied the Metro expedition to brightest Africa and had fought off lions, elephants, and juju men, you'll also feel you've had your money's worth. Speaking of money—a million went into the filming of this picture. Thrills in native sets are costly, and most of "Trader Horn" is authentic. Harry Carey is the intrepid explorer who helps rescue the beautiful "white goddess" of a savage tribe. Edwina Booth as said goddess is gorgeous. She has the part of a Hollywood blonde's lifetime.



Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo, and Edwina Booth in the African thriller, "Trader Horn."



Dishonored

Paramount

THE magic of Marlene Dietrich, and nothing else, unless you count beautiful camera angles, lifts this film into our feature class. Marlene is enough—which is why she should have better material. When her lady spy of this story falls in love with the stalwart enemy, and after considerable footage make the Supreme Sacrifice, not even the marvellous Marlene can sway us to the proper pathos. The same formula—foreign setting, exotic stellar rôle, luscious Von Sternberg photography, worked in "Morocco"; but this time it's not so potent. You won't want to miss Marlene no matter what she does; and she's lovely here, with more glamor than ever. Victor McLaglen is all right, I suppose.



The magic of Marlene Dietrich makes "Dishonored" of interest. With Victor McLaglen.



Rango

Paramount

A REAL novelty. Everybody will be talking about it. The actors are monkeys, apes, tigers, buffalo, panthers, and two natives of Sumatra, where Ernest B. Schoedsack, who also made "Chang" and "Grass," photographed this picture. "Rango" parallels the adventures of a native and his son, and Tua, an elderly ape, and his little boy, Rango—the most engaging discovery of the month. This little ape's antics will convulse you. The two humans and the two apes have a common enemy, the tiger. The big fight—you knew there would be one—is between a water buffalo and a tiger, and it is a thriller. See this—and borrow all the small boys of the neighborhood and take them along. They will love it.



"Rango," photographed in Sumatra by Ernest Schoedsack, is a real screen novelty.



There is one beauty upon which all people agree and that is the beauty of fine, glowing skin. Loretta Young has that beauty.

Beauty is more than skin deep!

But skin beauty is a deep subject, so listen to this expert advice on complexion care

By
Anne Van Alstyne

THERE are two great essentials for the beauty of the complexion.

The first is: Keep your skin clean.

The other is: Keep your skin soft.

If you keep your skin clean, which means clear; and soft, which means rested and well-cared for, the fairest beauty prizes will be awarded unto you.

For there is one beauty upon which all people agree and that is the beauty of fine, glowing skin. Your complexion may be one of several tints—and, thank goodness, we have come to realize within the last few years that there are other facial shades besides white and less white, besides blonde and brunette. Today we are individual in our beauty. We emphasize our own beauty assets, knowing thereby that the defects will be ignored. Only the most unsubtle girl today uses "white" powder on her "white" skin. Even the old reliable "flesh" powder, which used to be just plain pink has gone, to be replaced by light rachel, dark rachel, and some forty other shades. And very right that is, too, for Caucasians though we may be, there are those of us who have tawny skins or dark olive skins or pale olive skins; there are those who have blonde skins, all little pastel highlights and other blondes with skins like white gold. And there are girls who are tanned till only their hair color tells whether they are naturally fair or dark.

Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder and people disagree about the most beautiful color for eyes and hair. They also disagree about shapes and sizes. Some people—many men, by the way—champion little girls and find them most attractive. Yet Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who is very tall, holds the American matrimonial record and on the screen there is the one and only Garbo, who is really a lanky big-boned Swedish girl. In this

country we are all for diet and slenderness, yet Europeans find our women much too thin for attractiveness.

So in every attribute of feminine beauty personal inclination influences what we call attractive or ugly. In all save the skin, that is. The tribute to lovely skin is unanimous.

Fine skin means beauty, even though the individual features be irregular. Uncared-for skin full of blackheads, large pores, or other unsightly blemishes means ugliness, even though the features they defile be flawless.

Yet isn't that really a thrilling thought? Isn't it really thrilling to know that you can have the first, the unanimous requirement for beauty, no matter what your figure or your features may be? For you really can. Any girl, granted she has good health, can have good skin.

It's really all marvelously simple, too. You don't need lotions, creams, rouges or lipsticks, either. They are aids. They are great, big wonderful helps, if you don't mind my raving. But they aren't essentials. The only essentials are health, diet, exercise and cleanliness.

Now if you think I am just a little bit touched on the subject of health, diet, exercise and cleanliness when it comes to beauty, you are more than half right. If you want to tell me that I say one month that the combination of health, diet, exercise and cleanliness makes for hair beauty, and then this month tell you it makes for skin beauty, you will be quite right. I said it last month and I say it this. I expect to be saying it when I'm an old lady with white hair and not much else except a memory. I'll say that it gives you beautiful fingernails and beautiful eyes, too. For it does. It's all true. The great thing I want to get over to you girls who are really sincere in your wish to be more lovely is that the

LET'S BE BEAUTIFUL!

It isn't hard, it's comparatively easy in these days of scientific rules. Anne Van Alstyne knows all the rules, and she will give you personal advice on your own beauty problems. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply. Address Anne Van Alstyne in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

body functions as a whole and you can't expect to put one part of it in order—you can't make one part of it ideal—unless all the rest of it is in order. (Well, I except the feet. Their beauty is very dependent upon the shoes you wear.)

In the old days when beauty wasn't considered quite proper, yearning youngsters used to be put off with the phrase, "Beauty is only skin deep." Well, no more of that now. Beauty is more than skin deep and skin beauty is a darned deep subject. Yet lots of girls, aware of the importance of facial beauty, seem to regard their faces as something detached from themselves, uninfluenced by food, sleep and general care. The reverse is true. Nothing will do more for your face than an extra nap and nothing will go further toward spoiling it than an extra pound of chocolates, hastily eaten, or a pair of tight shoes worn in agony for hours.

Cosmetics, carefully used, are pretty wonderful, but they are quite powerless if your vitality is low, your body tired, and your brain fatigued.

You might, therefore, set this up as a motto. If you are fair to yourself, your skin will be fair to others.

To be fair to yourself—to give yourself the breaks, as they say in Hollywood—you must get, first of all, as much sunlight and fresh air as you possibly can, every day of the year. You must get at least seven, and preferably eight hours, sleep each night. You must have a daily bath with warm water and pure soap, unless you live in a locality where the water is very hard and the air very dry and hot. In such communities, three or four baths weekly are better for the skin generally, if you are careful to keep it clean by means of cold creams at other times. Take warm baths, rather than hot, and finish off with a cold shower, whenever possible. This keeps the pores from getting coarse. Using ice on the face to close the pores is sometimes advised, but personally I

think it rather dangerous. It is severe in its action on the skin, and unless protected by a piece of gauze or an old linen handkerchief it may cause the delicate little veins around the nose to react too violently and leave you with tiny red lines showing under the skin.

If you are a working girl, or if you live in crowded districts where the air is dust-laden, your face will probably need a cold cream or an astringent cleansing during the day. But watch your skin carefully, under these conditions, to be sure it is not getting too dry or too oily. And that you should take off every dash of make-up at night and go to sleep with a face as clean as baby's, is just one of those beauty rules that you break only at your own peril. I don't believe any one really enjoys dieting, but the rewards of it are simply elegant. A plain, wholesome balanced diet will do more for your

beauty than all the specialists from Peking to Paris. So hard as it is, train yourself to eat for your loveliness' sake and snub the pastries and candies.

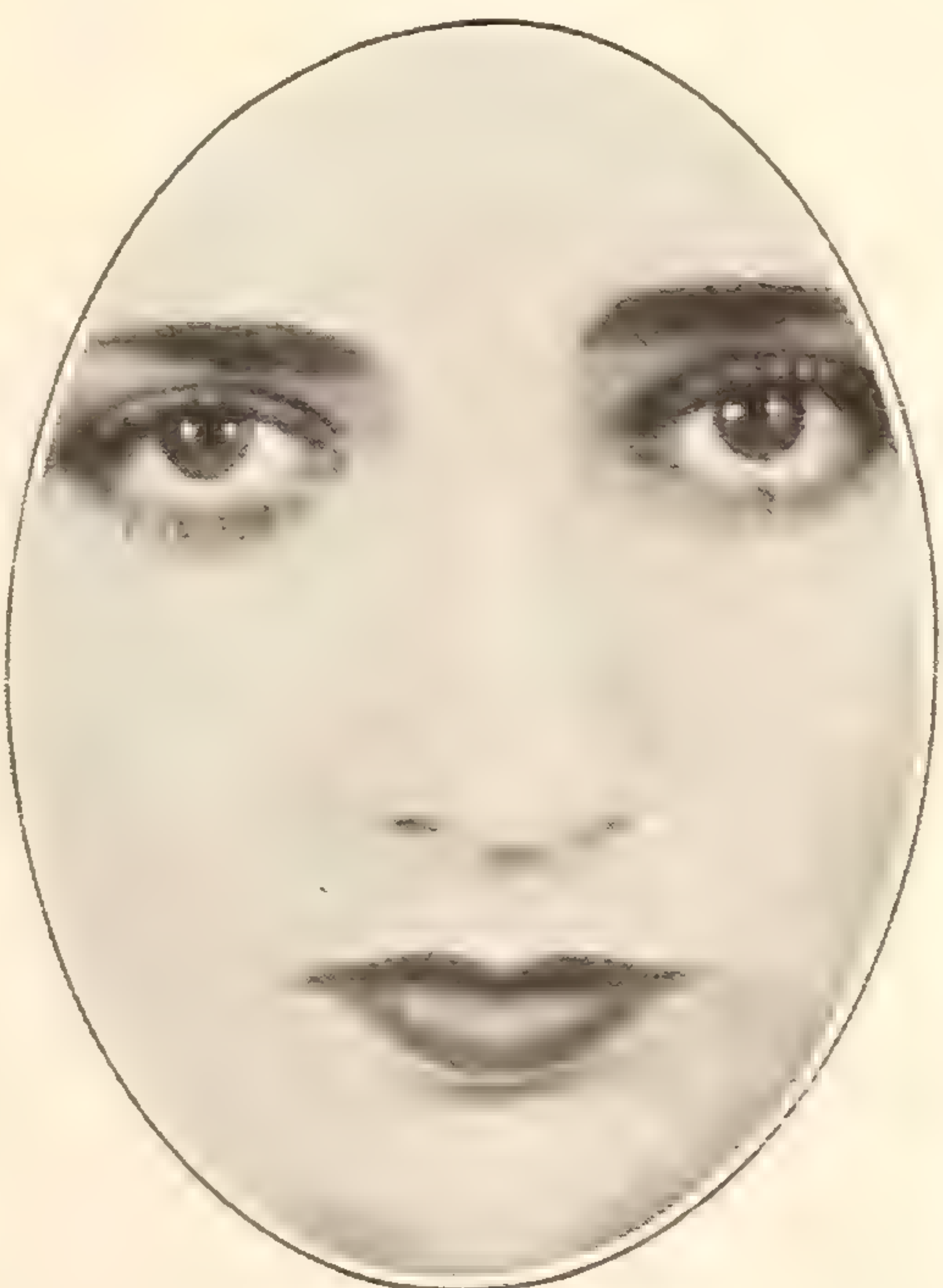
Eat three balanced meals daily, rather than a light breakfast and luncheon and a heavy dinner. Try to eat at least two green vegetables daily and some roughage—that is, fibrous fruits such as figs, prunes, apricots or oranges; or vegetables like celery, spinach, asparagus, cabbage, lettuce and all greens; or cereals like bran. In breads, bran, gluten or whole wheat are better than white. For sweets stick to fruits, honey, and natural sugars of that character. You may indulge in ice cream occasionally. If you are not overweight, it is very good for you. But it is important that your weight is approximately correct for your height. The fat of the land are rarely fair of face.

So much for the general care. Here are rules for specific problems.

All the letters you girls write me, persuade me that there's a simply unbelievable number of you suffering from blackheads. You hate them, (Continued on page 90)



Screen stars must keep their complexions clear, clean, exquisite! Evalyn Knapp knows the rules.



Kay Francis, above, has the skin of natural softness and daily care.

Left, Mary Brian's "school-girl complexion" glows with gay youth.

Leila Hyams, right, is one of those blondes with skins like white gold.



The

So here's the
Spring crop of
plays on Broadway!

As the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, Katherine Cornell achieves the greatest heights of her career. Her leading man is Brian Aherne, playing Robert Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

KATHERINE CORNELL, I hope, has left the cheap vamp stuff forever. As Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett in Rudolf Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a comedy-drama based on the celebrated love-story of the Brownings, she achieves the greatest heights of her career.

She is the famous invalid poetess, chained to a lounge, streaks of gray in her hair, her whole face and manner one of resigned but sweet suffering under the dominion of a brutal puritan-punky father who rules his children—nine of them—as he had previously ruled his slaves in Jamaica.

In blows Youth, Revolt, Romance, in the shape of Robert Browning. He marries her before she knows it and whisks her off to Italy—long live Robert and Elizabeth Browning!—leaving the old father flat with the rest of the family. Brian Aherne is superb as Robert and Charles Waldron a fine Moulton-Barrett, the father.

The play itself is rather too long, but, in the main, is a good piece of craftsmanship. Without any effort Cornell rises to what is known as Dusean artistry. Her incarnation of the poetess is all sheer beauty. A great true story captivatingly fictionized.

"America's Sweetheart"

With "Once in a Lifetime" making the movies more popular than ever—you can't kill Hollywood with a joke or two: the old lady is tougher than "Camille")—Fields, Rodgers and Hart, abetted by a whole lot of fellows, concocted a singing side-swipe at the movies in "America's Sweetheart" and her boy friend, God's Gift to the Girls of America. It hit the clock with such a sock that Schwab and Mandel immediately set sail for Bermuda.

It's rousing, not always too funny, picks up, falls down—but, in the main, makes a buoyant and entertaining evening. There's a lot of fun about conferences, balled-up executives, vamps—the kind I never saw in Hollywood—and some jokes.

The three Forman sisters, old-fashioned, with the curls a-dangling down their backs, were to me, in their songs—especially *Geraldine*—one of the best things in the show. Harriette Lake, Jeanne Aubert, Jack Whiting, Gus Shy

and John Sheehan contributed to this musical smack-on-the-wrist at Our Great Industry. And this magazine is mentioned more than once as the guide to Hollywood.

"As You Desire Me"

Pirandello is the only metaphysical playwright that gets away with it. (Metaphysics, you know, is, as some one who isn't Walter Winchell said, a blind man looking in a dark room for a cat that isn't there.)

"As You Desire Me" is a fascinating play built around a woman who is made to believe she is some one else; she doesn't believe it, but plays the impostor until the real wife, who disappeared during the German invasion of Italy, is brought into the family circle by a jilted lover of the impostor. The real wife is hopelessly insane. They are still all puzzled as to who's who when the curtain falls. Pirandello says: "So long as the husband loved the impostor, why bother about the real wife?"

This is a surface description only; the depths and psychological beauty of the play cannot be described here. It must be seen and mentally munched over. I could write a book about it.

Judith Anderson was superb as the Unknown One. She goes all through the first act drunk and never misses a booze-gesture or trick. She retains the same high level in the next two acts as the impostor who takes the air. It's high-water mark in Miss Anderson's career.

"Green Grow the Lilacs"

A gay old time, an old-time old time, a romantic old time, a breath-of-youth old time, a tinkling, chortling, unsophisticated old time, and so forth, was had at the Guild Theatre in "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Lynn Riggs. It's a refreshing romantic comedy that went click! click! right after the first act.

A simple, simple story of Oklahoma in 1900. A solid, he-man, romantic, clean, sweet-smelling cowboy, *Curley McClain*, goes a-courtin' after *Laurey Williams*, a dear little orphan, played by June Walker. Well, up comes *Jeeter Fry*, about the dirtiest skunk of a hired man you ever heerd tell on. At a hoe-down *Jeeter* tries to kill *Curley* over the gal. Of course, *Jeeter* falls on his own knife, and that's the end of cock-robin.

A breezy, spanking show, I'll tell you. The only thing

STAGE *in* REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

that hurts it is the singing of the cowboys and the milkmaids between the scenes. This ancient device almost killed the play.

Helen Westley leads in laughs as *Laurey's* foster-mother; about the best thing of Miss Westley's career. Franchot Tone was a regular Hoot Gibson cowboy, and Richard Hale a basso-profundo villain. The rest were all tip-top.

A rattling show; and the Guild has got its second wind.

"Anatol"

Bela Blau's production of "Anatol," Schnitzler's almost satanic thrust at sex, is one of the most intoxicating, delightful, hallucinating and brain-tickling events, from any standpoint, that I can record that has happened in our theatre for many an income tax.

Six scenes, six love affairs of this It-lassoing "Anatol," six women who handed it to Anatol on the chin, six masterpieces of the eternal comedy of sex-meouwing—all in about ninety minutes.

No one but a Continental could put the sword in the gizzards of we men and women so daintily and airily as is done in these little masterpieces. And while it is all going on, a distant orchestra lulls us into hypodermic heaven with those old Vienna waltzes. I tell you, it's great magic!

And the acting! Dennie Moore, Anne Forest, Elena Miramova, Patricia Collinge, Miriam Hopkins

Below, Richard Hale and Franchot Tone in "Green Grow the Lilacs," the Theatre Guild's latest offering, by Lynn Riggs.



"As You Desire Me" is a fascinating play by Pirandello, with Judith Anderson giving a superb performance.



Joseph Schildkraut left the screen to star in "The Affairs of Anatol" on the stage. Above, a scene from the Schnitzler classic.

and Ruthelma Stevens were the six women, each one a different kind of a frail, with high honors, from me at least, going to — well, the whole bunch, with Ruthelma Stevens and Miriam Hopkins getting two medals apiece. Joseph Schildkraut was a good but rather a tied-up *Anatol*, the It-Boob, and Walter Connolly played *Max* rather heavily.

The settings by Jo Mielziner were the finest of their kind ever seen on Broadway.

"Camille"

Maggie Gautier, the Paris frail of the speckled Second Empire, the lady who sported nothing but camellias, and who, in the middle of her rowdy life, fell hard for the kid *Armand* who had moonlight in his eyes
(Continued on page 111)

CLARA'S Boy Friend

Rex Bell tells how
he won and holds the
regard of the It Girl

By
Helen Burns



Rex doesn't want Clara to feel too sure of him. He believes a boy should keep his girl friend guessing! As to a bit of discipline now and then—Rex just leaves Clara alone for a while. And so far Miss Bow and Mr. Bell have never had a quarrel!



Rex Bell admits he's crazy about Clara but won't let her walk on him!

REX BELL, for many months the dark horse in the race for Clara Bow's affections, has announced himself the winner and is not loath to reveal the methods by which he attained his success. The information should be valuable. The taming of the It Girl would be a feather in the cap of any Don Juan.

Other men have come and gone during the year Rex has courted Clara—Rex watched them come with well-feigned indifference—and watched them go with ill-concealed content.

"Harry Richman? I know all about him," says Rex. "Clara told me. She didn't really fall for that guy."

"That Texas doctor? Yes, I know Daisy De Voe says she is crazy about him, but she's wrong. I'm not worrying."

Rex means that. He's settled, to his own satisfaction, the problem of handling Clara. Rex is very good at settling his own problems. I remember an interview I had with him two years ago. That was before he had met Clara. He was talking about his work in pictures then, but he said that every situation could be handled successfully if you gave it sufficient time and thought. Rex did just that in gaining the ascendancy over Clara's numerous beaux.

In the first place, he reasoned that Clara was used to being pursued. Other men rushed her madly, tried to date her up weeks ahead, and made pledges of undying devotion. Rex did none of these things. He says that for many months he never asked for a date. When he left her, Clara would usually ask, "When will I see you again?" and Rex would answer, "Oh, I don't know, call me up soon." And she usually did.

Rex and Clara have never had a quarrel, and that is saying a good deal in the tempestuous Bow's career. It isn't just a hap-instance either. Rex spent plenty of time and thought in figuring out the most efficient

Rex says: "I never liked her pictures and I didn't figure I'd like her, but I did!"

way to calm the temper of his red-headed girl friend.

Rex doesn't believe in treating 'em rough. The old cave man stuff is out, he says. The modern young woman has progressed to a point where she resents too much domination on the part of a man. If he lays down the law too forcibly, she walks out. Therefore, Rex believes in being firm, but not too firm.

He also believes in being lover-like, but in keeping the girl friend guessing. Rex doesn't want Clara to feel too sure of him. Anyone as vital and adventure-some as the It Girl is apt to lose interest in a cinch bet.

Rex is at all times calm and judicious in his dealings with Clara. Much as he is interested in her, he doesn't take her too seriously. He has found it necessary to pass over many small flare-ups, for the It Girl is hasty in both word and action at times. Rex just laughs at her.

If the situation is important enough to warrant a bit of discipline on the part of the boy friend, Rex falls back on the time-honored weapon of indifference. He just leaves her alone for a while.

It has been said that when a woman does not react to the indifference of a male, he might just as well give up. Rex evidently believes that, and he's never even been on the verge of giving up.

"I don't say anything to Clara, I just leave her for a while," says Rex. Then she immediately becomes contrite. She gets sorry. Rex says that he has never known Clara to out-and-out apologize for anything in her life, but she'll usually tell someone else that she didn't mean to make him mad, and then Rex will make the proper overtures and everything will be *oke* again!

"Clara and I got along from the very beginning," says Rex. "I never liked her pictures and I didn't figure I'd like her, but I did."

Evidently he liked her very well indeed. Rex says that during the year he has been going with Clara he has missed seeing her only four days during the time she has been in Hollywood. He says he never lets the tales he hears or reads about Clara while she is away affect him. He cares more for her than to let the gossip mongers come between them.

Rex says he knows that Clara goes out with other men, but he doesn't object. He couldn't expect anyone as attractive and popular as (Continued on page 105)



Clifton L. Kling, M-G-M

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "SHIPMATES"



BEBE and BEN

AT HOME



No—the stunning effect of this boudoir isn't all done by mirrors! Bebe's beauty helps.

Can you imagine reading the morning mail at breakfast with Bebe Daniels sitting opposite? It was the photographer's idea, not Ben's! (Right.)



A Hollywood library that's really read? Oh, no—Bebe and Ben live in Santa Monica! Some of their books are rare old editions. And Ben really designed the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon do a little balcony scene of their own. Their house, by the way, has an ocean view from every window.



Every room in the house has a telephone. That's so Ben can call up Bebe.



SCREENLAND invites you to visit the beautiful new Santa Monica beach house of Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon



Ben in his bedroom, which is in Spanish style, with dark wall paneling and handsomely carved furniture.



Just an old Spanish custom, represented in the mirror and the chest forming a background for the new Spanish-American loveliness of Bebe Daniels—who's wearing, just to get you all mixed up, a very new French negligée.

All photographs especially posed for SCREENLAND by Elmer Fryer



Poor little Bebe! She has so many perfume bottles on her shelf and so many charming moods in her make-up, she can't decide which to choose for today.



"Hello, darling!" Hello, Bebe! What? Oh, you weren't speaking to us? Are you there? Yes, Mrs. Lyon!





Clarence Sinclair Bull

NEW! An absolutely unique, never before revealed Garbo expression! We don't know how you'll like her like this, but we know you'll want to save it. What's she thinking about?



Will Walling, Jr

THE star thinks it over. Richard—Dick to you—Barthelmess between scenes on the set where the “The Finger Points,” the new Barthelmess gang-land picture, is being filmed. Like it?



Ernest A. Bachrach

CAN you imagine calling this pensive beauty Betty? Well, she's Betty Brent to her best friends, and that's an indication that our picturesque Evelyn is by no means as haughty as she looks!



Ernest A. Bachrach

YES, Lew Ayres is studying the stars—and we don't mean a beautiful Bennett, either. Young Ayres' particular passion is astronomy, when he isn't working hard in a new picture.

SMART HOLLYWOOD!

To select only the most flattering of the new fashions!

Brown and white for Spring, says Paris; and Hollywood agrees. Carole Lombard follows the fashion trend in this white satin evening ensemble trimmed with kolinsky.



Above: for very dressy afternoon wear René Hubert has designed this "Violet" frock, worn by Conchita Montenegro. Clusters of many little silk violets form the hat and the muff.



Loretta Young likes this new little evening hat—it's more of a Juliet cap, really—that shows a classic expanse of white brow and a bit of the coiffure in the approved fashion

Van Raalte



No costume can be smarter than its accessories. Leila Hyams completes her tailor with white blouse, coronet turban, and fabric pull-on gloves.



Here is Laura La Plante in her favorite evening frock—blue lace, appliqued in beige sequins in a leaf motif. Look at that semi-bolero just above the ribbon belt, and the deep flounce below the brief peplum.

You'll find helpful fashion suggestions in these pictures of screen favorites in their new frocks, hats and accessories



Evalyn Knapp's hat is very much of Spring, 1931; and so is the novelty necklace with matching bracelet she is wearing. Inexpensive, but really smart.



Fur cuffs are distinctly popular. You'll find them on the sheerest of sleeves—and here they are to make Carole Lombard's pajamas more exciting. This time the fur which trims the elbow-length sleeves is platinum fox. The pajamas are black transparent velvet with a print bodice.



A simple, but oh, so becoming evening gown of white satin is pointed by lovely evening sandals of silver threads in Paisley design. The beautiful girl? June Collyer.



Just off-white in color is this gracious satin evening gown worn by Claudette Colbert in her new picture, "Honor Among Lovers." The wide band of kolinsky fur at the bottom gives a luxurious finishing touch.

Elmer Fryer

Loretta Young's aristocratic little head looks even more dashing than usual in this new hat of crisp, shiny black straw. Just the hat to wear with that classic Spring tailleur—with a clip



Ray Jones

AFRICA INSPIRED THIS EVENING COSTUME!



Edwina Booth, the heroine of "Trader Horn," brought back from Africa some interesting fashion inspirations, and one of them is startling Hollywood right now. Miss Booth borrowed from the African natives their pure white ostrich feather trimmings, and designed the striking black and white costume she is wearing on this page.



*Photographs of
Miss Booth by Hurrell*



Edwina's evening gown is black transparent velvet, with which she wears a black cap with a long ostrich feather, long black gloves, and a huge white fan. Left, the inspiration—a tribal chief in his holiday regalia!



JOAN CRAWFORD'S new film, "Dance, Fools, Dance," offers the star in a rôle which combines the dash and daring of her dancing daughter characterizations with the pathos of "Paid"—you'll like it!



“Lovely hair is a most important beauty feature. Live, lustrous hair adds charm to the whole face,”

says Joan Crawford, brilliant young star of the M-G-M picture, “Dance, Fools, Dance.”

JOAN CRAWFORD

You, too, can have live hair that sparkles and gleams by using Hennafoam Shampoo. The pinch of henna in Hennafoam Shampoo brings out all the hidden glory in your hair. It will not make your hair dry or change its color. Your dealer can supply you.

if your dealer is unable to supply you, send this coupon with ten cents.

HENNAFOAM CORPORATION
511 W. 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your generous trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

in HOLLYWOOD

they advise this way
to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Palmolive is recommended
by 76 of the 80 beauty ex-
perts in Screenland's capital

Here's the popular "Jim,"
beauty specialist to num-
bers of stars. *"It gives us
great pleasure and satisfac-
tion that 76 of the 80 Holly-
wood salons recommend
Palmolive Soap, and we
specially use and recom-
mend it in our complexion
advice to stars."*

James Chusnell

1608 NO. HIGHLAND AVENUE



HOLLYWOOD knows. Hollywood can't afford to
guess. Beauty is too important, movie cameras far
too faithful to permit haphazard facial care. So 76 of
the 80 Hollywood beauty experts insist upon one thing,
to begin with. "Use Palmolive Soap," they say.

When the close-up flashes, you look for YOUTH!
And youth means, first of all, a schoolgirl complexion.
Here's the way advised by 76 experts in the center of
Screenland: first, a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm
water applied gently to face and throat. Then, a thorough,
refreshing rinse with warm water, and an icy-cold after
rinse. Ice (wrapped in a towel or piece of linen) is advised
by many beauty specialists. And, after that, make-up.

Over 20,000 experts say so!

You can't imagine a more worldwide beauty rite than
this twice-daily treatment. For there are more than 20,000
experts (licensed, operating specialists . . . every one)
who recommend regular use of Palmolive.

This pure soap has attained its worldwide popularity
because it is made of those priceless beauty ingredients—
olive and palm oils . . . which harmonize so well with
the favorite face creams.

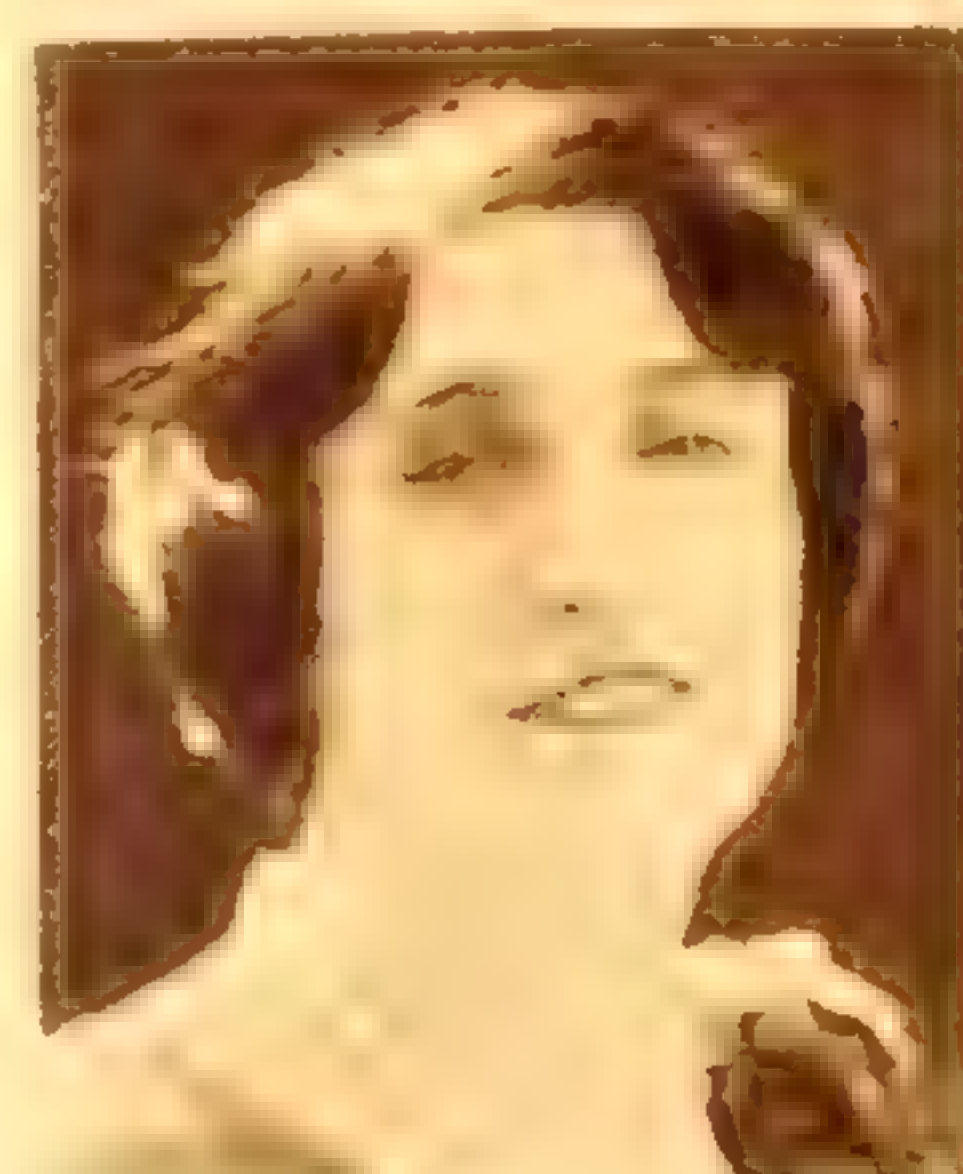
You can begin this popular facial this very day. And
the price of Palmolive—just 10 cents, you know—makes
it the least expensive beauty treatment in the world.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night
—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central
time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific
Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The
National Broadcasting Company.



*Youth! Freshness! Natural loveliness!
That's the trend in beauty today. And such
loveliness depends on keeping "that school-
girl complexion."*

*"I advise the use of
Palmolive twice daily
to provide really
thorough cleansing,"
says Mrs. Evelyn
Cassidy, Ann Mere-
dith Shop, 6734 Sun-
set Boulevard.*



*"Palmolive Soap I find most
effective in cleansing com-
plexions."—Ruby Hime,
Roosevelt Beauty Salon.*



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail
Price 10c

DOT DASHES ALONG

Miss Lee's young life has been
one mad rush toward stardom

By Constance Carr



Dorothy and her partners in chuckles, Bobby Woolsey and Bert Wheeler. The trio may be broken up soon to permit Dot to be a solo star.

NO. It *isn't* bad language. Dot. Dash. (And how she dashes.) Dot. Dash. Exclamation. Exclamation. Exclamation—(from crowds). Dot! Dot! Dot! Star!

Yah! Old suspicious! See, it's an impressionistic story of the career of Dorothy "Midge" Lee, the girl with the John Held Jr. legs, you know—or didn't you?

Dot dashes. Hurdles. Runs the hundred yards, the relay. Pole vaults and cartwheels. She's dashed into this and that. Onto the stage in "Hello Yourself." Just recently dashed into marriage and certain stardom with R.K.O. All in four years or so.

You can't keep up with her. She's a bundle of pep. An even five feet of pep appeal. She looks like the little girl you knew in grammar school, round straight legs, round face, perky nose. But the eyes are reminiscent of Clara Kimball Young's. Languorous, full of come-hither.

She's nineteen and still just a kid. Wanted a two-wheel bike for Christmas. All the kids on her block have them, she says. And, anyway, it's miles walking from set to set on the R.K.O. lot—where she's been providing

the feminine laughs with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Remember "Cuckoos" and "Half Shot at Sunrise?" As it was, she had to ride one of the men's bikes. That's Dot. Walking isn't fast enough. She dashes.

Now "Midge" is a young matron. But she makes a petite *moué* when you call her that. She was married not so long ago to James Fidler.

"But gee, I don't feel settled at all," she says. "I always wanted a home of my own to fix up. Now I have it. But I like to be working. It's more fun coming home at night, having this place to come to—and Jimmie, than it would be staying around all day, doing nothing."

You can't for the life of you imagine Dorothy staying at home "doing nothing." She never did.

She kept the old home block all agog when she was growing up. Climbing trees. Playing with the boys. Tomboy. Peck's bad girl. Dashing around.

"Remember the time we got caught smoking cigarettes?" giggles Dorothy, appealing to her cousin, who has been her pal since they were knee-high (*Continued on page 108*)

Jackie Coogan's Brother, BOBBIE



ANOTHER Coogan, the five year old brother of Jackie, makes his début in "Skippy."

It had not been intended that Bobbie should make his début so early, but he was taken on the set while big brother Jackie was playing in "Tom Sawyer." This was Bobbie's first visit to a studio since he was a baby, and he was thrilled over the fun the boys seemed to be having. He wanted to play like that, too!

It happened that the studio was hunting a half-pint youngster for another kid picture. Mama and Papa Coogan allowed tests to be taken of their Bobbie, which turned out so well that the rôle of *Sooky* in "Skippy" was promptly his.

"They let me wear these nice old clothes," he beams, "and I can pull a funny wagon around made of boards, and play in the dirt all I want to. Now let's go and play gold mines."

Bobbie announces that he is not going to be an actor all his life, no thank you! Acting is all right for Jackie, but "I want to make money, and I'm going to be a gold miner when I grow up."

"When Jackie heard I was being an actor," confides Bobbie, "he wished me luck and told me it was a hard game. I haven't played any games that were very hard yet. Do you know any hard games?"

Bobbie was required to sit for some stills. He moved slightly while being photographed, and was told he must positively try to keep quiet. "But isn't this a moving picture?" he asked indignantly.

Critical Comment



GENTLEMAN'S FATE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Proof that all John Gilbert needs to bring him back as a great popular favorite is—a big story. This isn't it—but it is the best Gilbert talker thus far, with Jack in a robust underworld rôle, the picturesque Louis Wolheim, and beauty by Leila Hyams and Anita Page. Well worth seeing this Gilbert talker.



KIKI

United Artists

Mary Pickford revels in the rôle of a little French cut-up, created by Lenore Ulric on the stage. Mary pouts, flirts, bites, scratches and spouts French in the most slapstick part she ever played—and she has her tearful moments, with all the Pickford pathos. If you like Mary, obvious fun, or Reginald Denny, you might try it.



SCANDAL SHEET

Paramount

Don't miss this one! It's crammed with suspense, surprises, and great performances. Bancroft is at his best as a two-fisted newspaper editor whose paper comes first, even when his wife—Kay Francis—becomes front-page copy with Clive Brook. And then—but you'll have to see for yourself. You'll like it.



HONOR AMONG LOVERS

Paramount

It begins as a pleasant comedy, but it turns into melodrama before you know it! Nevertheless, it's never dull. Claudette Colbert, secretary to Fredric March, has to draw herself up and say "How dare you!" after which she marries a poor but dishonest young man. Complications! Charm and good acting by the stars.



MILLIE

RKO

You may have heard of *Millie*—"the right girl who met the wrong men." Helen Twelvetrees is superb in a rôle that ranges from girlhood to middle-age, and lifts the picture from mediocrity to occasional excitement. Not as sexy as its advertising, but Miss Twelvetrees makes it worth an evening of your time.

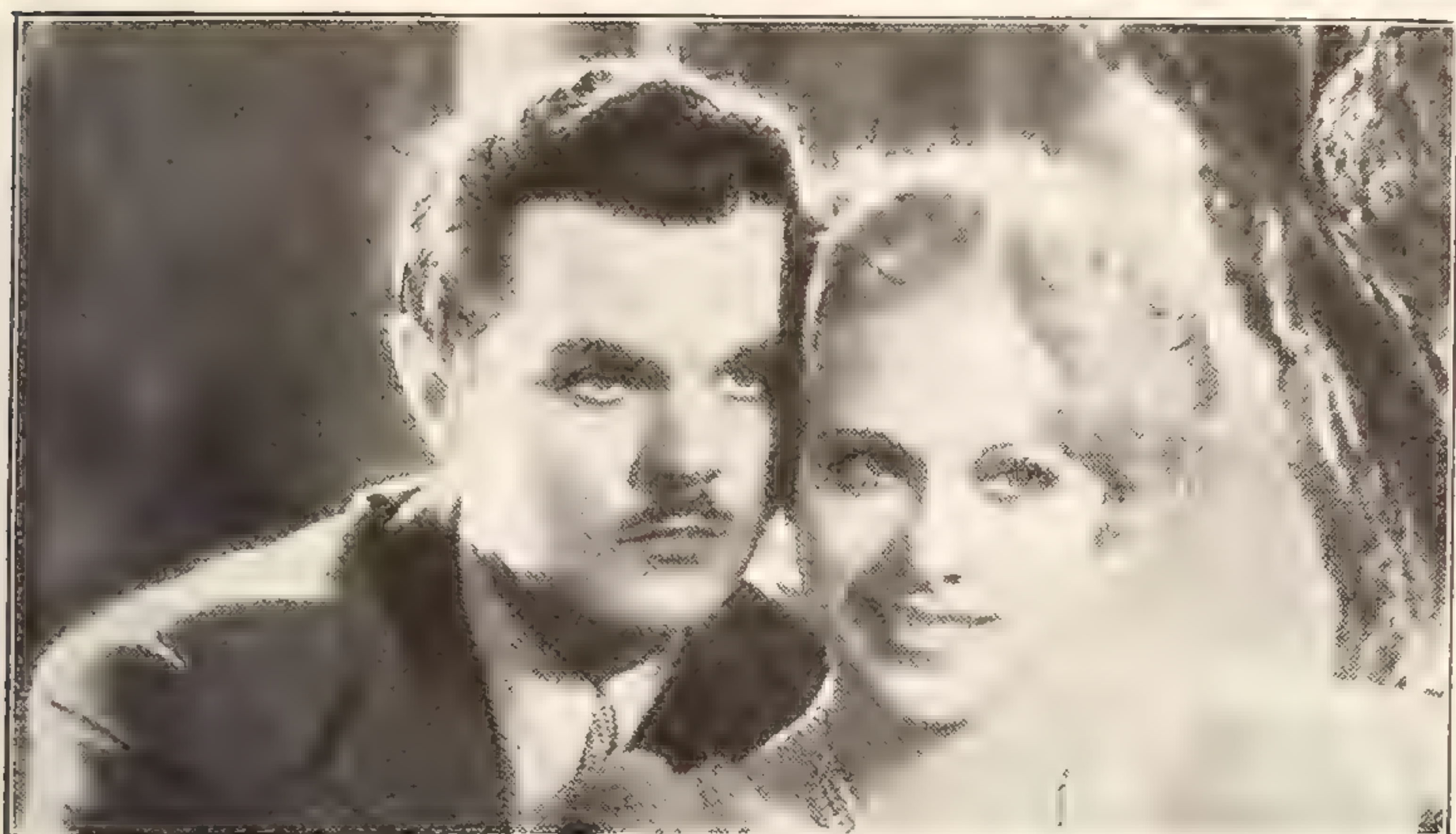


GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT

Fox

And evidently the director decided to give it to them, for he keeps the comely young ladies of the cast awfully busy, in a "war" with the boys at this very co-educational movie college. John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill are the nice young leads, with Marguerite Churchill and William Janney assisting.

on Current Films



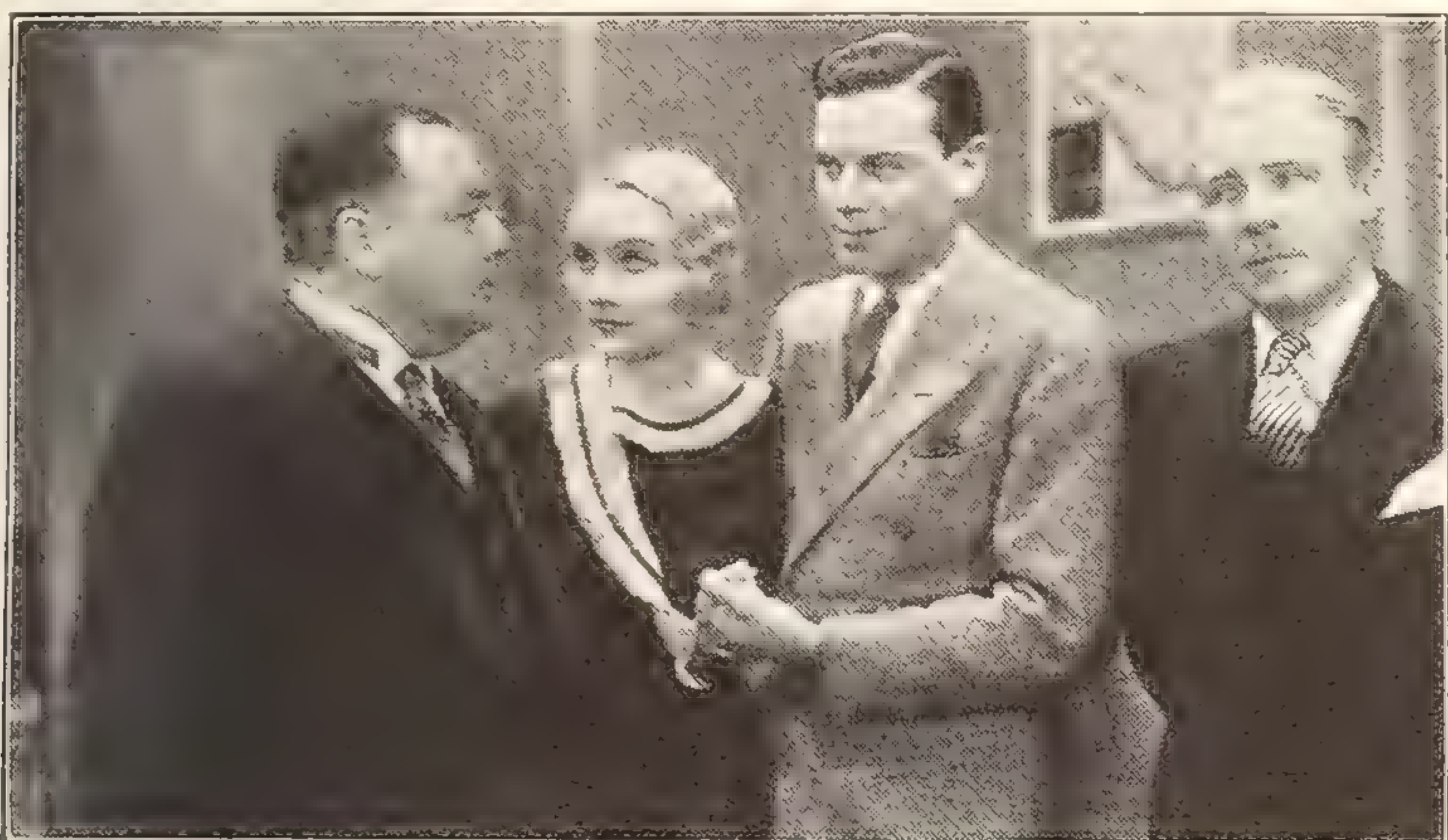
THE SOUTHERNER
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

You'll like this in spite of its improbabilities, because there is charm in the telling and the acting of the story of the prodigal son, Lawrence Tibbett, who sings and laughs his way back home to mother—and Esther Ralston. Esther, by the way, is lovely. Roland Young and Cliff Edwards supply the laughs. And—Tibbets sings.



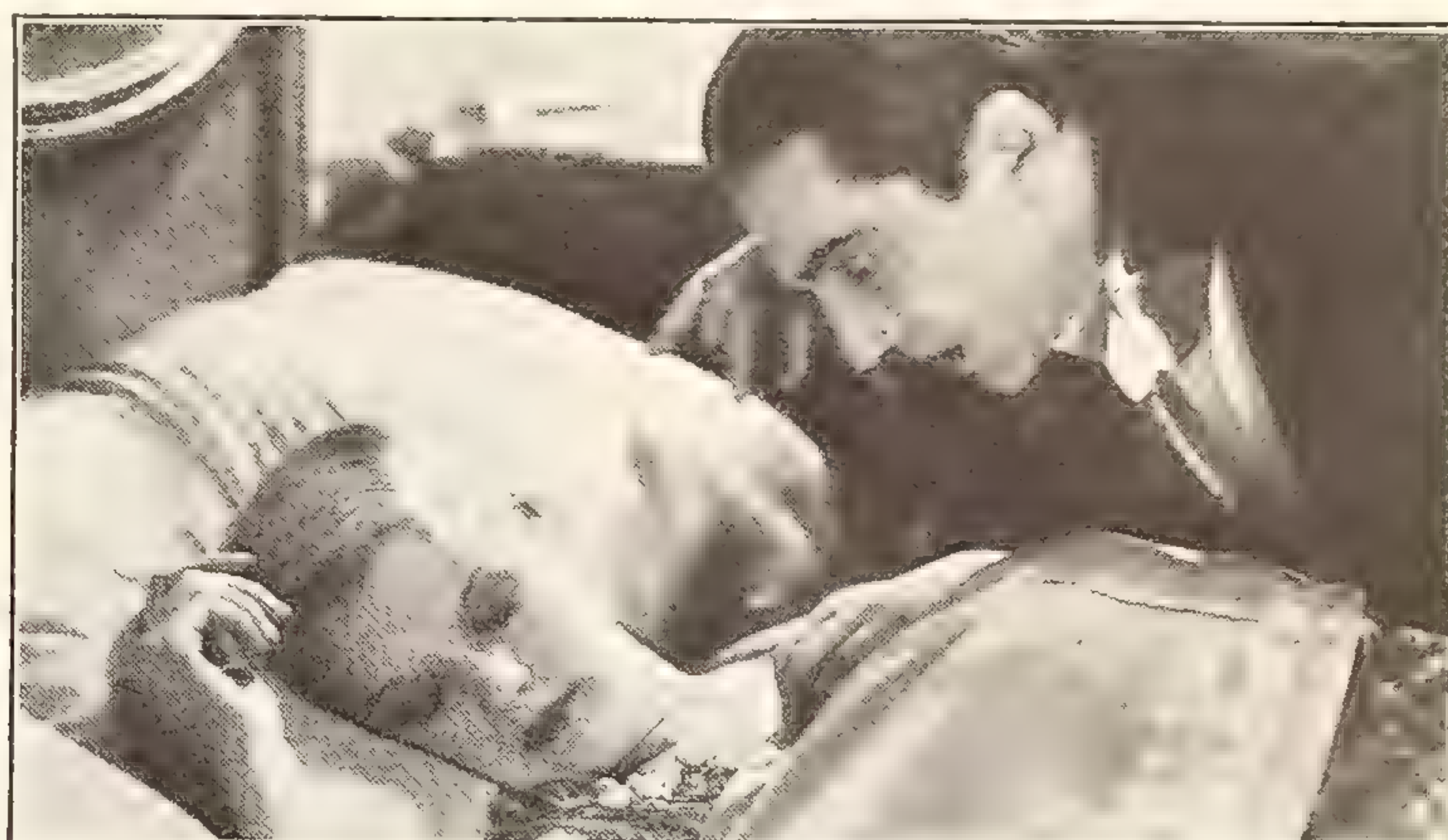
FINN AND HATTIE
Paramount

The wildest nonsense—but you'll enjoy it. Imagine ZaSu Pitts, Leon Errol, Mitzi Green, Lilyan Tashman, and Jackie Searl "doing Europe," with ZaSu at her quaintest, Errol clowning around Paris, and Mitzi up to her old tricks of picture-stealing. It's based on Donald Ogden Stewart's story, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad."



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
Paramount

A good old stage favorite in a bright new dress. You'll be entertained by the tale of the rich man's son who is turned out in the cold, cruel business world to make his fortune—but not alone! Norman Foster is assisted by lovely Carole Lombard, and Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette—so it's all considerable fun.



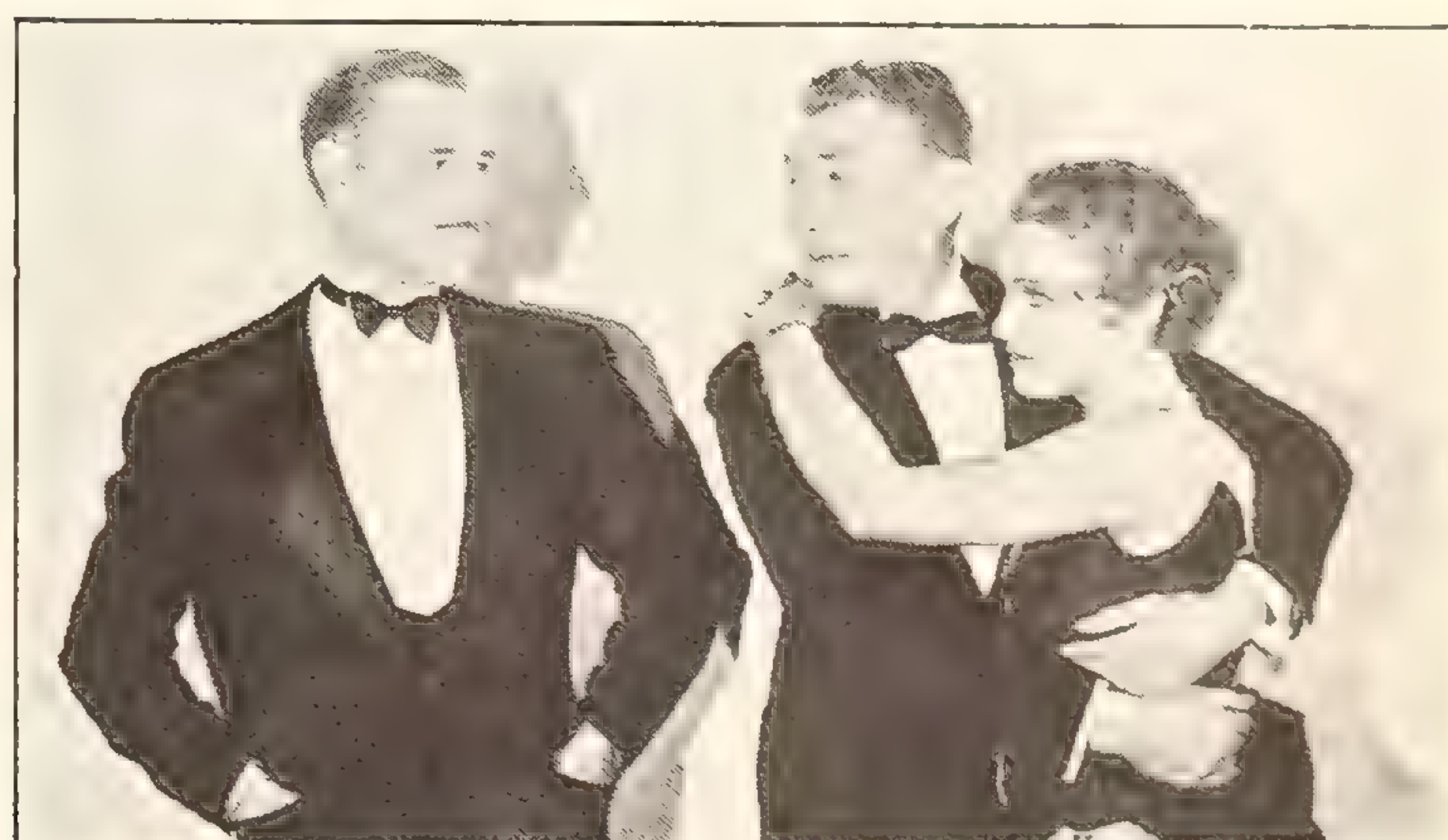
DRACULA
Universal

Just a real, good scare! If you like to shiver and shake, "Dracula" is your picture. All about a weird gentleman neither dead nor alive who terrorizes a very competent cast, to say nothing of the audience. Bela Lugosi is the dread menace, with Helen Chandler, Dwight Frye and David Manners excellent foils.



THE ROYAL BED
RKO

Well, do you like Lowell Sherman? If the answer is Yes, then you'd better hurry to see this one, for it's mostly Mr. Sherman, playing a 1931 King with complications which include a difficult consort, Nance O'Neil, and a romantic daughter, the beautiful Mary Astor. Food for a light and amusing evening.

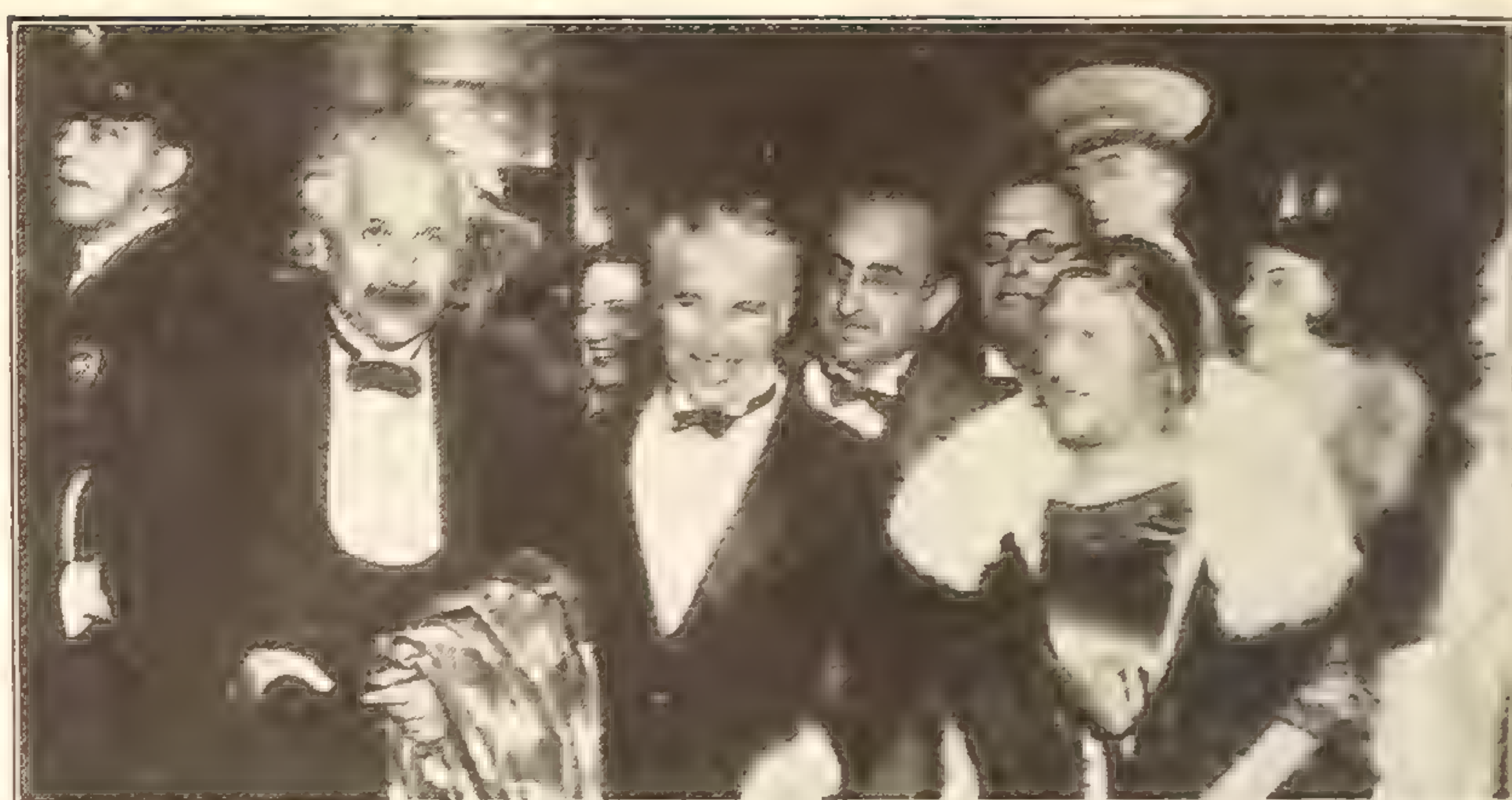


THE LAST PARADE
Columbia

The best underworld melodrama in a long time, with Jack Holt and Tom Moore simply swell as rivals for the affections of pretty Constance Cummings—a newcomer with rather original charm. There's comedy to space the thrills, and a human quality to the characters. Good, well-rounded entertainment; we recommend it.



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell—Virginia Valli—just before they sailed on that European honeymoon. The Farrells were married in Yonkers, N. Y., February 14. They'll be away three months.



Acme—P. & A.

Charlie Chaplin's guests at the Hollywood opening of "City Lights" were Professor and Mrs. Albert Einstein. Here they are. Charlie went to New York for the opening there—and then to London, where he has been mobbed by his fans and entertained by Premier MacDonald, George Bernard Shaw, and Lady Astor.

SCREEN NEWS

THE Editor's phone rang. "Hey!" said an exuberant voice. "This is Charlie—Charles Farrell." He didn't have to tell us. Charlie always says "Hey!" like that. He has the most boyish and excited voice in the world, and this time he was even more so.

"Just got in from Hollywood—want to see you—have lunch tomorrow?—got a big secret!"

We're no Philo Vance but we guessed it even before he told us, making us the only living soul, after Charlie's manager, to know that Virginia Valli was on her way east, that she and Charlie would be married—very secretly, mind you—before sailing for Italy on a three months' honeymoon.

No—it was no secret to SCREENLAND. We knew all about it. When Virginia was East with Colleen Moore to be moral support during rehearsals and production of Colleen's ill-fated play, we saw her—in fact, we saw her off to the Coast again the day after she had talked for an hour long-distance to one Charles Farrell back in Hollywood—an hour in which Charlie and Virginia agreed once and for all that they couldn't be happy apart; that they would be married as soon as Virginia came back, and that they would build a new house!

"You see," said Virginia, "I've always liked Charlie—liked him a lot. But now I'm sure I care more for him than anything. As for that new house—Charlie's present abode out in Toluca Lake was built for a bachelor; Virginia's handsome home in Beverly Hills was built for her—and neither one wants to live in the other's house! So they'll build a brand new one—unless they change their minds!"

Anyway, when we saw Virginia off that day she said she would be Mrs. Farrell not very long after arriving. But the sad death of Charlie's beloved mother altered their plans. Until later on, when Fox gave Charlie a three months' vacation—well-earned, by the way; for the boy has worked hard and consistently these past few years—and he persuaded Virginia to sail with him. And so they were married, on February 14; and we hope they'll be awfully, awfully happy!

—o—

If we can believe Walter Winchell—and sometimes we do—Nancy Carroll's little daughter, Pat, may soon have a little brother or sister to play with—and not adopted, either.

—o—

The Loretta Young-Grant Withers marriage is on the rocks. Loretta, we hear, will sue. Grant has been making a personal appearance tour, while Loretta, of course, has continued making her pictures in Hollywood; and absence, in this case, was not all the poets claim.

—o—

In fact, Hollywood is maintaining its reputation for divorces.

Evelyn Laye, who made her screen debut in "One Heavenly Night," after a glittering stage success in New York with "Bitter Sweet," divorced her husband, Robert Hale Monro, back in London.

Then there was the news that Kathlyn Williams, formerly beloved as a star in silent pictures, had divorced Charles Eyton, to whom she had been married since 1916. She slipped off to Reno and no one knew anything about it until it was all over. She accused Charlie of incompati-

bility. Now she's Kathleen Williams again.

Jean Harlow, heroine of "Hell's Angels," and now one of those sought-after belles of Hollywood, was quietly divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II, wealthy Chicagoan, in a Los Angeles court. Jean accused McGrew of very ungentlemanly manners—like pushing her against mantelpieces and saying naughty words to her—and the court forbade him to alter a Trust Fund of \$200,000 which he had created for her when they were first married. She also acquires \$375 a month and an automobile.

Likewise John Gilbert and Ina Claire seem to have finally come to the parting of the ways. All is over between them. Jack did not meet Ina at the train upon her return from Chicago, and she went direct to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel instead of to the Gilbert home. This will probably be a refined case of incompatibility.

The other William H. Boyd (as distinct from Bill Boyd who recently married Dorothy Sebastian) is securing a divorce from Clara Joel Boyd, on the grounds of desertion. But one has to say more than that in a Los Angeles court, so he adds that she was abusive to him, very temperamental, and anyway, she won't live with him any more.

All these in addition to the crop which ushered in 1931—Gloria Swanson (from the Marquis), Robert Ames, Lina Basquette, Tom Mix, and Pauline Frederick.

The divorces of Billie Dove and Howard Hughes, respectively, will soon become final, after which Hollywood awaits the announcement of their marriage to each other.

If it goes on like this we should average five divorces a month, or rather more than
(Continued on page 92)

"YES—I am 39 years old!"

SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood's 613 important actresses know

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says, "and have for years."

Surely *you* will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for *your* skin.

IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS

(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."



Photograph by
Autrey, Hollywood, 1930



IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth

LUX Toilet Soap 10¢

Tea for Two—Continued from page 14

From the pantry shelf Genevieve took down her cake box. Three kinds of cake! It might be too many, but after all she had been challenged and there was only one way to prove her prowess as a cake maker.

The 'Devil's cake' had been prepared from the following recipe:

- 1½ cups pastry flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ cup of butter
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 2 squares bitter chocolate
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Measure the flour. Add baking powder and salt, sifting together three times. Pour boiling water over chocolate after the chocolate has been cut into fine pieces, and let stand while you are putting the other ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar. Then add eggs, one at a time, beat in well after each addition, then add the vanilla. Add flour and sour milk alternately, beat well and add mixture of water, sugar and soda. Bake in two layers or else in one oblong or square pan to be cut into cubes. Use moderate oven—350°—for 25 or 30 minutes.

Then, there was gingerbread. Old-fashioned and good. The recipe had been in the family for a couple of generations and was dubbed 'Best Gingerbread' in the old family cookbook. That was recommendation enough and for the sake of those who enjoy the delicacy, here is the recipe:

Cream together one-half cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Then add 1 egg, beaten well, and a cup of black molasses. Sift two and a half cups of flour with one and a half teaspoons of soda and add to this a teaspoon of cinnamon, one of ginger, a half teaspoon of cloves and a half teaspoon of salt. Add this to the first mixture, then take a cup of hot water and pour over all, beating the mixture until smooth. This makes a very soft batter but is excellent cake when baked in a shallow pan for 35 minutes in a moderate oven. By adding a cup of nuts and raisins the cake is much improved.

The last was real tea cake, made in muffin rings and looking very dainty and pretty in white icing. These had been the easiest of all to make, so she set them around the plate in an ornamental way and smiled. Here is her recipe:

- ¼ cup butter
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- 1¼ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter and sugar, add egg beaten very light. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add alternately with milk to mixture. Add Vanilla last and beat all until smooth. Bake in oven at 375°. Ice when cool.

Genevieve's next addition to the little tea wagon was from the cupboard also. Orange marmalade would be exactly right for her hot buttered biscuit. This marmalade had



Genevieve Tobin is one of the most charming hostesses in Hollywood. And as a tea-pourer she can't be beat!

been made from a recipe discovered in California, which seemed appropriate, and while it was a bit of trouble to make, it certainly justified itself by being perfectly

delicious. Miss Tobin's cook makes it most of the time, but this particular jar was some she had prepared herself to test out her new recipe when she first acquired it. She was bound not to 'cheat' on her tea prepared by herself.

Meantime, sandwiches were being made. She wanted them to look lovely as well as taste good and there was a delightful variety when the plate was finally ready. For example, there were 'open-faced' ones cut round and spread with avocado, seasoned with a little salt and lemon and decorated with a smaller ring of green-pepper and a dab of chopped parsley in the center. Also, some crescent-shaped ones, spread with soft yellow cheese and garnished with strips of pimento. Nut bread had been cut in diamond shapes and spread with white cheese, softened with cream and flavored with paprika and a little lemon juice. The dish was prettily garnished with lemon, cut in fancy shapes, and parsley sprigs. It was cool and tempting!

And at last, the tea cannister was looked over to make sure the 'right kind of tea' was ready for the party. When the boiling water was poured over it the aroma of jasmine was unmistakable. Nothing less than jasmine tea for fastidious Genevieve, but when the lovely brown biscuit had been enjoyed, the tea sipped, the cake praised, Mr. Boles voted orange marmalade the *pièce de résistance*. He begged for the recipe and in case there are others who might enjoy the delicacy, Miss Tobin offers the following to her fans:

Take five oranges, three lemons and two grapefruits. Remove the pulp and chop; put the skin through the meat chopper. Add the pulp and juice to the skin. To each pint of the mixture add three quarts of cold water and let stand over night. Measure and to each quart of the mixture allow one cup of sugar. Boil for an hour and take it off when a little of it, tested in a cool place, hardens.

The moral of this story is that a smart, modern girl, may have a career and still find time to cook if she likes it well enough to learn!



Beautiful Kay Hush appears with Johnny Farrell, golf pro, in the RKO-Pathé series of golf pictures.

FASHION SALUTES

A GRACEFUL NEW NOTE



GENEVIEVE TOBIN, beautiful Universal star, demonstrates the versatility of present-day fashion. Shorts and shirt for tennis. A soft and subtle satin gown for afternoon. And for moments of relaxation, a feminine gown, charming and comfortable.

Photographs by Ray Jones



NEVER were styles more truly feminine than in this year of Fashion, 1931. Frills are everywhere. Dresses are flowy . . . with clinging, *revealing* lines that are both graceful and alluring. How they do set off the figure!

Ah, that's the point! The figure's the thing, says Fashion. We must be slender, to be sure—but slimly rounded. We must remember calories, but not forget complexions, vitality, glowing health. And that's why so simple an addition to the diet as *bran* is very, very important.

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Beauty is More Than Skin Deep!

Continued from page 63

which is perfectly right. Sometimes they are caused by bad health, sometimes by faulty diet, but a great deal of the time, they come from mere carelessness in cleansing. They are more apt to afflict brunettes than blondes since brunettes have more tendency toward oily skin. Yet dry skinned people can get them, too, particularly around the nose.

To get rid of these horrid things, start cleaning the face at night with a good cold cream. Give your skin a few minutes' massage so that the cream will penetrate the pores and soften the blackheads so that they can be easily removed.

Wipe off the excess cream with cleansing tissues and wash the face with pure soap and hot—not warm—water. Scrub energetically around the places where the blackheads usually appear. Rinse with fresh water. If there are blackheads that may be squeezed out, do so by gently pressing the blackheads between the fingers protected with pads of clean cotton. Never do more than three or four blackheads at a time, so that you do not irritate too large a surface of the skin. And never squeeze blackheads except when the skin has been softened and replaced with this preliminary treatment.

Next thoroughly close the pores by patting the face gently with a pad of cotton dipped in witch hazel. Repeat the treatment every three or four nights and as the blackheads clear up, try to prevent the

start of new ones. The greatest aid to this is very careful washing of the face with particular attention paid to stimulating the skin around the bad, sluggish spots. This, and watching your diet. Stop eating oils, sweets and fats which are tending to make your oil glands over-active. And of course, observe all the skin health rules.

The two next great problems are those of too oily skin and too dry skin. The oily skinned girl needs to watch her diet particularly. As I said of the skin with blackheads, so with oily skin—avoid too much oil, sugar or fat in the diet. Drink lots of water—six to eight glasses a day, at least. Use a good astringent for cleansing. There are several very fine ones on the market. I'll tell you the names of them if you want to write to me. Or there is the old reliable witch hazel, which is excellent. Or you may use alcohol or toilet water. Obviously such a skin very seldom needs any creams applied to it.

Dry skin rarely suffers from blackheads but it has other irritating little tricks. It chaps and it peels. It gets wrinkles easily and it has a horrid tendency to make a girl look older than her birthdays register.

The girl who has dry skin must protect her face much more than her oily skinned sister. She must never needlessly expose herself to windburn, sunburn, dust, harsh soaps or hard water. If the water is hard, she will find it will repay her to boil it and make it soft.

For dry skin use lots of cold cream. Two or three nights a week leave a coating of cream or a good skin food on the face overnight. If there is a tendency toward coarse pores, pat the skin with witch hazel one night a week. But make all facial treatments gently and always use cold cream as a make-up base.

There are, of course, cases of acne. There is, too, the matter of freckles. And there are skins that are a bit of all types, dry here and oily there, and in-between. But those are individual problems that I shall be only too glad to take up with you directly if you will write me. There is the problem of facial massage in beauty shops. I don't recommend it too sweepingly. If you know the beauty shop, if you know the operator knows her art, a good facial is a flattering and restful experience. But don't let just anyone work on your face. It is much too precious for that—and you really can take such fine care of it at home, no professional touch is necessary.

The rules I have given you here will keep your skin perfect if it is really good, or restore it to beauty if it is less lovely than it used to be. These rules are simple but they do work! And after you have applied them, remember there are two other things that are most important for creating your facial beauty.

The one is: Be Happy. The other is: Keep Growing Mentally. The greatest source of beauty is a contented, vivid mind.

All About Barrymore *Continued from page 55*

trouble. For "Svengali" he had to be at the studio an hour and a half before shooting time—it took him an hour to put on his make-up. The beard dried on his face and became extremely annoying. He is thankful he doesn't have to play the rôle night after night before an audience but is through with it when the picture is finished.

Away from the studio is interested in sketching and painting. Sketches himself in each one of his rôles. Then puts the drawing away. Sketches picturesque folk of tropical countries he has visited. For a long time could not draw feet, so had his subjects stand in high grass.

Has what might be called his "business side." Is a director of a Hollywood bank. Makes and spends a great deal of money. Has wisely provided himself with a manager who keeps a close check on his finances.

Has always been reticent in matters pertaining to publicity. With birth of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore some of his reticence vanished. To his neighbors he is now known as a noisy, proud papa. Wrinkles his classic brow and goes "squeegy-squeegy-squeegy" to the youngster.

Dislikes impertinent people and bores. Often tells them what he thinks of them. In no uncertain terms. Dislikes interviewers. Once refused an interview with a magazine writer. Said that interviewer would probably ask about the condition of his stomach. Which was bad.

Does not go to Hollywood parties. Cares nothing for social affairs. Makes no friends for policy's sake. Has insulted some people who could have done him a good turn. Enjoyed it hugely. Is unfailingly courteous to most who work with him and for him. Often respects their judgement.

The Barrymore home on the crest of one of the Hollywood mountains was once the house of King Vidor. Barrymore has added new wings to it. It is a rambling affair, roughly squared about the inner garden. It has a large pool. Not for swimming. Aviary which houses two hundred rare birds brought back from the tropics. All are very much alive.

The trophy room would startle you. Especially in the dark. Here are stuffed birds, stuffed fish, part of the vertebrae of a whale, the skin and skeleton of a 560-lb. Marlin swordfish, the stuffed remains of a giant tortoise. A stuffed crocodile Dolores Costello Barrymore shot in the Galapagos. A dinosaur egg presented by Roy Chapman Andrews. Probably the only one in existence outside of the American Museum of Natural History.

Then there is the gun collection. He has been collecting guns longer than anything else. Has said that every time he was in his cups in his youth he bought a gun. Hence the tremendous collection. Duelling pistols, elephant guns, flint-locks, muzzle-loaders, Maxim silencers, early blunderbusses, the latest Luders.

There are rare prints of all periods. There is a Sargent sketch of Barrymore as "Hamlet." And a marble head of Barrymore done by Paul Manship. There is old glass, and curios of all kinds.

He collects fine volumes and first editions. Has first editions of "Moby Dick" and "Alice in Wonderland." Names American writers, such as Hawthorne and Melville, as his favorites. Admires the work of the late D. H. Lawrence. Has a copy of "Lady Chatterly's Lover" in his book shelves. Goes in for literature on pirates,

sea lore, bird culture, and volumes on hunting and fishing.

Would rather fish and hunt than do anything else. Prefers to when it involves an expedition in his new yacht, *Infanta*. The yacht's cabins are luxurious. There is a special cabin for the baby. During the last cruise the baby was the best sailor.

Has three dogs and ten black cats. They have the run of the house. His favorite is Peter, his giant St. Bernard. Peter played an important rôle in "Moby Dick." Barrymore declares that as an actor Peter is a fine dog.

He is exceedingly superstitious. Is interested in the mystic and has firm opinions regarding astrology. Believes that his life has been greatly influenced by the planets. Upon that theory he selects his stage and screen productions. Upon that presumption he times them and undertakes the casting of them. Was most happy when he discovered that Dolores Costello's planets matched favorably with his own.

He is not robust yet he enjoys hazardous and strenuous sports. He was born on February 15, 1882. His eyes are gray and he has brown hair which is greying at the temples. He favors English clothes. Has a reputation for dressing shabbily because when he likes a suit he will not throw it away. His favorite colors in the matter of dress are grey and blue.

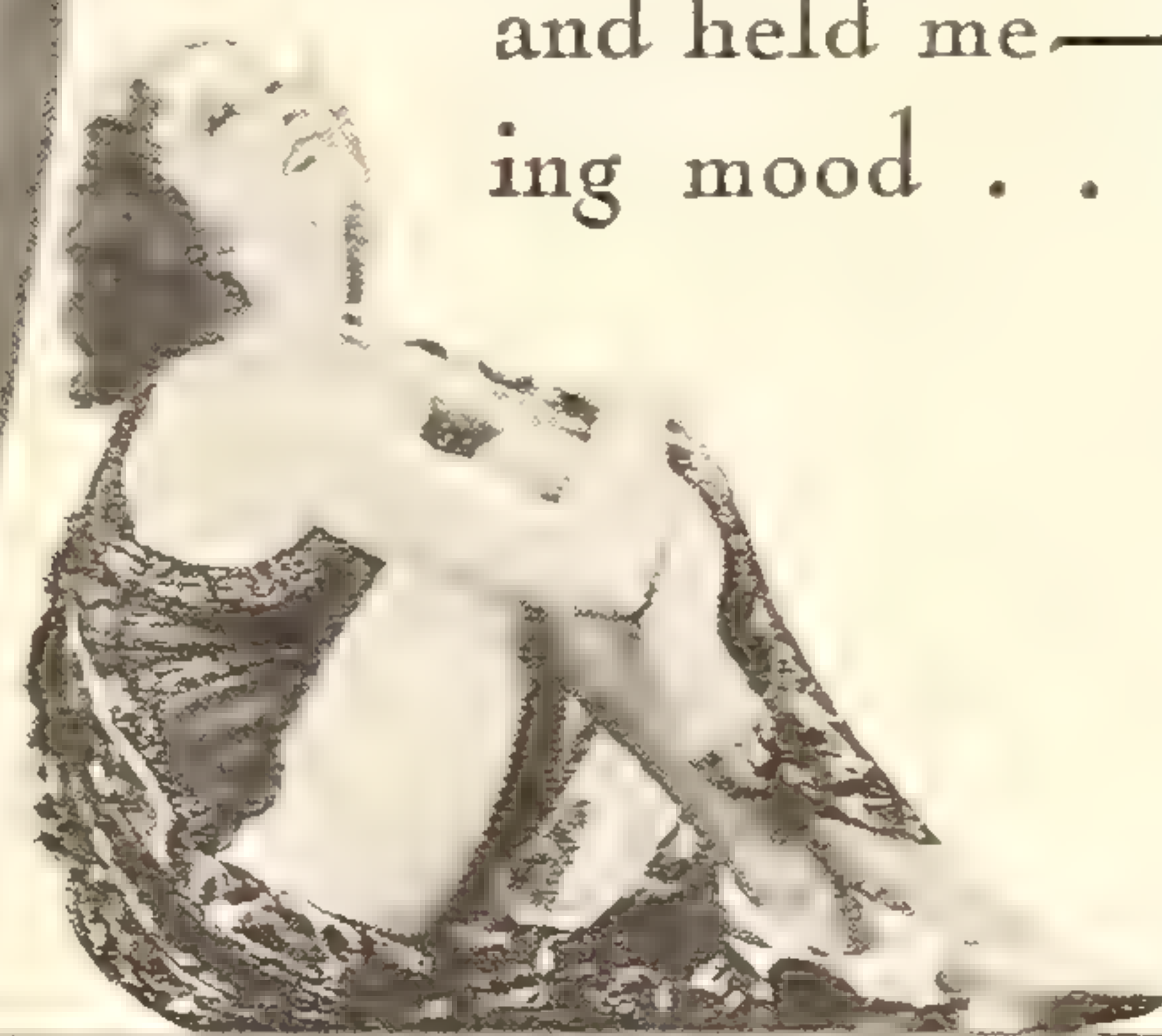
Likes to be photographed with a pipe although he prefers cigarettes. Favors profile portraits. Has a peculiar habit of lifting his left eyebrow. A characteristic of the Drews, his mother's family, which he most resembles. He is not in favor of the Volstead act. If he must go on a diet he would like it to be liquid.

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Seventeen



one a week, for the current year!

:—o—:

Priscilla Dean is married, but she isn't! You see, Lt. Leslie Arnold, her aviator husband married Priscilla after his divorce from Mildred Arnold, and that lady has succeeded in having the divorce annulled. Very awkward.

:—o—:

Lots of excitement when Mildred Lloyd presented Harold with a seven months' baby—such a wee thing that it has to live in an incubator. But science works wonders these days and Harold, Jr., is gaining by ounces and will probably be home with his two sisters (the Lloyds had just adopted a second little girl) about the time he should have made his original arrival. Harold had to peer at him ecstatically through a glass case for weeks.

:—o—:

We hadn't heard of Kathleen Key for a year or more, when she elected to bust Buster Keaton in the nose. Buster's explanation of the fracas is that he promised Kathleen \$500 if she lost twenty pounds in weight, but gave it to her anyway, although she didn't quite make the reduction. Later, when things got horrid, Buster gave her a check for \$5,000 to go way—a long way away—but she had a photostatic copy made of it instead, and demanded \$25,000. So Buster got mad and Kathleen got madder, and nobody knows what Natalie Talmadge Keaton thinks about it—just yet.

:—o—:

Marian Lord becomes a sister-in-law of Victor McLaglen by marrying his brother, Arthur Robert McLaglen. This is a younger one of the eight giants of that family, whose father is an Episcopal bishop. Another one is still suing Victor for \$90,000 for "defamation of character"—that's Leopold. It will be awkward for Victor if the rest of the eight show up in Hollywood with picture ambitions!

:—o—:

When Marie Dressler returns from her rest in Honolulu, she and Polly Moran will go into politics. Marie is to be a lady candidate, in a picture called "The Mayor of Cicero."

:—o—:

Little 17-year-old Barbara Weeks may possibly become Mrs. George Gershwin. They are seen together a great deal these days, and George is one composer who can afford to get married—two houses, three cars, etc.

:—o—:

Mae Murray had another law-suit on her hands—this time for ill-fitting dresses. Mae won. She usually wins these recurrent law-suits, but the poor girl is always rushing off to lawyers and courts



The girl who turned her back on Hollywood! Edna Best, stage favorite signed by Metro to play opposite Jack Gilbert, never even played one scene! She said she was homesick for her husband, Herbert Marshall.

between scenes and rushing back for the next. The amazing part of it is that Mae is always on time for all her appointments—her chauffeur takes a gallant pride in seeing she gets there and back with thirty seconds to spare.

:—o—:

Even an offer of \$650,000 failed to tempt Charlie Chaplin to speak over the radio. Instead, right after the most dazzling premiere ever seen in Hollywood, he hopped off to New York for another there, and thence to London for a third. "City Lights" is expected to net Charlie a couple of million.

Which reminds us, Mrs. Albert Einstein thinks Charlie is "Sooch a nice young man!"



A great actor and gallant gentleman plays one of his last scenes. Louis Wolheim with John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate," his last picture, gave one of his finest performances.

Thomas Meighan, veteran of the screen in silent days, is to stage a come-back in "Young Sinners."

:—o—:

What is an "extra girl"? A court has decided that any girl who makes less than \$65 a week in pictures is an "extra," no matter how handsome a car she drives.

:—o—:

Ina Claire, (Mrs. John Gilbert) takes her place among United Artists, with Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Ronald Colman *et al.* She is now under contract to Samuel Goldwyn, and has given up all thought of going back to the stage.

Ina says her fuss with Jack began when she tried to tell him what was wrong with his screen voice—and anyway, they were both too absorbed in careers to let matrimony come first.

:—o—:

In spite of "Once in a Lifetime," the stage play that joshes the movies so unmercifully, and shows what a horrid time authors can have in Hollywood, Frederick Lonsdale, Michael Arlen, Louis Bromfield and Sidney Howard are all accepting film money these days. They cuss out pictures in private, these authors, but when pay day comes around, feel maybe they can stand them a little longer. Ben Hecht and Charles Mac-

Arthur, the "Front Pagers," are here to write Ronald Colman's next. Robert Benchley has arrived to write for Howard Hughes.

:—o—:

Helen Twelvetrees, recently divorced, is seen frequently in the company of a Hollywood stunt man. Which reminds us, the worst pun of the month is that the romance between Grant Withers and Loretta Young "withered because Loretta took too much for granted!"

:—o—:

Enid Bennett, who once said she would never, never, never return to pictures, comes back in "Skippy" as Mrs. Skinner. Enid is Mrs. Fred Niblo and has three children of her own, so everyone really believed she had forsaken the screen forever.

:—o—:

Enid and Fred Niblo have bought a big corner lot for an office building. Corinne Griffith is putting up a public market that will cost \$25,000 on a lot she owns. And Belle Bennett is financing a countryside restaurant to be known as "Grandma's Farmhouse"—all furnished in antiques. Mary Pickford talks about going into cosmetics, while Gloria Swanson is thinking about a dressmaking business.

:—o—:

Lew Cody used to be a soda-jerker. Recently he wagered himself against a present professional and served sodas
(Continued on page 94)

Is Hollywood's Indescribable "IT"

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Is make-up the secret of the glamorous beauty of the screen stars?

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And each star has her own individual color harmony, too... just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual personality... suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

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City _____	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
	Dark		Dry
State _____	Sallow	AGE	Normal
	Olive		Answer with Check Mark



for a whole evening at a Hollywood drug store. Lew won. But the ice-cream was awfully hard, and Lew confesses to giving it a bath of hot water on the sly, so that he might dig it out more speedily.

:—o—:

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert, married, are so keen to defeat a fate that keeps Foster in New York and Claudette in Hollywood, that they are planning a hasty meeting in Chicago. We like our married lovers to be like that.

:—o—:

John Wayne has been engaged to little Josephine Saenz for some time, but she wished to keep it secret "so as not to harm his career." All the same John has been escorting Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, on one or two occasions lately. At a suburban play recently he was also introduced from the platform as having brought Marguerite Churchill, but Josephine was right beside him, and Marguerite smiled amusedly from across the theatre.

:—o—:

Carman Barnes, Hollywood's latest child-wonder, author of three books, and writing the picture play in which she will star, is southern. "But I was careful not to seem too smart," she says with a cryptic smile, "southern men don't like their women to be smart."

:—o—:

Did you know that John Barrymore, of all people, collects autographs?

:—o—:

Joseph Cawthorn has been on the stage for 50 years. He says he has defied all the actor's usual superstitions—yet M-G-M is now going to promote him as a male Marie Dressler! "And I always walk under ladders, look at the new moon through glass, encourage black cats to walk across my path and would sign contracts on Friday the 13th or April 1st!" he beams.

:—o—:

It was Paramount that rescued Ruth Chatterton from a possible pending obscurity and reinstated her as a popular screen actress. Ruth signed the contract with Warners, unbeknown to Paramount. The very next day, before the news was public, she threw an affectionate kiss to Ben Schulberg of Paramount, which, later, he did not entirely appreciate.

The case of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster is particularly interesting. Remember the picture "Holiday" in which the theme is that we should take our holidays while we are young—after, say, the first \$20,000, and not dedicate our lives to money-making? Well, those two did just that.



Not a newcomer—but a new Mary Duncan, who will be seen in "Among the Married," for M-G-M.



Mae Murray, blonde and svelte as ever, returns to the screen in "Bachelor Apartments."

Hollywood celebrities gather to honor Carl Laemmle, the veteran producer of Universal pictures. You can see Mary Pickford, Will Hays, Will Rogers, Constance Bennett, Wally Beery, Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, and other stars.

They argued that they had enough money for all modest needs and intended taking the holiday both yearned for—a trip to the South Seas. If they were popular, they would be taken back in pictures, holiday or no. If not—well, never mind.

They had a gorgeous time and took some clever travel pictures. When they returned, prepared for the worst, both were snapped up again by an eager studio and now those travel pictures are to be bought and worked into a story, too. It's the best argument for "Holiday" we've heard yet.

:—o—:

Saw Anita Page woman's clubbing. It was a "recognition banquet" given by the Los Angeles Ebell, (which has 4,000 members and the most beautiful clubhouse), to honor citizens who have "achieved." Voila! Anita, Conrad Nagel and his wife, and Louis B. Mayer were the only representatives of the motion picture colony selected for this honor. Governor Rolph sat right opposite Anita and cast his Sunny Jim eye upon her benignly. She wore black velvet which set off her blonde hair discreetly, and was generally a credit to her profession in the matter of deportment.

:—o—:

Two former stars of the silent screen are staging come-backs—Mae Murray and Clara Kimball Young. Mae appears with Lowell Sherman in "Bachelor Apartments," and Clara is the lead in "Kept Husbands."

Mae is the same svelte blonde, graceful, dashing beauty whom the fans worshipped in such pictures as "The Gilded Lily" and "The Merry Widow." She has kept every ounce of her charm.

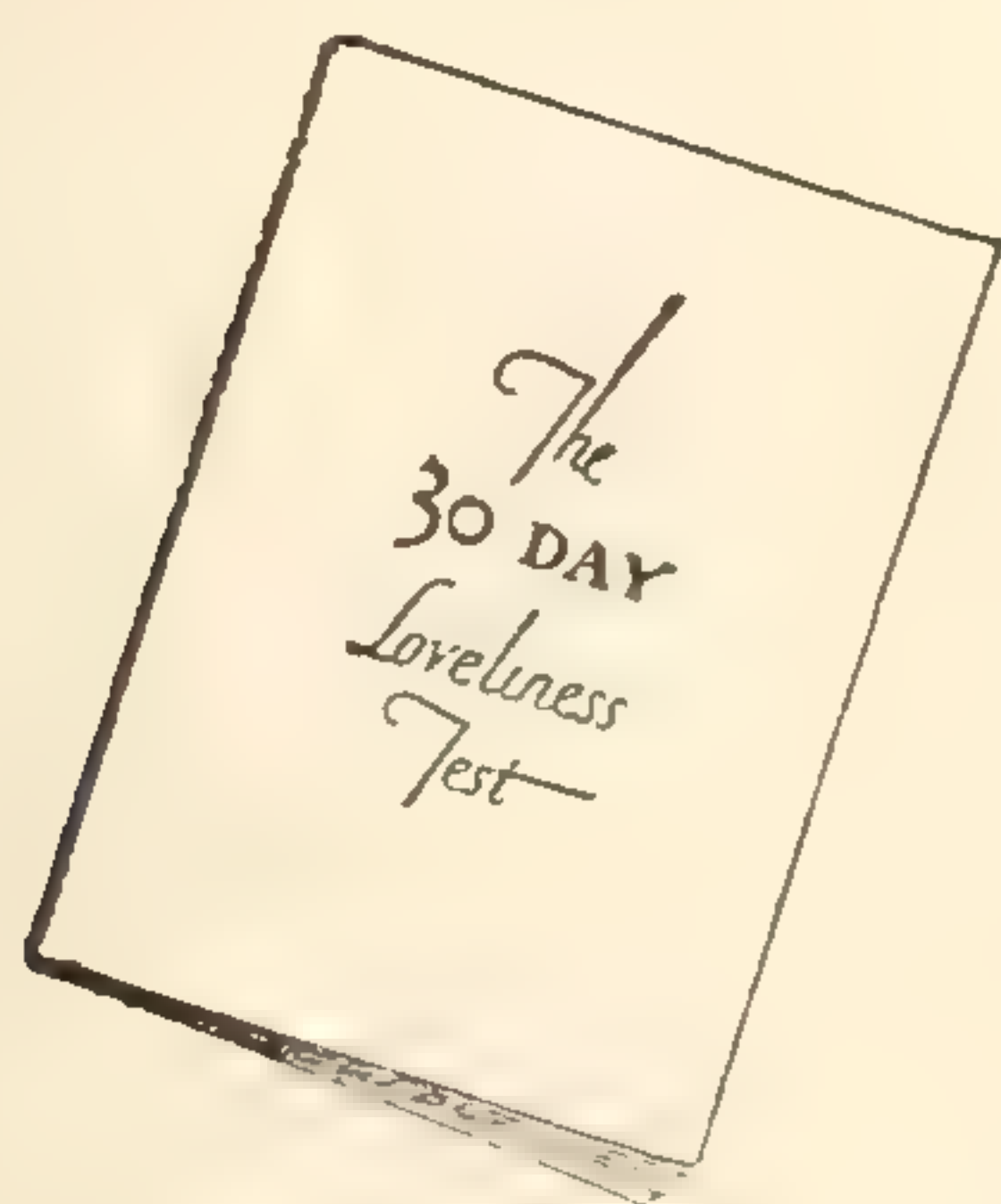
Clara is dark, matronly, even after having laboriously shaved off 56 pounds via masseuse, diet, and violent exercise. Mae is gay, piquant, winsome. Clara is dignified, earnest, and in the mood for leading a crusade had she been a clubwoman.

Mae is the Princess Mdvani, the mother of a four-year-old boy, and in love with her husband and life. Clara has a canary and a parrot and is married to a Dr. Forman.

Both Mae and Clara made over fifty pictures in the old days. Mae filled the interval with personal appearances for RKO and Publix, and in having the baby, and also with a trip to Europe. Clara played

(Continued on page 96)

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Raoul Walsh directed rehearsals of "Women of All Nations" in the hospital where Victor McLaglen was recuperating from a minor operation. Greta Nissen returns in this, and yes, that's Eddie Lowe, at the left.

in stock for a while, then came back to California and acquired weight.

:-o-:

Gary Cooper has plenty of confidence now, but time was during the making of "Children of Divorce" when he was so awkward and cowboyish that Ben Schulberg fired him. Clara Bow and Hedda Hopper were in that picture. They pleaded for him and promised to help give him confidence and teach him how to wear a tuxedo with *aplomb*. They did their job pretty well, especially Clara, with whom he promptly fell violently in love. Clara reciprocated for a while, but presently came the break, after which they did not speak to each other. And apparently they never have made up.

:-o-:

Great pals, the two Jacks of Paramount's kid picture, "Skippy," although as different as possible. Jack Cooper, who plays the title rôle, is a cock-sure young scamp of going-on-eight; Jack Searl, the "heavy," a thoroughly responsible gentleman of nine. Tow-headed Jackie Cooper is always getting into difficulties; the other Jackie is always getting him out, and when his chum actually gets punished, it breaks his heart. Jackie Cooper got into dire trouble over some forbidden peanuts during "time off" on the set, but when stern maternal justice was meted out, it was the other Jackie who did the crying.

Another of their pals is Donald Haines, the ten-year-old freckle-face, the dog-catcher's son in "Skippy." These three youngsters have been in a number of pictures together, and hail each other delightedly when they meet in a new one.

The real veteran of "Skippy," though, is Payne Johnson, seven months old and doing nicely, thank you. He's the youngest of seven Johnsons, all film players, has been on the screen since he was 17 days old, and has spent most of his life in prop baskets. And he's so masterly at dialogue that they have put him in Will Rogers' class, and let him *ad lib*!

:-o-:

Prof. Albert Einstein had his picture taken with Lew Ayres after witnessing a special showing of "All Quiet on the Western Front," and then autographed it "Fur den braven soldaten, Lew Ayres and Albert Einstein." Gracious old dear, Einstein.



John Barrymore entertains Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd on the "Svengali" set, when Byrd visited the Warner Studio. Marian "Trilby" Marsh at the left. And Executive Darryl Zanuck, right.



Van Raalte

Anita Page accents her flannel sports dress in ice-cream pink with pull-on gloves in cedar brown.



Bobby Jones, who is making a series of twelve one-reel talking pictures called "How I Play Golf."

Ivan Lebedeff, sometimes honored by escorting Mary Pickford, is to star in a story of his own life for RKO. Lebedeff is Russian and served at the court of Czar Nicholas, became an aviator and covered himself with glory, and then, when wounded, was food administrator for Russia until the Bolsheviks made it wiser for him to leave his country. D. W. Griffith first brought him to Hollywood for "The Sorrows of Satan." Ivan is easily the most effective hand-kisser in all Hollywood, not excepting Joseph Schildkraut and Jose Crespo.

:-o-:

Gloria Swanson's Marquis and ex-spouse is to blossom as director of the French version of "Kiki" for Mary Pickford. He has already directed French pictures with great success.

:-o-:

Edna Purviance, Charlie Chaplin's first leading lady, is back in Hollywood, after making a French picture, "The Education of a Prince," in France. Directly after the premiere of "City Lights" she was brought down with influenza and is only now recovering. Edna is still on the Chaplin payroll and is as beautiful as ever.

:-o-:

George Arliss voiced his disapproval of 24 bathing girls draped around an empty swimming pool, in a smart garden party scene for "The Millionaire." It proved one of those minor crises for a spell, but presently the inadequately clothed young ladies were retired to a hazy background and Arliss was spared appearing in a Mack Sennett Comedy.

:-o-:

Irene Dunne, who made such a buoyant success in "Cimarron" and almost stole the picture from Richard Dix, comes from a career on the stage, in which she starred in "Show Boat" for over a year, and then played the same character in the screen version.

She simply made them give her the part for "Cimarron" even after the choice remained between two others who had taken tests. It was a case of persistence winning, and she simply had to make good. She will next be seen with Lowell Sherman and Mae Murray in "Bachelor Apartments."

Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, is staging a nice come-back. She appears in "You and I," "Upper Underworld," and is now secured to play in "Alexander Hamilton" with George Arliss. Doris has a lovely voice and had taken up concert singing before Milton Sills' death. She has an adorable small boy who cannot bear to have her out of his sight. This baby has a whole house of his own to play in, built in the center of the huge garden at the Brentwood Park home (not far from Joan and Doug, Jr.), and leads his governorship a merry life. He can muss things up all he likes.

:—o—:

Joan Bennett's former spouse, John Fox, was recently ordered to pay Joan \$1,200 for the support of Joan's small daughter. And Joan has just signed a grand new Fox contract.

:—o—:

Esther Ralston retires from the screen for the very excellent purpose of adding to the population. The event is expected in June. In the meantime she and her spouse, George Webb, have left for a brief visit to Europe.

:—o—:

John Barrymore was complimenting Carmel Myers on a facial expression she used during the filming of "Svengali." "It ought to be good," retorted Carmel, "it's one of your own best!"

:—o—:

Will Rogers did the biggest "bit" towards helping the drought sufferers, but Mary Pickford begged for and helped pack California oranges, and Bebe Daniels did yeoman work in a food drive here.

:—o—:

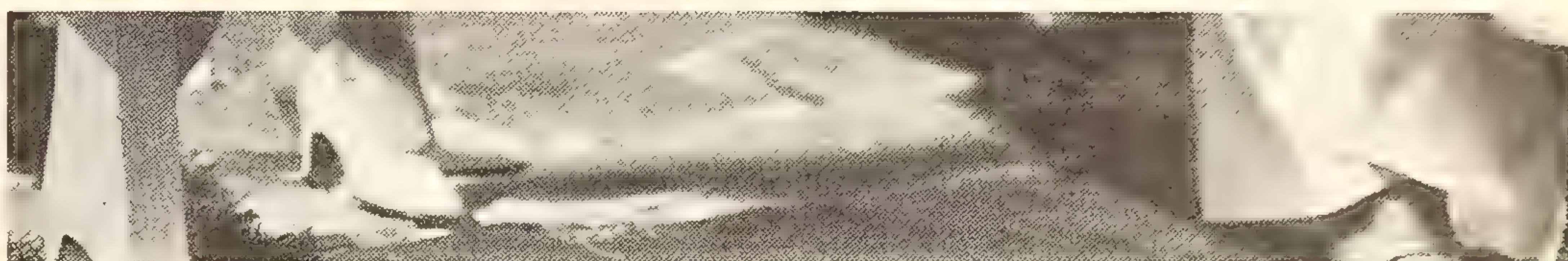
Time was when Virginia Sales was known as Chic Sales' sister. But Chic must now look to his laurels. Virginia returns to Hollywood in triumph. Perhaps it is her success which inspired Chic to come back with his 15-year-old daughter, a son of 12, and twin boys of 10. They've taken a house and the children all go to Beverly Hills High School with a view to future picture careers.

:—o—:

The triumphant girl of the new year is Jean Fenwick, formerly known as Jean Morgan. She changed her name because eleven letters are supposed to be lucky—and she did get a part right away in "Chances" with Doug Fairbanks. But that is a minor triumph. Because, you see, Jean brought her two brothers, Eddie and George, and little sister Marian to Hollywood with the prearranged idea of getting them all into pictures. She herself secured a few parts in dog pictures, just before talkies came in, while the children went to school. After talkies, it was just extra work and trudging from studio to studio. But always she took pictures of the children along, and studios soon discovered they had inadvertently hired two or more Morgans every time. Eddie and George both have parts in "Chances" with Jean right now. Jean "sold" Marian to Sam Goldwyn for a small part in "Whoopee," giving her the name of Marian Marsh. Now Marian is leading lady to John Barrymore in "Svengali" and is put under contract to Warner Bros., and is already beginning a second picture with Barrymore, "The Genius." This Jean is only 22 herself. She is very much the mother of the family, since she takes care of widowed mamma, too. The family pool their finances and Jean is the investor thereof. She runs the house on a budget and everybody helps.



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scientifically, giving more
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Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

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KOTEX

Confessions of a Hollywood Baby

Continued from page 31

Says it's like "The Prairie Schooner" only more so. Bingo had a swell bone. Wanted to chew it. Dad wouldn't let me. Need something like that to cut my teeth on.

Miss Latour and Del Santo came out of the house. Dad frowned. He put me down and walked over to Del Santo. "Didn't I tell you to stay away from here?" he said. "And keep away from my wife? Think I don't know what's going on? Beat it! If I see your ugly mug again there'll be trouble."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Roland dear," said Miss Latour. "He's a bad-mannered brute. I'm sorry I married him." She turned to Dad. "You have insulted me and my guest," she said. "I'm through. This is the end. I never want to see you again."

Sunday. It's happened. Dad and Miss Latour have separated. Dad's gone to live at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Miss Latour cried all day. Del Santo came to see her but she sent him away. What's a boy going to do?

Tuesday. Situation unchanged. Bad for all of us. Tired of seeing women around the house. Only man in the family now, I guess.

Wednesday. Dad telephoned yesterday. Wanted to know when he could see me. Miss Latour told him any time he felt like it.

Friday. Miss Latour's new picture is finished. Preview it at the Fairfax Theatre. Wish I could be there.

Saturday. Visit from Dad today. He's not looking well. Afraid he's worried about Miss Latour.

Sunday. No cocktail party. The preview was a flop. They're going to make over three scenes. Miss Latour's discouraged.

Monday. Del Santo was here today. Spent the afternoon arguing with Miss Latour about something. Everybody in the house was nervous and upset. Even Nursie acts strange. Wonder what's going on.

Tuesday. Dad came to see me. Sure like that man. Glad he's my father. Brought me a doll that squeaks. Don't like dolls as a rule but this one is funny.

Wednesday. Had a telegram from Grandfather Hinkle. It seems that he's pretty sick. Hope nothing happens to the old gentleman.

Thursday. Dull day. Haven't seen anybody in the family except Nursie. Would like to know what's going on around here.

Friday. Del Santo again. Nursie says he's in the house entirely too much. Guess I'm going to be an orphan.

Sunday. No cocktail party. Grace and Doak came in and spent the afternoon with me. They're swell. Doak has a contract. Says he's not making much money but having a hell of a good time. Grace has just finished a heavy tragedy for World-Famous. Critics say she has the best voice on the talking screen. Seem mighty happy. Guess Grace has got Doak straightened out at last.

Tuesday. Telephone call from Dad. He's on location near Santa Maria. Guess he likes me or he wouldn't call. Wish I could figure out some way to get Miss Latour and Dad together. Tough on a boy to have his family split up.

Wednesday. Mike's camera came back from the studio. He's working on it again. Told Nurse that the trouble was that the film didn't run smooth. Trying to

dope out some way to put a roller in the machine to hold the film flat. Hope it works. Like to see Mike make good. See a good deal of Mike these days. Hangs around Nursie all the time. Don't blame him as I think she's pretty sweet.

Thursday. Del Santo was here. Could hear him and Miss Latour talking out by the pool. It seems the new scenes have helped the picture. Guess it will be a hit after all. Tough on Dad.

Saturday. Del Santo here again. What's he hanging around for? Wish I could figure out some way to get rid of him. That fellow is going to make trouble for us. Heard him telling Miss Latour about his home in South America. It seems his family has a big ranch on the pampas.

Sunday. Dad on location. No cocktail party. Del Santo was here. Heard him tell Miss Latour she would love South America. She'd better be careful. Don't trust Del Santo. Am worried because Dad's not home. He and Miss Latour are getting awfully chummy. Talks about South America all the time. Says people there lead a free life away from the false

standards of America. Think Del Santo is full of hokum!

Friday. Afraid there's something going on. Nurse cried last night. Wonder what's the matter.

Saturday. Bad news. Was asleep this afternoon. Nurse went to see Mike. Miss Latour came in and stood for a long time watching me. Woke up but didn't let her know. God protect Nursie. Pretty soon Del Santo came in. Started to light a cigarette but Miss Latour made him stop. Said it was bad for me.

Del Santo put his arm around Miss Latour and began to talk very fast. "Come, my sweet one," he said. "Let us go away from all this. Come with me to South America. I will teach you love, love as we Latins know it in a country where there is peace and quiet and nobody cares about moving pictures."

Miss Latour began to cry. "Yes, Roland, yes," she sobbed. "Take me away from it all. I am tired of this dreadful Hollywood!"

Del Santo smiled so that all his teeth showed. "We will go at once, beautiful one," he promised. "Come, get ready. We catch the boat from San Pedro in the morning."

Miss Latour stopped crying. "And the baby," she said. "We must take him with us. He's such a beautiful baby."

Del Santo said something in Spanish which didn't sound very nice. "Impossible!" he frowned. "The child will spoil everything. We cannot travel with a baby."

"All right," said Miss Latour. "I won't go."

They argued. Del Santo said he would look very foolish arriving in South America with a baby. His friends would laugh at him.

"Let 'em laugh," said Miss Latour. "I'm not going to leave the kid. If you love me as much as you say, why do you object to the boy? He's a sweet little monkey. You'll like him after you get to know him."

More argument. Miss Latour was determined. Del Santo finally shrugged and gave in. "Very well," he said, "we'll take him. But not the nurse. There will be plenty of nurses where we are going."

"Oh, Roland," cried Miss Latour, "I'll care for him myself."

When they had gone I opened my eyes and did some heavy thinking. It was easy to figure out what was going to happen. Miss Latour was planning to run away with Del Santo. To South America. Going to take me with her. Boy! A young man of my age has his problems. Didn't want to go to South America. Hollywood is good enough for me. Wonder what will happen when Dad finds out.

Saturday night. Nurse knows. Must have overheard Miss Latour and Del Santo talking. She was mad. "Take my boy away from me, will they? Drag Spooks off to South America? They say you can't get fresh milk down there. He'll starve. Imagine Miss Latour taking care of a baby. I won't stand for it. I'll—I'll—" she began to cry. Knew what to do but couldn't make Nurse understand. Women are awful dumb sometimes. Tried my best to talk. Said: "Da-da-da."

"That's it!" cried Nurse. "Your Dad! I'll call Bill Regan. He'll take care of us."

She ran out into the hall. Could hear the telephone buzz. Believe me, I was happy. In time of trouble a boy wants his Dad.



Meet "Skippy," your favorite cartoon kiddie. Little Jackie Cooper promises to do right by our "Skippy."

Nurse came back with her eyes shining. "Don't worry, Spooks," she said. "Everything will be all right. Your dad is on the way. From the sound of his voice, he's boiling mad. Hate to be in Del Santo's shoes right now."

It was late and I was sleepy. But this was no time to take a nap. Might miss something good.

An automobile roared up the driveway and stopped. Front door slammed. Could hear Dad's voice downstairs. "What the hell is going on here?" he roared.

Came up the stairs three steps at a time. Miss Latour screamed and ran out of her room.

"Where's my kid?" Dad bellowed.

"Bill, Bill," cried Miss Latour. "Stop yelling, you'll wake the baby."

"Where's Del Santo?" boomed Dad. "Wait 'till I lay my hands on that rat."

The nursery door opened and Dad came in. When he saw me in my Kiddie-Koop, he looked relieved. "All right, Nurse," he said, "put some clothes on that kid. Pack your bag. You're both going with me. This house is no place for a child."

"My baby! My baby!" cried Miss Latour.

Nurse grabbed me out of the Kiddie-Koop. Began to take off my nightgown. Her hands trembled so she could hardly undo the buttons.

"Hurry!" Dad growled.

"My baby!" cried Miss Latour. "You can't have him, Bill. He's mine, all mine. I'll have you arrested for kidnapping my child."

Dad only laughed. "Try and do it," he said. "When I tell the court what's been going on in this house there won't be any question as to who gets the child."

"You're a liar," said Miss Latour. "I'm a good woman and you know it. He's my baby. You can't have him."

Nurse put me into warm clothes. Wrapped a woolly blanket around my feet. Packed her own suitcase and put in a lot of extra pants and things for me.

"All right, Mr. Regan," she said. "We're ready."

"Come on," said Dad. "Let's get out of this dump."

Miss Latour grabbed Dad. Tried to hold him. "Bill," she pleaded, "don't take my baby. He's all I've got, Bill."

Dad pushed her away. "You don't deserve to have a kid," he said. "He's my son and he goes with me!"

"Stop, stop!" screamed Miss Latour. "Help. Roland! Help! He's stealing my baby."

We got downstairs. Headed for the front door. Mike had the car waiting outside. Then Del Santo appeared. Dad took one look at him and said: "Ah! There you are."

"You ruffian!" said Del Santo. "What do you mean to be breaking into Miss Latour's house and starting trouble?"

"Is that so?" said Dad.

Looked over Nurse's shoulder and saw the whole thing. Wouldn't have missed it. Dad balanced on his heels. Then he swung at Del Santo. *Sock!* Del Santo took a nose dive into a corner. Got up quick. Began to swear in Spanish. Reached under his coat. Pulled out a long knife.

Miss Latour screamed. Covered her eyes with her hands.

Del Santo started for Dad. Dad waited, his eyes on the knife. Then everything happened at once. Dad hadn't been a cop for nothing. He hit Del Santo on the side of his jaw. Took the knife away from him. Threw it across the room. Smashed Del Santo in the face with his other fist. Knocked him over a sofa. Hammered both eyes shut. Jarred loose a few teeth. Clipped him one on the chin and laid him



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Kleenex to remove cold cream

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rapid climbs to stardom in all
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Read her beauty advice to you.*

JEAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

"Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman's dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often under-emphasize the importance of strict cleanliness.

"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up . . . methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues.



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"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

Towels unabsorbent

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

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cold. It was over almost as soon as it started.

Dad dusted off his hands. Picked Del Santo up by the seat of the pants and threw him through the open door. "That ought to hold you for a while," he said.

Miss Latour stopped screaming. Rushed to the telephone. "Police! Police!" she cried into the receiver. "He's stealing my baby. Send the police!"

Dad pushed Nurse and me toward the door. "Get out of here," he said. "Let's be on our way."

Nurse carried me into the car. Dad jumped in beside her. Mike slammed in the gears. Away we went.

Hadn't gone two blocks before a cop on a motorcycle came up beside us. "Pull over to the curb," he roared. "Where's the fire?"

Mike stopped the car. The cop looked in through the window and saw Dad. "Hello, Bill," he said. "Didn't know who it was. Wouldn't have stopped you. We got a call at the station that somebody was stealing a baby."

"McGuire," said Dad thankfully. "Just the man I'm looking for. Listen, Mac, here's the story." Dad told him about Del Santo and Miss Latour and how they were planning to run off to South America and take me with them.

"Don't blame you a bit," said McGuire. "He's your kid, ain't he? Better get out of the country fast. She'll have a flock of cops after you. The sympathy is always with the woman."

"We're headed for Mexico," Dad told him. "Agua Caliente. Once we cross the border I'd like to see her take the boy away from me."

"O. K.," said McGuire. "I'll give you an escort through the city. Ready, Mike? Step on it. Let's go."

McGuire got out in front of us and turned on his siren. We hit Hollywood Boulevard at sixty miles an hour. Everybody got out of our way when they heard us coming. Boy, it was exciting. Never had such a ride in my young life. We went through Hollywood and Los Angeles so fast that the street lights were nothing but a blur. Came to the Coast Highway. McGuire stopped. Gave us the signal to go ahead. "You're safe now," he said. "Good luck, Bill. Give my regards to the kid when you get to Mexico."

Been a hard day. A boy needs his sleep. Cuddled up in Nurse's arms and shut my eyes. Sure glad to be with Dad again. Wonder what this Mexico place will look like.

Sunday. Slept 'til noon. Nurse gave me an extra big bottle when I woke up. Agua Caliente is swell. Beautiful Spanish buildings all over the landscape. Swimming pool is pretty. So is the race track. They won't let me into the gambling casino because I'm too young. Don't suppose it amounts to much, anyway.

Monday. Things are not going so well. Heard Nurse and Mike talking about Dad today. "Been hitting the stuff ever since we arrived," Mike said. "Hate to see Bill Regan in that condition. He's right in the middle of a big picture, too. This little trip is costing the studio about five thousand a day."

"Can't you get him straightened up?" asked Nurse. "It's Miss Latour he's worried about."

"Don't blame him," growled Mike. "If my wife had run off to South America with a ham actor I wouldn't feel so cheerful myself."

Tuesday. Dad's still hitting it up. Mike says he lost ten thousand last night in the casino. "Couldn't even see the chips," Mike said. "They took him for everything he had. A crime, that's what it is."

Am getting worried. Hate to see Dad making a fool of himself. Wonder if Miss Latour and Del Santo went to South America. Don't think she'll like him much after Dad spoiled his good looks.

Friday. Something has got to be done. Nurse said that Dad has had ten telegrams from the studio. They're sore because he's holding up production on the picture. Say they'll get another director unless he comes back to Hollywood at once.

Saturday. Don't feel well. Have been worrying too much. Can't hold anything on my stomach. Whooped up the last four bottles. Am tired of Agua Caliente. Wish we could all go back to the house in Hollywood. Like that town a lot better than Mexico.

Sunday. What a night! Everything happened at once. Dad got fired by the studio. Lost every cent he had in the casino.

Feel terrible myself. Haven't had a decent meal in twenty-four hours. Everybody's worried about me. Nurse says the Mexican doctor at the hotel never saw a baby before. Hasn't the slightest idea what's the matter. Says if I'm not better by noon, she's going to telegraph my regular doctor in Hollywood.

Sunday noon. Nurse telegraphed for Doctor. He's coming by plane. Feel awful. Wish we were home again. The milk in Mexico doesn't agree with me, I guess.

Dad's himself again. Spent the morning watching me. Nurse and Mike were in my room. Everybody quiet and worried. Wonder how sick I am?

Dad said if he'd known this was going to happen, he'd never have kidnapped me. Said he guessed that a boy's place was with his mother. Beginning to think so myself. Wish Miss Latour hadn't gone to South America with Del Santo. Was just beginning to like her.

Boy, I'm sick! The mere sight of a bottle turns my stomach. Worrying about my family has done it. A boy of my age ought to lead a quiet life. Having trouble with your parents is enough to make anybody sick.



Elissa Landi, the Fox fascinator, is not only a good actress but she's a novelist, too, and besides that she wants to be a director. What's that crack about "beautiful but dumb?"

Later. Doctor arrived. Was glad to see him. "What's wrong, young man?" he said. "What's the trouble?"

Examined me carefully. Shook his head. "Very strange," he said. "Don't understand it. Afraid this is pretty serious. Where's his mother? She ought to be with him."

"In South America," said Dad.

Doctor shook his head and went: "Tch, tch. You've got a sick baby, Mr. Regan. I'll do the best I can to save him."

Doctor gave me some medicine. Stuff tasted awful. Whooped it right up. After that they tried different formulæ. Couldn't hold any of them. Felt awful funny inside. Saw Nurse crying. Guess I was a pretty sick boy.

Dad began to pace up and down the floor. "You've got to do something, Doctor. He's my son. I can't give him up."

"I'm doing the best I can," snapped the doctor. "There's something wrong with this child I don't understand. Wish his mother was here. Quite often they can help a baby far more than a doctor. Peculiar thing, but it's true."

Nurse stopped crying. "Going to try," she announced. "Miss Latour may not have gone. May still be in Hollywood. Let me send a telegram, Mr. Regan."

"Go ahead," said Dad. "Anything that will help little Bill."

Guess I lost consciousness after that. Room got blurred. Everything spun around and around.

Sunday night. Heard somebody calling my name and woke up. Didn't know where I was at first. Recognized the room in Agua Caliente. A lot of people crowded around me. Saw Nurse and Mike. Saw Dad and Doctor.

"My baby! My baby!" Miss Latour was bending over me. Sure glad to see her. Took me in her arms and began to croon a little song.

"Came as fast as I could, darling," she whispered to me. "When I heard my baby was sick, nothing could stop me. Never leave you again, little sweetheart."

Dad put his arm around Miss Latour and looked down at me. "The kid's smiling. Well, I'll be—!" he said. "Believe he knows you."

"Of course he does, Bill," said Miss Latour. "Think a boy doesn't know his own mother?"

"Get a bottle ready, Nurse," said Doctor. "Maybe he'll take it now."

"Did I?" Gulped it down as fast as I could. Was certainly hungry. Miss Latour and Nurse held on to each other and laughed and cried. Was pretty happy myself. Swell to have my family together again.

"Listen," said Dad, "after the kid has a good nap we'll start for home. That's the place he belongs and it's where he's going to stay."

"No fooling," said Miss Latour. "They won't be able to pry me out of that house with a million dollar contract."

"How about Del Santo?" asked Dad.

"That bum?" said Miss Latour. "He sailed for South America a week ago. I was a fool. He was a bad actor, anyway. He ruined my last picture."

Wait 'till I see the McGuire twins again. What a story I'll have to tell them! Felt swell inside. Went to sleep happy for the first time since we left home.

Tuesday. Home. No place like it. Bingo almost chewed one of my ears, he was so glad to see me. Mike found a letter from the studio with an offer for his new camera. Has to agree to operate it himself until the technicians learn how it works. Guess this means I'll lose Nurse. Maybe it's just as well. Was about to fall in love with that girl myself. A boy

of my age has got no business getting mixed up with women.

Have never seen Dad and Miss Latour so happy. They act like they'd just discovered they had a baby. Can't keep them out of the nursery.

Had some bad news about Grandfather Hinkle. He died last night—with his boots on, trying to break a green colt. Just like the old gentleman. Left me something called an "estate." Dad is going to administer it for me.

Guess I'll be able to take care of my family after this no matter what happens. Dad asked me how I'd like to invest some of my money in his next picture. Said it was about time I got in on family conferences. Told Miss Latour he was going to make a new epic called "The Phantom Rider." It's to be like "The Prairie Schooner" only bigger and better. The lead is a girl who pretends to be a man in order to save her old father's ranch which is being ruined by cattle rustlers.

"Listen, Gloria," said Dad, "this is your big chance. It's time you quit your lingerie parts and did something real. With me directing, you'll be the biggest success in the business."

"O.K., Bill," said Miss Latour. "Always did want to work with you. You never gave me a chance. We'll knock 'em cold."

Kissed each other and Miss Latour cuddled up in Dad's arms.

A bright boy can certainly do a lot for his family.



Jackie Searl is trying to figure "how high is up" and after that he'll play a game of baseball. His next picture is "Skipper."

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*Laura La Plante, radiant film star, appearing in the Pathe' feature, "Lonely Wives".

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Seventeen perfume, presented by Colgate, suggests spring and pastel colors, laughter and sunshine. And the Seventeen face powder is just as fresh and new

The Truth about Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

BEAUTY products used to be content just to supply beauty to you. But now they are beautiful in themselves and supply beauty to your dressing table, as well as to your face and figure, and I am a girl as likes that.

Do you remember when Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal was put up in a funny old-fashioned bottle with a dinky metal cap, very much like the bottles of bay-rum your father used after shaving? Lilac Vegetal was, even then, a most delightful toilet water and deodorant—but it would never have won an honor place in a smart girl's boudoir.

And then do you remember, about two years ago, when Pinaud's cream came forth in that lovely green jar? It was, and is, a dandy cream, but I'm convinced hundreds of women bought it as much for the jar as its contents. Pinaud's followed up the cream with powder in a black jar, equally chic, and now they have packaged all their liquid products in the most delectable bottles you ever saw. You can get them in a set of three, or a set of six products, at \$2.50 and \$5.00 respectively, and they are just too doggy looking!

The six products are Lilac Vegetal; Violette des Bois, very like the Vegetal only more woodsy smelling;



Pinaud have all their liquid products in the most delectable bottles you ever saw! Shampoo, Eau de Cologne, Eau de Quinine—all excellent.

Eau de Cologne, which I think is quite the nicest one on the market; Eau de Quinine, which is Pinaud's hair lotion and recommended for dandruff; Eau de Portugal, a hair tonic for blonde locks; Shampoo, a nice liquid one that leaves your hair very soft and which has the virtue of rinsing easily.

You may pick your own three from the six assortment or buy each separately. I know you'll like any one of them. For myself, I'm all for the Violette des Bois and the Eau de Cologne for that after-the-bath moment. French women have long known how to create a subtly perfumed atmosphere about themselves through the use of eau de toilettes and it's an art worth American girls knowing too.

I must say that this is a dandy job! The other morning I could barely clear my office door, it being blocked with a huge box from the House of Colgate. Colgate's is as old as the hills, of course, and just as reliable: but they certainly know how to capture the youth-note in their Seventeen line of products. I felt like a girl away at school, delving into their gift package and I thought it was Christmas in Springtime when I saw that Papa Colgate had sent me all—

(Continued on page 118)

What Does Numerology Foresee for Janet Gaynor?

Continued from page 53

which there was a pay envelope to look forward to regularly each week. An element of pure chance, such as there often is in the profession of entertaining the public, would appear as too much of a chance to take.

Whoever was the person who encouraged you, or even forced you to apply for work in the movies when you arrived with your family in Hollywood, was a definite instrument of destiny in your life, although perhaps he or she did not look upon their efforts in this way. The important people in our lives so seldom do comprehend their larger usefulness to our progress. You were by this influence pushed to take more of a chance than you would have been ready to take especially as the suggestion came at the time when you had expressed your number 8 'Expression' in a usual business position and discovered that business could not satisfy your inner 11 and the number 5's inclination for variety.

Once started in 1924, which according to Numerology was not one of your best years or quite in tune with you emotionally, but a time of great surprises in your life, you really came into a current of events which had more to do with your destiny before the public than with your own intentions, ideals or preferences. In following the encouragement given you to apply for work in the movies one can imagine that in making your first applications you were not at all sure of yourself inwardly. The 11 in your 'Ideality' makes you only aware that you were following that latest lead given to you and you would not have been surprised if you had not attracted some attention.

Of course, with your 8 'Expression' you tried to appear practical, capable, courageous and business-like, and this quality, together with the fact that you were making the effort at a psychological moment, brought opportunity quickly.

Your public knows how you took advantage of your opportunities and gave your best interpretation of the rôles allotted to you, but through your numbers I can see the processes of thought and action that were employed for this result.

In your real name of Laura Gainer you will note that the sum total of its vowels is 11 and the total of all its numbers is 8 which was the 'Expression' I have already explained.

To the Numerologer this means that the number 4 was absent from your name at birth and the qualities and abilities of which it is the symbol were absent from your character:

Number 4 gives to the individual character, the capacity for hard work, physical endurance; and without it, while we may have talents and some splendid ideas, we do not have the application and physical and mental concentration to acquire the technique or the proper method to produce practical results.

While number 4 is in the same class as the 8 of your 'Expression' it is not exactly the same value to one who finds himself faced with the chance of success provided one can acquire in a short space of time a technique of a kind to gain acceptance before the public.

With your name of Laura Gainer, without the number 4, you would not have

inconspicuous



MODESS

FOR THE SMART YOUNG SET

THE smartest young things are using Modess these days—because they don't have to worry about it. Like their mothers, they find Modess has everything necessary to make it the safest sort of sanitary convenience—perfect protection—complete comfort—deodorant—easily disposable. And with its softly fluffed, gently conforming filler material, and skilfully rounded corners, Modess can be worn under the scantiest frocks without being the least bit conspicuous.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best possible sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes—for packing in the week-end bag—for

times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



Modess Compact and Modess Regular are packed in boxes of twelve—and are priced the same

modess

been able to meet so successfully the practical demands of your early opportunities, but under this name you are not known to your public, but instead as Janet Gaynor.

Changing your name had therefore a tremendous psychological importance upon your life for in taking the vowels of this name, a and e for Janet which are numbered 1 and 5 and added to 6; and a and o for Gaynor, which are numbered 1 and 6 respectively and add to 7, a final total of 4 is found by the addition of the 6 for Janet and the 7 for Gaynor. Then if we go farther and place the proper number values under each letter of this name as follows, and make an addition of all of them another total of 4 is found by reducing the 14 of Janet and the 35 of Gaynor. Thus:

J-a-n-e-t G-a-y-n-o-r
1 1 5 5 2 7 1 7 5 6 9
1—4 3—5
5 × 8 = 13 or 4

Without any influence of 4 in the original name of Laura Gainer you were in some way led to adopt for your public efforts a name that is a number 4 both in its vowels which reveal its 'Ideality' or motive and in its 'Expression' or ability.

As Janet Gaynor it is therefore perfectly clear that your success has been due more surely to hard work than to your being really a creative artist. The capacity for hard work was just what you needed so that your inherent sense of adaptability which was good for mimicry might be trained, organized and expressed by your number 8 'Expression' as a form of actual success.

Under this name of Janet Gaynor you are going to like hard work better than almost anything and it will turn out that you will be remembered as a sincere hard worker, as one who expressed herself simply, without show or pretense but in a manner calculated to appeal to the masses who themselves are the workers of the world. You will come to believe that after all you might easily do worse than settle down to happy conventional married life, for 4 is not a particularly social or professional number but it is making you set about the job of living very seriously.

I know that many students of the science of numerology would not consider the name that you had chosen to work under a very lucky one, inasmuch as its number 4 is seldom connected with public success and attracts a lot of hard work which no one seems to be anxious for! However, I think you know that the vibrations of this name have helped you to perfect your technique, to concentrate upon the job in hand, to improve your physical endurance.

Just as our names reveal the quality of our natures and our latent ability, so our birthdates when reduced to numbers enable us to discover our path through life, the direction of thought and action which will prove to be the way to our greatest success and happiness.

The addition of the numbers in your birthdate, Miss Gaynor, produces the number 6. October is counted as 1, the 6th day as 6, and 1907 as an 8.

The final number 6 which is termed in numerology your 'Path of Life' or 'Destiny' number, tells that you have a good prospect of living out your life without great tragedy. There are strong indications of home life and companionship in the more substantial phases of social life, which after your thirtieth year should bring much satisfaction to the sensible desires for sane expression which are so characteristic of your name numbers.

There was a strong link formed with professional life and the stage in your childhood and this seems to manifest in

some expression on your part around your seventeenth year. There is, however, an undercurrent of experience in your life until your thirtieth year, that being isolated in nature and a little unhappy, tends to drive you deeply within yourself to turn your attention to study, to interests that are rather individual and hard for those associated with you closely to share. The periods of meditation, aloneness which this vibration seems to bring you, will add to your original nature more poise, self-control, and greater intuitive powers.

The number of this early period of your life continues its influence until your thirtieth birthday and being related to our mysterious, subjective number 7, gives the reason for your being more retiring in your private hours away from the studio.

This influence, which has had a great deal to do with bringing you into the line of a professional career, ends with great changes in your life in 1937. These changes will lead to a retirement from the screen and from public life and to your introduction into the happiest phases of your domestic experiences.



Jeanette MacDonald can act as well as sing. Proof—her work in "Don't Bet on Women."

A period related to number 7 is not the most fortunate time to accept marriage, the heavier obligations of family life, or of social prominence. This means that until you are thirty years of age you will seek more and more to find your happiness not in married life or social advancement but by added concentration upon your work; and you must not expect to dodge phases of misunderstanding within your family circle.

Even in your childhood, when, of course, you were also under the subjective influence to which number 7 is the key, you had some strange and not entirely happy changes in your home life and relationships. Many of the efforts you have made since to establish happiness in personal relationships have proved disappointing, but by this means are changing your more practical temperament into that of the artist. When one cannot do what he wants to do, if he be as practical and as adaptable as your numbers show you to be, he accepts with good grace what has to be done and does not permit progress to be held up by childish resistance.

Your public will be interested to know that the year of 1928 marked the end of one phase of your screen work, a phase that it is probable you will never be able

to repeat, although, because it was slightly more romantic and less sophisticated than what has followed, I expect that you would really prefer it.

It is interesting to note that basing their understanding of your style on such work as you did in "Seventh Heaven" they allowed their sentimental fancy to weave a private romance with yourself and Charles Farrell as the principals. 1929 came along, a year that numerology points to as being one of an entirely new beginning in your life. You took advantage of this influence, surprised and in some measure disappointed your public by attempting a different kind of rôle in "Sunny Side Up," and by marrying someone else.

Your marriage to Mr. Lydell Peck from San Francisco will, according to numerology, be extremely important in your experience and your material success. There is a degree of harmony between your numbers which ensures a measure of happiness, but the most interesting point is in the fact that your husband's number is 6 which has been found to be that of your 'Path of Life.' This relationship in numbers between people often means greater importance and material advancement than real personal happiness. It is indicated that your paths may separate before 1937, and then you will recall that your own birthdate indicates the more permanent phases of your home and family life as after your thirtieth birthday, which suggests a second marriage.

The end of a new cycle arrives with 1937 and so fortunately, for the delight of your thousands of fans, I can promise that you have, since your last birthday, commenced a stronger phase of your public work. This will, in 1931 and 1933 especially, mean greater success, more parts to play and more rôles in which you will be cast to suit the demands of your public.

1930, however, is indicated by numerology as one of your least satisfactory years from all angles. Its nervous number of 11 brought you discouragement and disappointment as well as nervous disorders of the body. This year meant discipline both in relation with your work, your associates and your health.

Your public will always consist in the majority of those movie-goers whose tastes are simple, who prefer natural feelings portrayed without sophistication or too much subtlety, neither of which qualities come very easy to you for they are not in your numbers. If you can be cast in rôles that are physically active and romantic, and offer you opportunity to appeal to the simpler emotion in stories that are not far-fetched, your clean cut personality will remain a favorite for the next seven years, which will bring you to the year of 1937—when, as I have remarked, you will be perfectly happy to seek seclusion and to live your life in ways that concern things that, if they had come into your life in your earlier years, would have meant that you would never have been a movie actress at all!

With your complete chart before me, Miss Gaynor, I am forced to draw a final conclusion and that is this. Your success is and will continue to be due to a fine mixture of imitative talent, early opportunity, and a growing capacity for hard work. You have deserved a large measure of success because of the large part of your own thought and effort you have been able to bring to your work under the fortunate influence of the name Janet Gaynor. As you absorb and express the number 4 of this name, you will never be found among the class of entertainer who tries to get something for nothing, whose personality and work partakes of the gaudy or spectacular.

Clara's Boy Friend

Continued from page 66

the It Girl to give one man all her time. That is, Rex says, he doesn't object to her going out with other men as long as she tells him the truth about it.

But Rex isn't much worried about Clara's lack of truthfulness. He says that her honesty will probably prove her downfall. She is at all times herself, and insists on saying what she thinks, often at the wrong time. She doesn't see why she shouldn't lead her own life, just because she's headline material. Rex insists that he believes what Clara tells him.

On the question of matrimony, Rex is adamant. Perhaps because at present things are too unsettled in the careers of both Clara and Rex.

Rex is free-lancing. He has been taking tests at several of the studios, but has no definite plans as to his future. He wants to keep on in the picture business, but he doesn't want to keep on as a cowboy. He seems to be more interested in Clara's career than in his own. He thinks she's the best actress the screen has ever known—quite a change from his opinion of her acting before he came to know her—and he hasn't any great faith in himself when it comes to setting the world on fire as an actor.



Another newcomer. Alexander Kirkland makes his film debut in "Tarnished Lady."

It was the trial of Daisy De Voe, Clara's secretary, that brought Rex into the limelight as Clara's best boy friend.

Daisy admitted on the witness stand that Rex didn't win out without a struggle. She bore out, to a great extent, Rex's ideas on the successful handling of Clara.

"Harry Richman tried to boss her around too much, and that didn't go," said Daisy. "Clara has to be handled with gloves on."

Rex admits that he's crazy about Clara and that she knows it. But he adds that he doesn't intend to let her walk on him. Rex's theory somewhat upsets those of the exponents of the successful love affair, where the woman is invariably the diplomat and handles her man skilfully and subtly, without letting him know that he is being handled. Rex Bell enacts the rôle of diplomat in his dealings with the It Girl, and the males should give him an ear—he has accomplished what many men have tried to do and failed—the taming of Clara Bow.



Why I changed to Marlboros

Hundreds of thousands of new smokers change...develop...progress...graduate to Marlboros. Help us put into words the *REASONS* for this ever-increasing recognition.

First Prize \$100 Cash

100 PRIZES TO SMOKERS

THOUSANDS of cheap cigarettes, of course, are still sold for every carton of Marlboros. But...past year's figures show Marlboro sales forging ahead at a record-breaking rate. Can you say *why*?

We know many reasons. We want *yours*. For the best hundred reasons submitted before the last day of next June, we will award 100 prizes as listed. No strings. No conditions. Write in your own words your own reasons for changing to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

100 Prizes!

First Prize\$100

Second Prize\$75

Third Prize\$50

Fourth Prize\$25

5th to 10th each \$10

11th to 50th each \$5

51st to 100th Library

package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

Good Reasons for Changing to Marlboros:

Marlboros are machine packed, *tips DOWN!* Nobody's fingers—not even your own—can soil them.

IVORY TIPS

Are Lip Insurance

...they prevent dangerous infection. Protect torn, chapped, or rouge-roughened lips.

Ivory Tipped or Plain, Marlboros show always a dainty hostess. Particular people are careful to avoid cheap cigarettes for dinner and bridge party guests. Smart debutantes recognize Marlboros as a suitable accessory. Successful men demand Marlboros as the cigarette of distinction.

You, yourself, may have just progressed...developed...graduated to Marlboros. Write us a few words about *your* reasons. This courtesy may win for you one of 100 prizes.

SELECTED winners will be published in magazines and newspapers. No fees or payments beyond the prizes. We cannot undertake to return suggestions nor enter correspondence. Prizes duplicated in any tie. Judges, R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris & Co., K. M. Goode, advertising consultant, and Lee Brown, advertising agent.

Contest Closes June 30th, 1931

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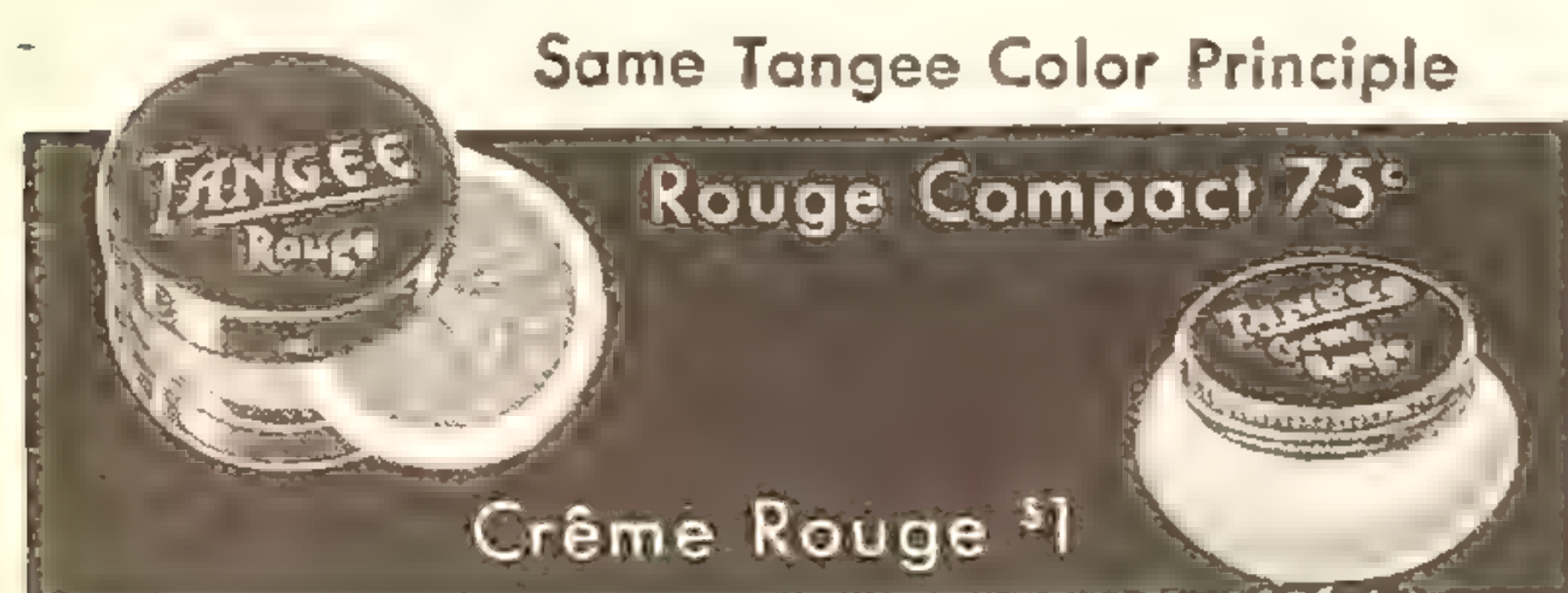
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HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

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SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. S4
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Thoughts While Being Interviewed

Continued from page 23

sits up like a blue-nosed deacon in a Sunday school and dares you to be funny—to make him laugh. I hate that kind of writer. I can never be myself with them. Thank goodness there aren't many of that kind. But maybe, through some freak of fortune, he'll turn out to be regular. Almost too much to hope for, though.

One o'clock arrives and I am in the middle of "Henry VIII." (*Actors are always in the middle of something when interviewers arrive. I even caught one in the middle of a bath once.*) The bell rings and here's a man I've never laid eyes on before to whom I must appear charming, hospitable, amusing, intellectual: in other words, reveal my inner thoughts. Apple-sauce!

"How do you do, Mr. Kent? Come in and sit down. Have you had lunch? No?" (They never have.) "Then sit right down and join me. The cook was not expecting guests but there will be enough."

Funny-looking guy, isn't he? Wonder if he would look better with a mustache. Suit fits him well. Wonder where he got it. Has on the wrong tie, however. (*You are at perfect liberty to send me the right one.*) Wonder if he is married (*No!!!*) and is supporting a large family. Woolen socks at this time of the year. My, my. (*Slander! I never wear woolen socks. I haven't got any. But Neil says if I don't, I'm the type that would.*)

"Oh, that's all right—don't mention it." (He just spilled his coffee over Mrs. Hamilton's new tablecloth.) "Accidents are bound to happen, you know." (*What a whopper! They use lace doilies most of the time that permit the 'gleaming mahogany' to shine through. If you make a pass at the squab from the wrong angle, the whole thing goes skittering over the table like a rug on a slippery floor. Neil insists, however, that if they did use a tablecloth I would undoubtedly spill coffee on it.*)

Lunch is finished—(*entirely too soon for my taste*)—and, as he will doubtless say in his article, it is a glorious afternoon in June. The sun is shining brightly overhead; the air is soft and balmy—but for me a perfectly good afternoon at the beach has been ruined.

We go into the living room. "Would you like a highball?" Thank heavens he says yes. That eases the situation. Curious name—Kent. Never remember hearing it before. I'll fool him and have him talk to me about himself, instead of the other way around. "Have an Old Gold?" Oh, ho! He prefers Luckies.

He wants an unusual angle. I *knew* it. They always do. But nothing unusual happens to me. I am a young man who is in love with his wife: lead a fairly respectable sort of existence; am kind to dumb animals, babies and my parents. Like to see the lawn looking nice and don't pull the wings off of flies. I save my money and have never run for President of these United States.

He talks well. Tells me he was an aviator during the war. Even so, he will never get me up in a ship with him.

I shudder inwardly. After all, the old story of from rags to riches will have to be rehashed in order that the great American Public may be satisfied. We talk and talk and talk some more. He gets me started on a couple of subjects on which I like to theorize—in spite of myself—and the first thing I know, I become so confused in my thoughts I spend half the time analyzing my own answers.

He is nervous. (*Is that so?*) Shouldn't be. He makes no notes. I wonder how he will ever be able to remember and put on paper these gems of wisdom I am giving him.

I wonder if he gets much money. Must get awfully fed up listening to actors talking about themselves. Anyway, he laughs at my jokes (*No one can say I'm not a good interviewer—or at least a polite one*) and I like him. (*Well, Neil, really.*) Casually mentions he plays bridge. So do I. It would be fun to have him over some night and give him a good trimming. (*It didn't turn out that way, though. He got the trimming.*) I wonder why he wears his trousers so long. Has no idea of economy or he'd realize the back of cuffs will wear out quickly.

Saw me in a play in Washington eight years ago. My public. I finish talking. Can't think of anything else to elucidate for him. Says he has had a most pleasant afternoon.

Wonder what he can possibly go home and write about now. Suppose he pans me. Gosh! Why do they have to do that? I know some of the boys and girls who have been roasted to a turn are darn nice kids and didn't deserve it a bit. I guess maybe the cream in the writer's coffee was sour that morning or he got out of the wrong side of the bed or something and took it out on the actor because the player wasn't the expected oracle—the font of wisdom from whom all blessings flow. Why can't they realize that our job is acting and not orating?

I haven't created any intellectual upheaval so far but then, on the other hand, I've never had to be ashamed of anything that's been written about me. Well, if he pans me, I'll just have to grin and bear it. There has to be a first time for everything.

I discover he is a neighbor of mine. Good to remember when a fourth hand is needed.

Mrs. Hamilton returns from her shopping. "This is Mr. Kent, dear," "How do you do?" "How do you do?" He remarks when she goes upstairs: "Charming girl—rare judgment."

Four o'clock. He leaves—but too late for me to go to the beach. (*You couldn't have gone, anyhow. And I could have gone to the beach, too, you know, if I hadn't had to interview you.*) Too early to go to the movies. I pick up "Henry VIII." Wonder what Henry would have told him had this chap Kent come to interview him concerning his ideas of a tie-up between the cloth of gold and rayon people? Henry had the best of me, though. He could have sentenced him to the tower of London. (*Oh, yeah?*)

Weeks pass. Suddenly someone hands me a magazine containing an interview by Peter Kent. I read in petrified astonishment. Is that what I said that afternoon? (*What do you think?*) Well, anyway, it sounds good. (*Then it must be what you said.*)

Think I'll call him up sometime—not to thank him though. (*Heavens no! That just isn't being done.*) He'd think I was seeking favors, but maybe I will be able to find out a little more about him.

And so, dear little boys and girls of the great Out There, thus comes to an end, as all good things must, a somewhat haphazard chronicle of a player's thoughts while being interviewed.

Won Out Of Sixty!

Continued from page 34

contracted on his Central American cruise, Marian, and the members of the supporting cast as the story unfolds.

An interesting anecdote preludes this interview which made Marian a leading lady to Barrymore—a distinction which every ambitious actress in Hollywood has aspired to.

Before he requested that Marian be sent to him, Barrymore studied a total of sixty young players. It was essential that a selection be made pronto, what with mounting costs of production, and a schedule that brooked no delay. Sixty players, therefore, were given screen and sound tests—do not make the mistake of thinking them novices, one and all were seasoned players—and then the lot was assembled to form several reels of pictures. These, Barrymore studied and re-studied from his sick bed, finally eliminating all but one.

It is possible that Barrymore hit on the type that Marian represents because it is the type of his wife, Dolores Costello, who is, incidentally, about to break her retirement of several years to return to the screen. Both Marian and Dolores are blonde; both possess a winsome quality of beauty; something of the shy April violet is in their smiles. Marion will also be Barrymore's leading lady in "The Genius."

Those who know their movie history will recall a similar predicament that faced Barrymore when about to proceed with his work in "The Sea Beast." This occurred, you will remember, in the silent days. Candidate after candidate had been examined for leading lady to Barrymore, all were discarded. The studio executives were in a quandary. Then the miracle happened! Dolores Costello passed, on her way to a studio set, where she had some inconsequential part as a maid in a French farce. Her beauty startled Barrymore, who asked some questions about her. That same day, Dolores met Barrymore, and before the interview was terminated, it was agreed that she would be his leading lady. The rest is movie history. Dolores became his leading lady, then a star in her own right, and finally Mrs. John Barrymore.

For her rapid rise, Marian has her sister, Jean Morgan, to thank. Jean it was who brought Marian as a young hopeful to the studios; she who persuaded casting directors to see her, and the publicity department to have her photographed. Jean has acted as her self-appointed and enthusiastic press agent, and despite rebuffs has courageously returned to the battle of bringing her beautiful young sister into prominence. And now her efforts are rewarded.

"Are Women Less Faithful Than Men?" Read the stars' answer to this question in the June issue of SCREENLAND

A New Invention

That Banishes Chafing and Discomfort from Women's Hygiene



The Most Talked About Hygienic Aid for Women of the Day

*Pure RAYON Cellulose Filled.
Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk
... and Effective 3 Times Longer*

There is now a sanitary pad that cannot chafe or irritate. A new and remarkable invention that changes all previous ideas of sanitary protection.

It is new and totally different from any other pad now known or ever known. New in construction. New in material. New in results. Hence one cannot compare it with any other hygienic protection so far known.

U. S. Patented Invention—Not Merely "Another" Sanitary Pad

It is called Veldown. And rigidly protected under United States Patents, there is no other pad "like" it—or even remotely like it. It is made in an entirely different way from any you have ever used.

Its filler is superlative soft, pure RAYON cellulose. Thus is as gentle as fluffed silk. It cannot chafe or irritate.

Its patented construction—along with its rayon cellulose filler—*eliminates all chafing, all discomfort* from wearing a sanitary pad. Do you wonder that millions of women are

turning to this new hygiene, discarding less gentle, less efficient ways?

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. *It is absolutely immaculate for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture proof and impenetrable.*

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives COMPLETE SAFETY and protection HOURS LONGER than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And *no other* protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends even *slightest danger* of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a Vast and Great Improvement on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back.

VELDOWN COMPANY, INC., 220 East 42nd St., New York City. *One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company*

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Veldown
FOR EVERY WOMAN

The Radio Gold Rush—Continued from page 15

talists and scientists, opened up vast channels of propaganda to the business men and manufacturers of the land. In the process it acquired an elaborate dignity. It has lost none of its dignity with the passing of the years, in spite of the continuous financial cut-throating that accompanied it. And though it has become stabilized in its purely technical end, it is still going around in circles so far as its economic structure is concerned.

The artists hope, naturally, the revolutions will continue. It means more to them, to that dear financial security they are said to dream about in their idle moments. The more far-seeing broadcasters, however, hope they will cease, hope that radio will soon reach a calmer state, comparable to that now visible in movieland.

More than \$30,000,000 poured into the coffers of the network Napoleons in 1930. A large part of this sum reached the pockets of the entertainers. So vast have become the financial potentialities of the microphone that radio has now engulfed all the leading concert artist agencies in the country. The microphone has become the Eldorado of the amusement realm, promising vast rewards for a minimum of time and labor.

At present it is engaged in erecting a vast reward for Morton Downey, husband of Barbara Bennett, brother-in-law of Constance and Joan, and himself an in-

gratiatingly high-voiced warbler of sentimental songs.

Downey's present success as a balladeer can be traced directly to the microphone. As a vaudeville headliner last fall he inspired no ecstatic whoopla along Broadway, though his previous appearances in the talkies were responsible for some acclaim among the bright young people.

Broadway catalogued him as a singer with an unusually high tenor voice and a pleasing personality and let it go at that. No more was heard of him until he had established a swanky night club in the nifty Fifties and had listened to the siren call of radio.

With Downey inside their corral the radio men performed an adroit stroke of showmanship. They scheduled him on the air waves at the mystic hour of 7 P. M., in direct and defiant competition to Amos 'n' Andy. He clicked immediately, the most successful entry in the broadcasting ranks since Floyd Gibbons let loose his adjectives.

The triumph of Downey may be attributed in good part to the fact that he comes upon the air at a time when an ocean of talk is tumbling out of the loudspeakers. Listeners seeking relief from the incessant gabbing turn on Downey, hear him airing the sentimentalities of current ballads, relish him with their meals. Fancy a tenor with your meals! It is something

new in America. Yet a tenor is preferable to ceaseless chatter. Even a tenor helps in the digestion of roast beef and apple dumpling!

Radio will make Downey rich as it has made everyone whom it has precipitated into nation-wide fame. The end is not in sight. There are still some formidable figures outside the broadcast gates.

Last week radio offered a \$650,000 contract to Chaplin. Next week it may offer even more to Kreisler or Wilhelm Hohenzollern, though I doubt it. I doubt if any price will ever top that submitted to Charlot—and declined!

In this age of ballyboo, in this day when voice is supreme it is worth noting that there is one man who prefers silence.

It is, obviously, the need of advertising that warrants the offer of such a sum to Chaplin and the payment of huge stipends to Chevalier, Jolson, Rogers, Lauder, McCormack, Amos 'n' Andy, Heifetz and Tibbett for radio entertainment. You can't blame them for demanding all they can get for their services. That they are getting more in radio than is possible in any other field of entertainment shows what a gold mine the microphone is.

And, lest we forget, it is the voice with the smile that wins the greater part of the gold!

Dot Dashes Along—Continued from page 83

to a pair of ducks. "My uncle was so mad! That night after dinner he pulled out some cigarettes and made each of us smoke one. The others cried. They were so sick they had to go to bed. But I got to laughing and just sat and blew smoke through my nose." P. S. "Midge" doesn't smoke now—now that she can if she wants to!

"Oh, she was always the bad one!" smiles the cousin. "Father was so particular about the way we acted at the table. He'd tell Midge to put on her napkin and she'd say 'No, I won't!' So he'd tell her not to dare to, and she'd tie it around her neck so tight, she almost choked." That's the way Dot treats obstacles. She hurdles over them!

Dorothy was born to be an actress. She always wanted to be. Why, when she was only two she danced on her toes, and was one of the baby stars with a local revue. And every time she came home from a movie she'd keep her grandmother up all night practicing the things she'd seen the movie stars do. Norma Talmadge, for instance!

"I knew I could act, if I ever had the chance," Midge nods wisely.

Well, the chance came. When she was fourteen, in fact. A vaudeville comedian was looking for a mite for a sketch. He found Midge at a party and asked her if she could sing. She didn't know but was willing to try. She did. And the result was a six weeks' tour, then the Fanchon and Marco circuit. But the act broke up as acts have a way of doing and Midge appealed to Miss Fanchon, who put her in a "College Idea," to do her acrobatics and sing and dance a little.

Then came New York and "Hello Yourself." "It was just a small part," Midge tells you. When it opened in Philadel-

phia I only had a couple of songs, but by the time it got to New York I had four songs and lots of dialogue. The reviews kept saying I ought to be in the movies.



Louise Brooks is back in our midst again minus her famous bangs but plus an interesting microphone voice.

Imagine. And I'd come from Los Angeles and the movies hadn't wanted me at all!"

But New York wasn't much fun. Living in dreary boarding houses, and not having much money. Still she did her first picture there with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and the trail led to Hollywood, to "Rio Rita," to "The Cuckoos" and now the final picture with Wheeler and Woolsey. Soon they will all go their separate ways and Dorothy will have pictures of her own!

She has decided ideas of what she wants to do. "Ingenu lead. I know very well I couldn't do anything dramatic, like Norma Talmadge, so why should I try? I like comedy. But I like nice stories, college stories, comedy drama, too. Not all of the fantastic, hard-to-believe stuff in lots of the movies."

She still speaks wistfully of the stage. It was lots of fun having an audience out in front to cheer you. It's harder in the movies, doing scenes over and over and over.

She's still a fan. Just as enthusiastic as she was when she was a kid. Stares every time she sees a noted star! Adores Norma Talmadge and Greta Garbo. Has no favorites among the men, but admires Walter Huston and really fine actors like that.

That's Dot. Just a little big-eyed kid. Full of zest and enthusiasm. She likes everybody and everybody likes her. At present she's engrossed in her new house—hers to decorate as she likes. Choosing furniture, curtains, pictures. It takes a great deal of thought deciding if the rose Persian rug or the green Persian rug matches the living room best. And there's the yard, and begonias to plant. And nice new pictures on the lot!

Love on the Rebound—Continued from page 33

to smoulder, the sophisticated Ina Claire fanned it into a new life. Love's feet may falter in John's life but never its flame.

Since her divorce from Phil Plant, Manhattan millionaire, Constance Bennett's male admirers have been filling her home like Penelope's while Ulysses was away on his little jaunt. I expected to find her subdued but she was more radiant than ever.

"How," I asked, "does it happen a person who is deeply in love with someone, falls out of love with that someone and immediately proceeds to fall in love with someone else? If you were so deeply in love with the first person, why wouldn't you be broken-hearted and not be able to think of anyone else?"

"That's just it," she answered, "it's because you are broken-hearted that you fall in love again so easily. You become cynical, and if you're a man you turn woman-hater, or *vice versa* if you happen to be a woman. And there's no one in the world quite so open to a heart attack as a person on the rebound."

"How's that?"

"Well, all anyone has to do is to sympathize with the bereft person, tell him, or her, how misunderstood he is, how he was never properly appreciated, etc., etc. I, for instance, might be exactly like the person he had just fallen out of love with, but he would consider me the direct antithesis. All the virtues that had been lacking in the other one, he would find in me simply because I sympathized with him. I don't say I would always be able to hold a man I'd caught on the rebound, but I repeat that a person re-acting from a violent love af-

fair is more apt to fall in love than anyone else. It's what helps you to get over the first affair quickly and painlessly."

Certainly there has been no paucity of men to help her over the heartache her marriage caused her. All one can do is to applaud the valiant for their efforts and to regret that they cannot all be fittingly rewarded. It looks as if Henry Falaise is favored. He's Connie's cavalier—and she may be a Marquise one of these days!

Harold Lloyd may be a one-woman man but there have been at least two women in his life who counted. Bebe Daniels was his first leading lady and in those dear, dead days she seemed to be all that counted. As suddenly as the explosion that injured his hand, the affair died out and it was while his spirits were rebounding from the depths to which they had sunk that Mildred Davis captured and held his fancy.

Loretta Young, beautiful as a day in spring, seems born for love and men have not been lacking in her life to help her fulfill her destiny. How deeply her heart has been involved, one cannot say, but the affection existing between her and Arthur Lake appeared to be more than a passing fancy. When a requiem had been sung over their dead love, Loretta attended a party alone with the naïvely girlish idea of showing him "she didn't care." And her searching heart brushed lightly against that of Grant Withers', himself recovering from a rather tempestuous *affaire de coeur*. What was that little ditty Chevalier used to sing?

"To see you, is to love you—
And to love you is gr-rand!"

So grand, in fact, that it was only a short time until Loretta was answering to the name of Mrs. Grant Withers.

Gary Cooper knows about love on the rebound. New in pictures, he appeared with Clara Bow and Esther Ralston in "Children of Divorce." Gentlemen may prefer blondes—but the flaming locks of the Brooklyn Bonfire obscured his vision to such an extent that the beautiful but placid Ralston registered not at all, apparently. Gary and Clara went here and there together. But Clara's affections are as stable as the ball on a roulette wheel and after a short time Gary was all but forgotten.

When the barge of Clara's love began touching at other ports of call, the brig of Gary's did not flounder exactly helplessly on the Black Sea of Despair. No less a personage than *la belle* Brent, (first name, Evelyn), took her place at the helmsman's wheel. An expert pilot she proved herself, for one heard no reports of storm ruffling the smooth surface of their attachment.

Whether the tranquil sailing became monotonous to the Silentish Man of the Great Open Spaces, or whether Evelyn herself grew bored with the inarticulate love the lean Montanan is supposed to go in for, no one will ever know. But presently the fiery Lupe was seen with Gary.

Nor did the latter pine in lonely solitude. Her heart, rebounding from shattered dreams with Gary, was caught and tenderly guarded by Harry Edwards. And it was not long thereafter until he found himself promising a parson—or justice of the peace, I forget which—to love, honor and cherish the girl. And so it goes—in Follywood!

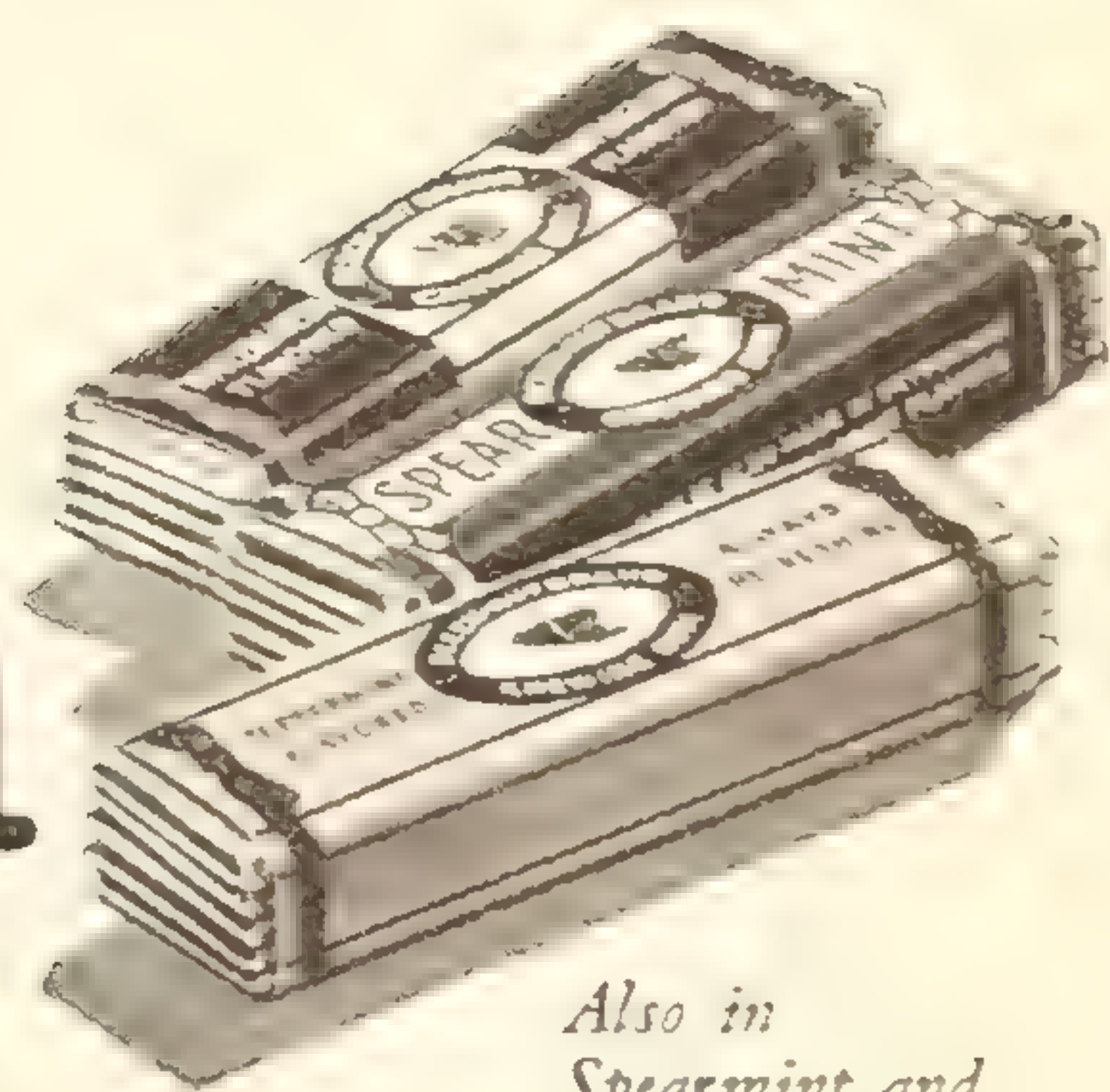


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Casts of Current Films

* Films Reviewed in this issue

"BRIGHT LIGHTS." *First National.* From a story by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Louanne*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Wally Dean*, Frank Fay; *Miguel Parada*, Noah Berry; *"Windy" Jones*, Eddie Nugent; *Peggy North*, Inez Courtney; *Mame Avery*, Daphne Pollard; *Tom Avery*, Tom Dugan; *Connie Lamont*, James Murray; *Violet Van Dam*, Jean Bary; *Harris*, Edmund Breese.

"CIMARRON." *Radio.* From the novel by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Vance Cravat*, Richard Dix; *Sabra Cravat*, Irene Dunne; *Dixie Lee*, Estelle Taylor; *Felice Venable*, Nance O'Neil; *The Kid*, William Collier, Jr.; *Jess Rickey*, Roscoe Ates; *Sol Levy*, George E. Stone; *Louie Heffner*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Tracy Wyatt*, Enda Mae Oliver; *Mr. Bixby*, Frank Darien; *Isaiah*, Eugene Jackson; *Ruby Big Elk* (eldest), Dolores Brown; *Ruby Big Elk* (younger), Gloria Vonic; *Murch Rankin*, Otto Hoffman; *Grat Gotch*, William Orlamond; *Louis Venable*, Frank Beal; *Donna Cravat* (eldest), Nancy Dover; *Donna Cravat* (younger), Helen Parrish; *"Cim"* (eldest), Donald Dilloway; *"Cim"* (younger), Junior Johnson; *"Cim"* (youngest), Douglas Scott; *Yancey, Jr.*, Reginald Streeter; *Felice, Jr.*, Lois Jane Campbell; *Aunt Cassandra*, Ann Lee; *Dabney Venable*, Tyrone Brereton; *Cousin Bella*, Lillian Lane; *Jouett Goforth*, Henry Rocquemore; *Arminia Greenwood*, Nell Craig; *Pat Leary*, Robert McKenzie.

"CITY LIGHTS." *United Artists.* From an original story by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. The cast: *Tramp*, Charles Chaplin; *Blind Girl*, Virginia Cherrill; *Her Grandmother*, Florence Lee; *Eccentric Millionaire*, Harry Myers; *His Butler*, Allan Garcia; *Prize fighter*, Hank Mann.*

"DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From an original story by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Bonnie*, Joan Crawford; *Bob*, Lester Vail; *Bert Scranton*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodney*, William Bakewell; *Stanley Jordan*, Quilliam Holden; *Jake Lura*, Clark Gable; *Wally*, Earl Foxe; *Parker*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Seby*, Hale Hamilton; *Della*, Natalie Moorhead; *Sylvia*, Joan Marsh; *Whitey*, Russell Hopton.*

"DAMAGED LOVE." *Superior.* From the stage play "Pleasant Sins," by Thomas W. Broadhurst. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Jim Powell*, Charles R. Starrett; *Rose Powell*, Eloise Taylor; *Madge Sloan*, Betty Garde; *Ned Endicott*, Charles Trowbridge; *Nita Meredith*, June Collyer.

"DISHONORED." *Paramount.* From the story by Josef von Sternberg. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *X 27*, Marlene Dietrich; *Lieutenant Kranau*, Victor McLaglen; *Colonel Kovrin*, Lew Cody; *Secret Service Head*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *General von Hindau*, Warner Oland; *Young Lieutenant*, Barry Norton; *Court Martial Officer*, Davison Clark; *General Dymov*, Wilfred Lucas; *Manager*, Bill Powell.*

"DON'T BET ON WOMEN." *Fox.* From an original story "All Women Are Bad" by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Roger Fallon*, Edmund Lowe; *Jeanne Drake*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Herbert Drake*, Roland Young; *Chippley Duff*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Tallulah*, Una Merkel; *Butterfield*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Doris Brent*, Helene Millard.

"DRACULA." *Universal.* From the novel "Dracula." Adapted by Bram Stoker. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Count Dracula*, Bela Lugosi; *Mina Seward*, Helen Chandler; *John Harker*, David Manners; *Dr. Seward*, Herbert Bunston; *Dr. Van Helsing*, Edward Van Sloan; *Renfield*, Dwight Frye; *Lucy*, Francis Dade; *Martin*, Charles Gerrard; *Maid*, Joan Standing.*

"EAST LYNNE." *Fox.* From the novel "East Lynne" by Mrs. Henry Wood. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Lady Isabel*, Ann Harding; *Captain Levison*, Clive Brook; *Robert Carlyle*, Conrad Nagel; *Cornelia*, Cecilia Loftus; *Joyce*, Beryl Mercer; *Lord Mount Severn*, O. P. Heggie; *Barbara Hare*, Flora Sheffield; *Sir Richard Hare*, David Torrence; *Doctor*, Eric Mayne; *William*, Wally Albright.*

"EX-FLAME." *Liberty.* A burlesque on "East Lynne." Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: *Sir Carlyle Austin*, Neil Hamilton; *Lady Catherine*, Marian Nixon; *Beaumont Withrop*, Norman Kerry; *Barbara Lacy*, Judith Barrie; *Umberto*, Roland Drew; *Kilmer*, Joan Standing; *Boggins*, Snub Pollard; *Lady Harriet*, May Beatty; *Colonel Lacy*, Lorimer Johnson; *Argentinian*, Cornelius Keefe; *Wilkins*, Joseph North; *Parsons*, Charles Crockett; *Stuart, Jr.*, Little Billie Haggerty.

"FAIR WARNING." *Fox.* From the novel, "The Untamed," by Max Brand. Adapted by Ernest L. Pascal. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Whistlin' Dan*, George O'Brien; *Kate Cumberland*, Louise Huntington; *Jim Silent*, Mitchell Harris; *Purvis*, Nat Pendelton; *Lee Haines*, George Brent; *Kilduff*, John Sheehan; *Dan Morgan*, Ewin Connelly.

"FINN AND HATTIE." *Paramount.* From Donald Ogden Stewart's story "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad." Adapted by Sam Mintz. Co-directed by Norman Taurog and Norman McLeod. The cast:

Finley P. Haddock, Leon Errol; *Mildred Haddock*, Mitzi Green; *Mrs. Haddock*, ZaSu Pitts; *Sidney*, Jackie Searl; *The Princess*, Lilyan Tashman; *The Boltin*, Mack Swain; *Collins*, Regis Toomey; *The Street Cleaner*, Harry Beresford.*

"GENTLEMAN'S FATE." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the story by Ursula Parrott. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Jack Thomas*, John Gilbert; *Frank*, Louis Wolheim; *Marjorie*, Leila Hyams; *Ruth*, Anita Page; *Mabel*, Marie Prevost; *Florio*, John Miljan; *Mike*, George Cooper; *Angela*, Ferike Beros; *Dante*, Ralph Ince; *Francesco*, Frank Reicher; *Mario*, Paul Porcasi; *Tony*, Tenen Holtz.*

"GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT." *Fox.* *Joan Madison*, Virginia Cherrill; *Peter Brooks*, John Wayne; *Miriam*, Marguerite Churchill; *Gazella Perkins*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Simeon*, Ralph Welles; *Mr. Madison*, George Irving; *Freddie*, William Janney; *Tommy*, Eddie Nugent; *Freshman*, David Rolins; *Sheik Nevins*, Terrance Ray; *Margery*, Marion Byron; *Harriet Munday*, Martha Sleeper; *Sue Street*, Addie McPhail.*

"GOING WILD." *First National.* From an original story by Humphrey Pearson. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Rolo Smith*, Joe E. Brown; *Jack Lane*, Lawrence Gray; *Peggy Freeman*, Laura Lee; *"Ace" Benton*, Walter Pidgeon; *Ruth Howard*, Ona Munson; *"Rickey" Freeman*, Frank McHugh; *May Bunch*, May Boley; *Herndon Reamer*, Harvey Clark; *Edward Howard*, Anders Randolph; *Sammy Cantor*, Sam Cantor; *Robert Story*, Arthur Hoyt; *Simpkins*, Johnny Arthur; *The Conductor*, Fred Kelsey.

"HELL BENT." *Tiffany.* From the story by Edward Dean Sullivan and Adele Comandini. Adapted by Julian Josephson. The cast: *Nick Cotrelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Platinum Reed*, Lola Lane; *Dr. Robert Sanford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dorgan*, Ralph Ince; *Sanford's sister*, Helene Chadwick; *Gilbert*, Richard Tucker; *Rosie*, Gertrude Astor; *Gaspice*, Harry Strang; *Ham*, William Lawrence; *Omaha*, Marty Faust; *Bat*, Jack Grey; *Blimy*, Bill O'Brien.

"HONOR AMONG LOVERS." *Paramount.* From the story by Austin Parker. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Julia Traynor*, Claudette Colbert; *Jerry Stafford*, Fredric March; *Philip Craig*, Monroe Owsley; *Monty Dunn*, Charlie Ruggles; *Doris Blake*, Ginger Rogers; *Maybello Worthington*, Avonno Taylor; *Detective Conroy*, Pat O'Brien; *Margaret Blaine*, Janet McLeary; *Police Inspector*, John Kearney; *Riggs*, Ralph Morgan; *Louis*, Jules Epailly; *Butler*, Leonard Carey.*

"INSPIRATION." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From an original story by Gene Markey. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Yvonne*, Greta Garbo; *Andre*, Robert Montgomery; *Delval*, Lewis Stone; *Lulu*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Odette*, Judith Vosselli; *Marthe*, Beryl Mercer; *Contant*, John Miljan; *Julian Montell*, Edwin Maxwell; *Vignaud*, Oscar Apfel; *Madeleine*, Joan Marsh; *Pauline*, Zella Sears; *Liane*, Karen Morley; *Gaby*, Gwen Lee; *Jouvet*, Paul McAlister; *Gavarni*, Arthur Hoyt; *Galand*, Richard Tucker.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." *Paramount.* From the Broadway stage play by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Rodney Martin*, Norman Foster; *Mary Grayson*, Carole Lombard; *Ambrose Peale*, Skeets Gallagher; *Cyrus Martin*, Eugene Pallette; *The Countess*, Helen Johnson; *Adams*, Lucien Littlefield; *Thelma Temple*, Louise Brooks.*

"KEPT HUSBANDS." *Radio.* From an original story by Louis Sarecky. Adapted by Alfred Jackson and Forrest Halsey. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dot*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Dick*, Joel McCrea; *Parker*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Parker*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. Post*, Clara Kimball Young; *Mrs. Brunton*, Mary Carr; *Gwen*, Lita Chevret; *Hughie*, Ned Sparks; *Bates*, Byrant Washburn; *Mr. Post*, Freeman Wood.

"KIKI." *United Artists.* From a Broadway play. Directed by Samuel Taylor. The cast: *Kiki*, Mary Pickford; *Paulette*, Margaret Livingston; *Victor*

Randall, Reginald Denny; *Fred Warren*, Joseph Cawthorn.*

"LONELY WIVES." From a Broadway stag play. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Mr. Smith*, Mr. Zero, Edward Everett Horton; *Mrs. Smith*, Esther Ralston; *Diane*, Laura La Plante; *Minter*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Andrews*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Mantel*, Maude Eburne; *Muzette*, Georgette Rhoades.

"MEN ON CALL." *Fox.* From the story by James K. McGuinness. Adapted by James K. McGuinness. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Chuck Long*, Edmund Lowe; *Helen Gordon*, Mae Clark; *Coast Guard Captain*, William Harrigan; *Joe Burke*, Warren Hymer; *Perkins*, Joe Brown; *Mrs. Joe Burke*, Ruth Warren; *Mary Burton*, Sharon Lynn; *Surfman*, George Corcoran.

"MILLIE." *Radio.* From the novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Millie*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Helen*, Lilyan Tashman; *Tommy*, Robert Ames; *Angie*, Joan Blondell; *Jimmy Damier*, John Halliday; *Jack Maitland*, James Hall; *Connie*, Anita Louise; *Attorney*, Edmund Breese; *Holmes*, Frank McHugh; *Spring*, Franklin Parker; *Mrs. Maitland*, Charlotte Walker; *Mark*, Harry Stubbs; *Hawksworth*, Harvey Clark; *Mike*, Charles Delaney; *Miss Vail*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Clara Roscoe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Luke*, Otis Harlan; *Bobby*, Marie Astaire; *Landlady*, Aggie Herring.*

"PAGLIACCI." *Audio Cinema.* From the opera. Directed by Joe W. Coffman. The cast: *Nedda* (soprano), Alba Novella; *Canio* (tenor), Fernando Bertini; *Tonio* (baritone), Mario Valle; *Silvio* (baritone), Guiseppe Interranti; *Beppe* (tenor), Francesco Curci.

"RANGO." *Paramount.* An Ernest B. Schoedsack Production. The cast: *The man*, Claude King; *The boy*, Douglas Scott; *An old hunter*, Ali; *His son*, Bin; *An old ape*, Tua; *His son*, Rango.*

"SCANDAL SHEET." *Paramount.* From the story by Vincent Lawrence and Max Marcin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Mark Flint*, editor, George Bancroft; *Noel Adams*, banker, Clive Brook; *Mrs. Flint*, Kay Francis; *Franklin*, publisher, Gilbert Emery; *McCloskey*, city editor, Lucien Littlefield; *Regan*, reporter, Regis Toomey.*

"THE SEAS BENEATH." *Fox.* From the story by James Parker, Jr. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Commander Bob Kingsley*, George O'Brien; *Anna-Maria*, Marion Lessing; *Lolita*, Mona Maris; *Chief Costello*, Walter C. Kelly; *Chief Joe Cobb*, Walter McGrail; *Lieutenant McGregor*, Larry Kent; *Ensign Cabot*, Gaylord Pendelton; *Ernst Von Steuben*, Henry Victor; *Franz Shiller*, John Loder; *Adolph Brucker*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink.

"SIT TIGHT." *Warner Brothers.* From a story by Rex Taylor. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dr. Winnie O'Neil*, Winnie Lightner; *Jojo*, Joe E. Brown; *Sally Dunlap*, Claudia Dell; *Tom Weston*, Paul Gregory; *French Girl*, Loti Loder; *Walter Dunlap*, Hobart Bosworth; *Olaf*, Frank Hagney; *Charley*, Snitz Edwards.

"THE LAST PARADE." *Columbia.* From the story by Casey Robinson. Adapted by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Cookie Leonard*, Jack Holt; *Mike O'Dowd*, Tom Moore; *Molly Pearson*, Constance Cummings; *Larry Pearson*, Gaylord Pendelton; *Marino*, Robert Ellis; *Lefty*, Earle D. Bunn; *Vivi*, Vivi; *Rosenberg*, Jess De Vorka; *Chief of Police*, Ed Le Saint; *City Editor*, Edmund Breese; *Alabama*, Clarence Muse; *Joe*, Gino Corrado; *Danny Murphy*, Robert Graham; *Faulkner*, Harry Stubbs; *Sammy*, Ernie Adams; *Otto*, Constantin Romanoff; *McGinty*, Pat Harmon; *Lieutenant*, Joseph Girard; *Taxi-Driver*, Eddie Dunn.*

"THE ROYAL BED." *Radio.* From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Adapted by J. Walter Rubin. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *The King*, Lowell Sherman; *The Queen*, Nance O'Neil; *Princess Anne*, Mary Astor; *Granton*, Anthony Bushell; *Premier Northrup*, Robert Warwick; *Ambassador Birten*, Alan Roscoe; *Crown Prince*, Hugh Trevor; *Phipps*, Gilbert Emery; *Fellman*, Frederick Burt; *Laker*, Carroll Nais; *Major Blent*, Desmond Roberts; *Ladies in Waiting*, Lita Chevret, Nancy Lee Blaine.*

"THE SOUTHERNER." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From an original story by Bess Meredyth and Wells Root. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jeffry Lawrence Tibbett*, Antonia, Esther Ralston; *Doc*, Roland Young; *Snipe*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodman*, Pur, neil B. Pratt; *Christine*, Hedda Hopper; *Mrs. Farraday*, Emma Dunn; *Hokey*, Stepin Fetchit; *George*, Louis John Bartels; *Carter Jerome*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Peter*, Wally Albright, Jr.; *Elsbeth*, Suzanne Rensom; *Naomi*, Gertrude Howard; *Jackson*, John Larkin.*

"TRADER HORN." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the story by Ethelreda Lewis. Adapted by Dale Van Every and John Thomas Neville. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Trader Horn*, Harry Carey; *Nina*, Edwina Booth; *Peru*, Duncan Renaldo; *Rencharo*, Mutia Omoolu; *Edith Trend*, Olive Golden.*

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Radio Pictures page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 11.

Stage In Review

Continued from page 65

and wind in his pocket—Maggie Gautier, alias *Camille*, came back with a bang down on Fourteenth Street at the Civic Repertory.

A bang?—it's one of the season's sell-outs! Which shows that Love, Youth and Romance have not yet gone to the electric chair. It's a healthy reaction against the sophisticated and the wisecracking.

Eva LeGallienne put on a splendid *Camille*—in fact, one of the best *Camilles* of the American stage: she made up perfectly as the Second Empire's Wisecrack in Decay, took Love on the chin like an old trooper when it blew in the door in the person of *Armand Duval*! gave him up with really some good old-time pathos, and finally when she died I myself, old Broadway runabout, felt something in my throat. Dear old *Mag Gautier*, long may she die, and die, and die!

The rest of the cast couldn't keep up with Eva. Ben-Ami as *Armand's* swell and moral pop was too phonographical. Morgan Farley as *Armand* was iceberg.

"You Said It"

Jack Yellen and Lou Holtz wrote a rompy, bumpy, fast-running college musical show called "You Said It," featuring Lou Holtz himself and Mary Lawlor and Stanley Smith.

But as there hadn't been a miracle on Broadway for some months, the gods ordered one right out of the presto-box of this show. For the next morning along the Rialto and as far south as the Empire only one word was heard—"Roberti!" The conductors on the Forty-second street cross-town cars mumbled "Roberti." Wires poured in from the coast to Roberti—and the little girl's salary—Lyda Roberti is her name—jumped from \$200 to \$1,500 a week (I have those figures from her manager).

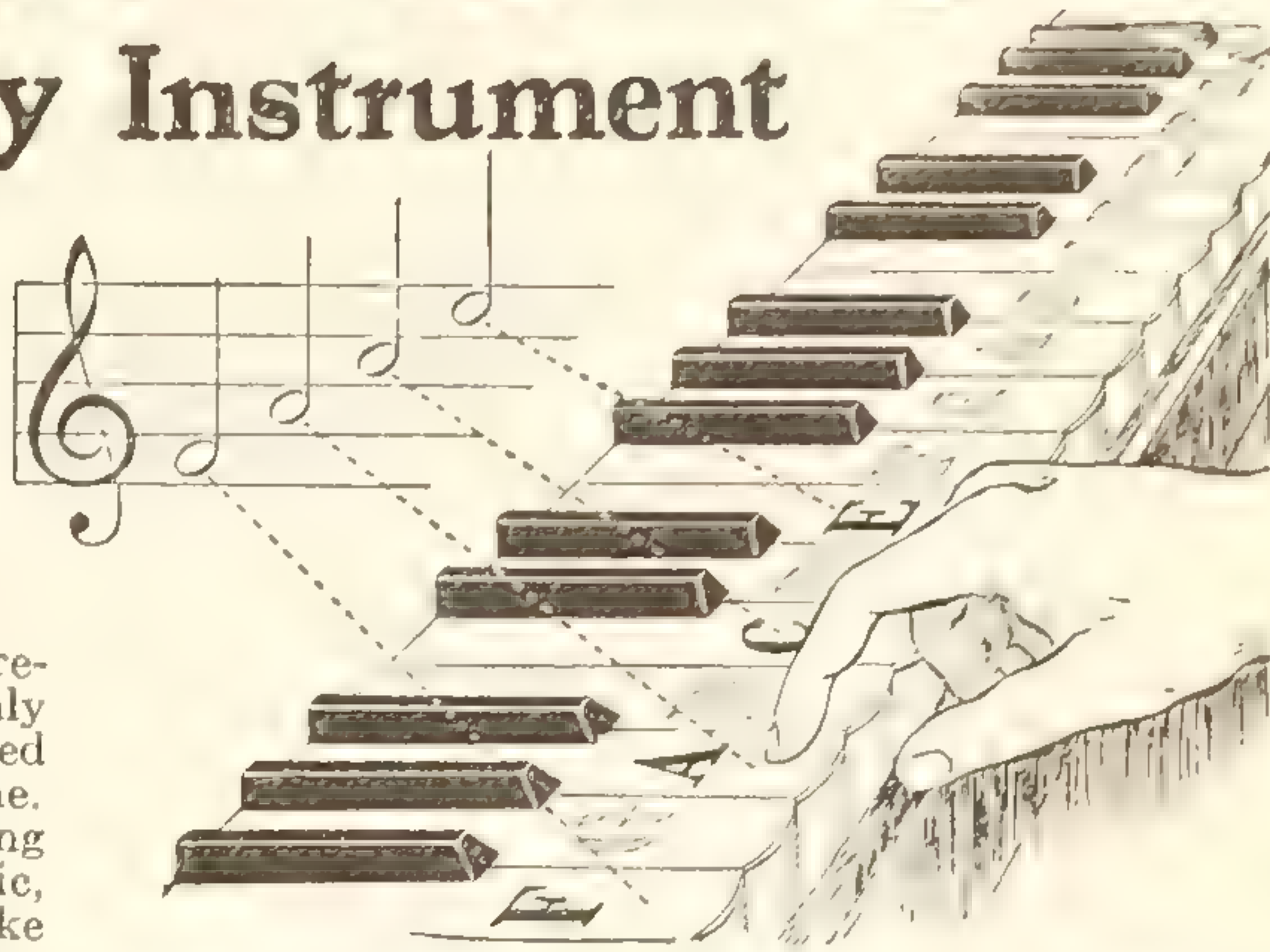
This gangling, dangling, blondish, rather plainish-looking young woman stopped everything with her Polish variations on *Sweet and Hot*. Now "You Said It" is all Roberti. Hollywood will be wanting her.



A glimpse of a moving picture actress eating her breakfast. Frances Dee's favorite fruit—grapefruit!

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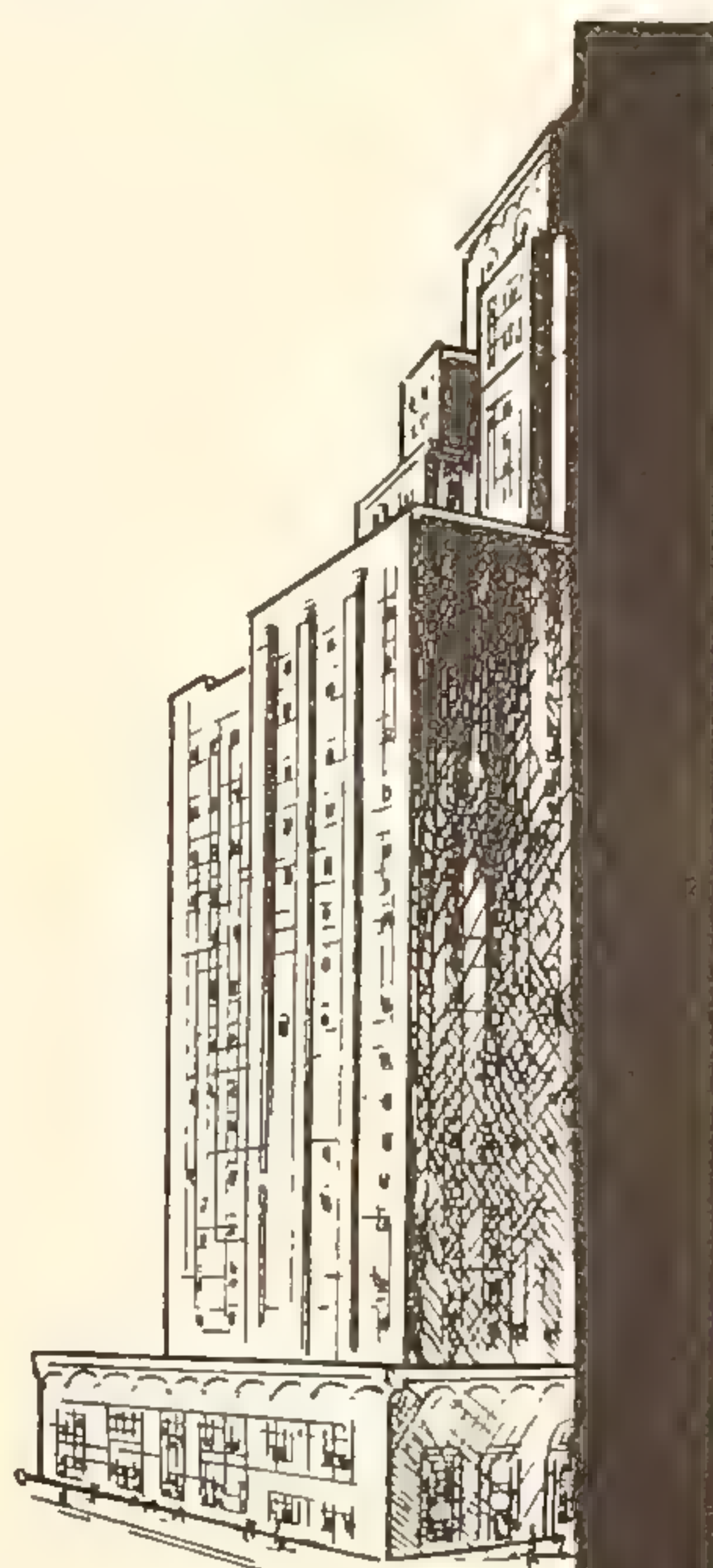
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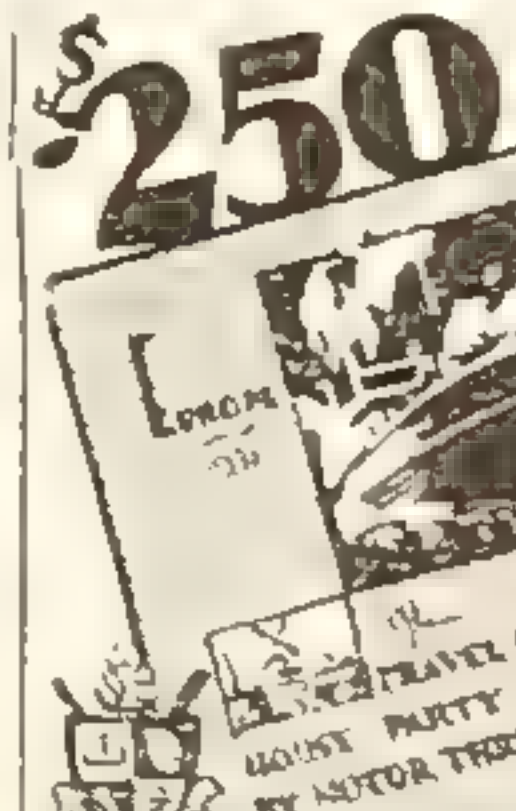


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Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell	Barbara Leonard
Lionel Barrymore	Joan Marsh
Wallace Beery	Adolphe Menjou
Charles Bickford	John Miljan
Lillian Bond	Ray Milland
Edwina Booth	Conchita Montenegro
John Mack Brown	Grace Moore
Harry Carey	Polly Moran
Joan Crawford	Karen Morley
Marion Davies	Conrad Nagel
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro
Kent Douglass	Ivor Novello
Marie Dressler	Edward Nugent
Cliff Edwards	Anita Page
Julia Faye	Marie Prevost
Clark Gable	Esther Ralston
Greta Garbo	Duncan Renaldo
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Gavin Gordon	Gus Shy
William Haines	Lawrence Tibbett
Hedda Hopper	Lewis Stone
Leila Hyams	Ernest Torrence
Dorothy Jordan	Raquel Torres
Buster Keaton	Lester Vail
Gwen Lee	Roland Young

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Harry Green
Jean Arthur	Mitzi Green
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
Carman Barnes	Miriam Hopkins
Clara Bow	Helen Kane
Mary Brian	Carole Lombard
Clive Brook	Paul Lukas
Nancy Carroll	Fredric March
Maurice Chevalier	Rosita Moreno
Claudette Colbert	Barry Norton
Jackie Coogan	Jack Oakie
Gary Cooper	Warner Oland
Frances Dee	Eugene Pallette
Marlene Dietrich	Charles Rogers
Leon Errol	Jackie Searl
Stuart Erwin	Sylvia Sidney
Norman Foster	Charles Starrett
Skeets Gallagher	Regis Toomey
Wynne Gibson	Fay Wray

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Robert Allen	David Manners
Richard Barthelmess	Marilyn Miller
Sidney Blackmer	Mae Madison
Joe E. Brown	Ona Munson
James Cagney	Dorothy Peterson
Frank Fay	James Rennie
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Vivienne Segal
Gladys Ford	Otis Skinner
Fred Kohler	Jack Whiting
Laura Lee	Edward Woods
Dorothy Mackaill	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Robert Ames
Luana Alcaniz	Warner Baxter

Rex Bell	Edmund Lowe
Joan Bennett	Myrna Loy
Humphrey Bogart	Sharon Lynn
El Brendel	Jeannette MacDonald
Marguerite Churchill	Kenneth MacKenna
Joyce Compton	Mona Maris
Donald Dillaway	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
Charles Farrell	George O'Brien
John Garrick	Maureen O'Sullivan
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
Warren Hymer	David Rollins
Richard Keene	Rosalie Roy
J. M. Kerrigan	Lee Tracy
Marion Lessing	Spencer Tracy
Cecilia Loftus	John Wayne
	Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Ivan Lebedeff
Mary Astor	Dorothy Lee
Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Joel McCrea
Joseph Cawthorn	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Edna May Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Roberta Robinson
Richard Dix	Lowell Sherman
Irene Dunne	Ned Sparks
Jobyna Howland	Leni Stengel
Arline Judge	Hugh Trevor
Arthur Lake	Bert Wheeler
	Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

George Arliss	Leon Janney
George Bancroft	Evalyn Knapp
John Barrymore	Winnie Lightner
Joan Blondell	Lucien Littlefield
Ruth Chatterton	Lotti Lodi
Claudia Dell	Ben Lyon
Irene Delroy	Marian Nixon
Kay Francis	Walter Pidgeon
James Hall	William Powell
Walter Huston	H. B. Warner

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Bill Boyd
Constance Bennett	James Gleason

Russell Gleason	Eddie Quillan
Alan Hale	Fred Scott
Ann Harding	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Myrna Kennedy
John Boles	Barbara Kent
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Phillips
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Rose Hobart	Lupe Velez
Dorothy Janis	John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	William Farnum
William Boyd	Al Jolson
Eddie Cantor	Evelyn Laye
Charlie Chaplin	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Lily Damita	Gilbert Roland
Dolores Del Rio	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince
Helene Chadwick	Jeannette Loff
Helen Chandler	Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy	Ken Maynard
June Collyer	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Una Merkel
Robert Edeson	Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett	Charlie Murray
Albert Gran	Sally O'Neil
Ralph Graves	Jason Robards
Carmelita Geraghty	George Sidney
Hale Hamilton	Bob Steele
Neil Hamilton	Thelma Todd
	Raquel Torres

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Za-Su Pitts
Ed Kennedy	Our Gang
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon	Lincoln Stedman
	Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
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Offer Birthday Congratulations to These May Stars:

William Bakewell	May 2nd.
Juliette Compton	May 3rd.
Gary Cooper	May 7th.
Richard Barthelmess	May 9th.
Billie Dove	May 14th.
Maureen O'Sullivan	May 17th.
Anthony Bushell	May 19th.
Dorothy Lee	May 20th.
Estelle Taylor	May 20th.
Robert Montgomery	May 21st.
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.	May 23rd.
Norma Talmadge	May 26th.
Al Jolson	May 26th.
Paul Lukas	May 26th.

Danger Ahead For Clara Bow

Continued from page 21

popular close-ups, winked the tears away, flung up your head, clenched your hands, and vowed, "I'll show 'em!" You owe a debt of gratitude to all those people who wrote in in your defense, and don't you forget it!

We could babble a lot about your little debt to the screen industry—your obligation as one of its biggest stars to keep your name out of the newspapers, to live quietly, to help preserve the decency, the prestige that the little fathers of Hollywood are trying so hard to build. But somehow we don't think that argument would count with you. You probably feel, and why shouldn't you?—that your long fight up from the Brooklyn brownstones has been hard—and lonely—and costly. Nobody helped you—you helped yourself.



Fore! Bebe Daniels and her spry grandmother. She is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic golfers. She's arguing with Mrs. Lyon about her score and it looks like a walk-away for grandma!

Your message to your fans sounds sincere to me. I like the ring of it. It seems to show a new awareness. Maybe you know, now, that to be Clara Bow is a rather swell thing. To have thousands spring to your defense. To know they want you back, no matter what. And, to get right down to brass tacks, you may learn to appreciate that the money you have earned from their affection is pretty precious stuff—because only so long as they love you will it keep pouring in, a steady, soothing, golden stream.

Meanwhile Rex Bell, his hair once more its natural color—remember he had it dyed?—is on the job. He's a rather nice lad this cowboy actor, and if he only knew with what passionate interest all Hollywood is watching developments!

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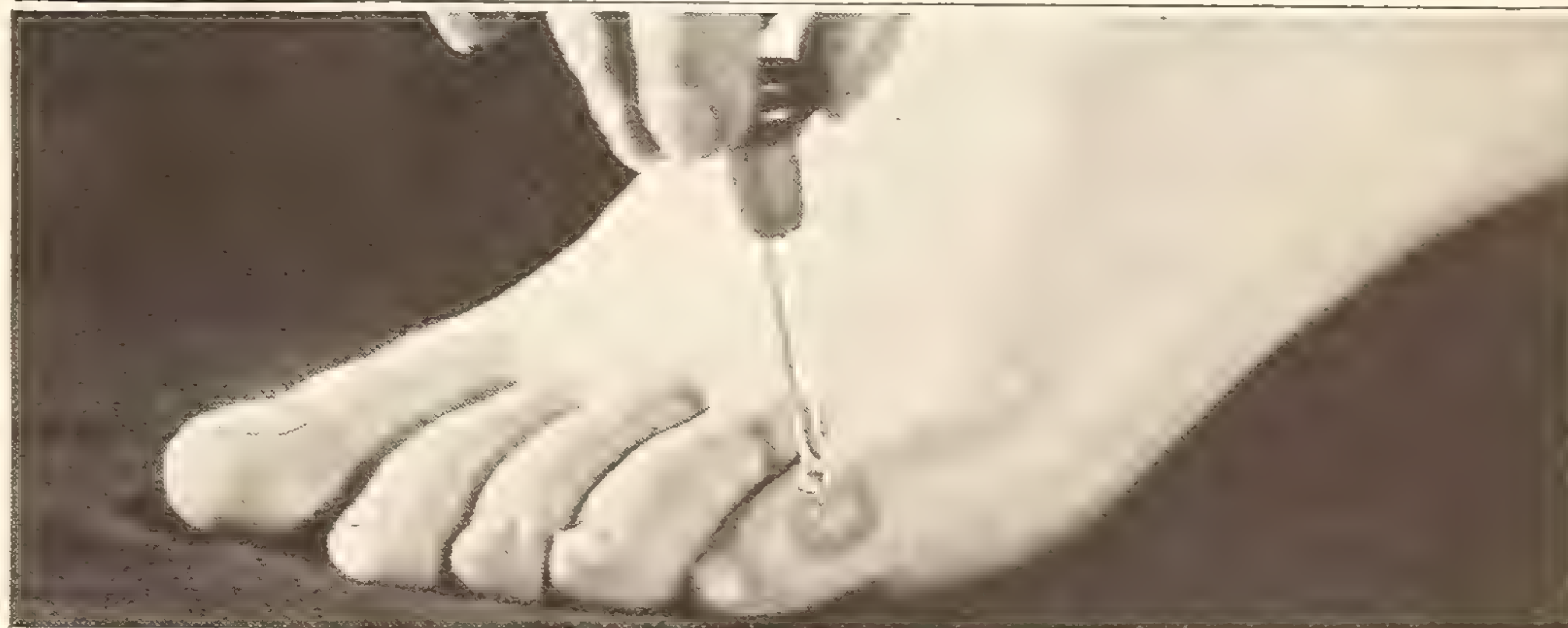


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The corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. No more dangerous cutting.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter how old or how painful.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way



Paul Lukas expresses his personality with his voice, says an excited admirer.

romances; and all the remembered rôles of Barrymore, Jannings, Reid, Ray, and a host of others. I know that I would rush to see at least one each week.

Ellis Jandron,
20 Randolph Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

CHEERING BEERY

Now that the sheiks have had their day let's give credit to that one and only—(there could only be one)—Wallace Beery. He hasn't the beauty or charm to hold his audience spell bound, but wait—where can they get as good a tough character as this swashbuckling, dashing old buccaneer? Where can they get such a heavyweight mirth producer at the same time? The answer is, they can't; there is only one Wallace Beery. He has a different kind of "It."

L. G. Ameson,
6257 Niagara Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

If the producers want the fans to become more intimately acquainted with the players why do they not have their publicity departments include the cast of each picture in the lobby display so that we can refer to it when we come out of the theater?

Character names mean nothing to us at the *beginning* of a picture—and, anyway, the whole audience and his wife decide to change seats just at the time the cast is flashed on the screen. It's when the picture is finished that we are anxious to see who played "that part" so cleverly.

Hazel Van Tinkess,
The Carlinwood, 2612, Carter,
Detroit, Mich.

GARBO-DIETRICH AGAIN!

Everywhere one hears of Garbo and Dietrich! I find the discussions help both actresses, since they invite interest just at a time when the movies were falling into monotony. Let us not be cruel or unfair

SLAMS and SALVOS

(Continued from page 8)

Laurels for Lukas and Beery!

to either actress, but be thankful for this new competition.

The great difference in this menace lies in the fact that Marlene Dietrich is a proven actress, whereas in former cases the rival had merely the looks, not the ability of the original favorite—which proves, folks, girls especially, that beauty helps but there must be that something more—brains and personality). Think of the new things on the market; if good, they stay; but do older products go out of business? No. Always—if good, both stay and prosper.

Dietrich—Garbo—both good—both stay! Competition is the spice of life!

Miss Louise Pettijohn,
Hallock Street,
Amherst, Mass.

FOR JANET AND CHARLIE

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "The Man Who Came Back," true to form, make this classic one of the greatest romantic dramas ever played. Farrell depicts the fall and rise of a young man who rallies with the assistance of Janet's wonderful love. Miss Gaynor lifts a wrecked human to the "Seventh Heaven" and he comes back to live a life of honor and achievement.

No young man can see this picture without having a change of heart. I work hard every day and when I envision this play I triumph over obstacles which seemed insuperable. Long live Janet Gaynor and Charlie—together!

R. J. Hubbard,
Box 353,
Little Rock, Ark.

HIS VOICE HAS "ZAT SOMESING!"

Garbo and Valentino had the sort of personality that could go over in a big way on the silent screen; Rudy Vallée expresses his personality in his voice; and so does Paul Lukas.

Before I saw Paul Lukas in "The Right to Love," he had never made the slightest impression on me, in silent pictures. His looks didn't appeal, and there was nothing about him to divert my attention from the star. But now! He has the most fascinating masculine voice I have ever heard on the screen. Just the faintest brush of an European accent, and a charm of in-



An interested writer discovers that Wallace Beery has a different kind of It!

flection that bring color and romance to his every look and gesture. At once, he leaps into eligibility for the Adolph Menjou sort of part. Only he has the tremendous advantage of being—or at least, looking—young enough for the hero. That voice makes him universal. He might be anybody from anywhere. And now that the talkies have come, that's the rarest asset an actor could have.

Priscilla T. Campbell,
Peterborough, N. H.

BOOSTING BICKFORD

Why don't we see more of Charles Bickford? He's a splendid actor and dominates every picture in which he appears. He was just as good as Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie" and he walked away with all his other pictures. He's a new type of leading man and is a relief from the usual ga-ga heroes we've been seeing these many years. And please, producers, don't polish this diamond in the rough; we like him as he is.

We want Big Boy Bickford in bigger and better pictures!

Marion Simmons,
Hewlett, Long Island, N. Y.

AND STILL THEY COME!

The question that seems to be the most frequently asked in the world today is whether The Great Garbo has a rival.

Who but Greta Garbo could do the things she does and make the people like them? Who but Garbo could keep aloof from the world and make people desire them? Who could be mysterious and quiet, making no friends, and still have people worship at their shrine?

Why tell her to beware of the new rivals that are springing up? Why tell her that this French rival or that German rival will steal the crown she is now wearing? It doesn't worry her and why should it? She knows she is the only woman in the world who can do the things she does and make the people like it. She knows she is the Darling of America!

Miss Ruth Clifton,
1404 Summit Ave.,
Springfield, Mo.

Hollywood Goes Spanish!

Continued from page 54

was a little apart, chatting cheerfully with anybody who sought him, but when left alone merely looking on with amusement and interest.

He was particularly interested in a Spanish folk dance, in which the dancers joined hands and danced around in a circle, like children playing ring-around-rosy. It is called the Sardanas.

Jose Crespo, who was dashing about as co-host, explained to us that it was a dance which was performed by all the populace in the plazas of Barcelona and other cities of Catalonia, in Spain, where the people gather of a Sunday afternoon and on holidays.

"Oh, Anita Page is trying to flirt with the handsome Valentin Parera by using a dictionary!" Patsy whispered. "Well, they both have talkative eyes, so I suppose they'll get along all right! Anita doesn't speak much Spanish, you know."

Mr. Parera was gazing at Anita as if he meant to paint her picture. He is an artist and cartoonist, and speaks about four words of English.

Suddenly there was a little stir in the hallway, and the butler admitted a little man with big, luminous eyes and classic features, and a lovely and interesting looking young woman.

Jose Crespo dashed down to meet them, and they were introduced to us as the noted Spanish playwright, Gregorio Martinez-Sierra, author of Ethel Barrymore's play, "The Kingdom of God," and of "Cradle Song," and Catalina Barcena, who is one of the outstanding figures of the Madrid stage. Both were associated with Jose Crespo, when he was a star of the Spanish stage, one being his stage director and the other his leading lady.

Both of the latest arrived guests were in street clothes, as they had just come, a trifle bewildered at everything American, from the train.

Senor Martinez-Sierra is to supervise all the M-G-M Spanish pictures, and Senorita Barcena is on a mission from the Spanish government to look into the making of American pictures. She will work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios also, appearing in Spanish versions.

Buffet supper was served, and then a very funny little incident occurred.

Patsy, thinking that nobody around her understood English, remarked to me, "I don't see any Spanish shawls except those on the stairway for decoration. I do wish some of these ladies would wear the native costume. It's a lot more becoming than our American clothes."

Whereupon a beautiful young lady turned and spoke politely and with gentle reproof:

"Thanks for your charming compliment. We like the native Spanish dress better ourselves, and we have many beautiful combs and shawls at home, but sometimes when we've worn them, they haven't been appreciated!"

Patsy fried in her blushes. But she recovered a little when Conchita Montenegro donned a shawl and comb, and showed us how a Spanish girl flirts with her fan.

After supper lovely Celia Montelban, noted Mexican singer, dancer and actress in musical comedies, danced a Cuban dance. She lately arrived from Paris, where she has been appearing.

Cedric Gibbons had arrived with his wife, Dolores Del Rio. Dorothy Jordan came rather late, and was very popular.

After more Spanish folk dances, and some lovely songs by one of the Mexican guests, Mme. Alma Real, prima donna, we left for home, and saw the morning star rising!

"WELL, we'll probably just not go to bed at all tonight," remarked Patsy. "We're going to the opening of 'Trader Horn,' and then there's a big party afterward at the Embassy, given by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Hyman. Mr. Hyman is an M-G-M official, you know."

The excitement of "Trader Horn" seemed almost enough without anything else happening, but the party proved a very great delight.

Almost the first person we met was Duncan Renaldo, who plays the lead in the picture. He was on crutches. After going through all the perils of South Africa, he had come home to Hollywood to break his foot in an automobile accident!

Jean Harlow was there with Paul Bern. "Paul takes more beautiful ladies to parties than any man in pictures, and yet he never seems to get a bit conceited about it," remarked Jose.

Norma Shearer was there with her husband, Irving Thalberg. She looked lovely in a black velvet evening gown, made in Grecian style carried out in silver cut-steel bandings.

She declared that watching the animals in "Trader Horn" had worn her out to such an extent that she could hardly dance, but she certainly looked radiant. Irving, on the other hand, said that the wild animals had made him keen to go hunting down there, but his wife said, "Remember you are a father now!"

And Bess Meredyth reminded them of the musical comedy in which the circus widow had to keep her husband's grave green by watering the lions!

Anita Page came with her sweet mother as usual, and looked charming in white satin.

Lily Damita, very happy to be back in Hollywood, she declared, arrived with our host and hostess. She wore a white satin form-fitting gown.

Leila Hyams was with her husband, Phil Berg. She wore a black velvet gown with long black gloves.

Harry Carey, director W. S. Van Dyke, Edwina Booth and others had a quiet little party next door at the Montmartre, but managed to come in for a few moments.

Charles Bickford and his wife were among the guests, and Michael Curtiz, Marie Prevost, Carmelita Geraghty, Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mannix, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, Harold Lloyd and his mother; Jack Conway,—his wife was at home with a recently arrived baby;—Wallace Beery and his wife, Louella Parsons and her husband, Dr. Harry Martin, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Sam Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, and many others.

Charlotte Greenwood was among the guests, with her husband, the musician and composer, Martin Broone, and she says that she hopes she will remain in pictures, as she feels a house in Beverly Hills coming on!

We chatted a minute with Robert Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmstead. They have moved out of their house at Malibu, into an apartment in Hollywood; and Gertrude said they experienced a few very exciting minutes when somebody called them up from the beach during the recent fire which destroyed so many film folks' houses down there, to tell them that the fire was approaching their own beach house!

"I wanted to put a coat over my pa-



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THAN THE PEN..**

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PHOTO BY GRANCEL FITZ

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jamais,—it was the middle of the night,—and run right down there," said Gertrude, "but my husband wouldn't let me! I don't know what I could have done anyway,—just dipped a little water from the ocean, I suppose!"

Dolores Del Rio was there with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, Dolores looking a little better each time we see her. The color is coming back to her face, and she is putting on a little flesh. She will be back on the screen soon for United Artists, I hear.

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were among the guests, and of course danced together a lot, just as they always do.

Supper was served at long tables, and we sat with Bess Meredyth, Michael Curtiz, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Weingarten, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg and Anita Page and her mother.

There was some excellent entertainment, with some Spanish dancers giving a performance, and then there was an announcement that two noted terpsichorean artists would give an apache dance.

Our hostess had put on a black velvet boy's costume and Albert Lewin had donned an evening gown, and the two did a burlesque dance that would have won them laurels in a musical comedy.

"I don't know," remarked Jose as we left, "whether to go home at all, or straight to the studio. Although, come to think of



Greta Nissen has a charming accent which will be heard in "Women of All Nations," a continuation of the adventures of Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt played by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, of course!

it, these evening clothes might occasion remark. So I guess I'll go home for a few minutes after all!"

"I THINK studio parties are such a lot of fun!" exclaimed Patsy. "You don't have to worry whether the curl is out of your hair over your right eye or whether your glove is split. And besides, the party I mean, to which we are invited, is being given by Carl Laemmle, Jr., in honor of his famous dad, Carl Laemmle, Sr., head of Universal, so it's sure to be a nice one. It's a surprise party, and just about everybody is invited."

The party was to be a luncheon affair, to celebrate the elder Laemmle's birthday.

Mary Pickford's big Cord car whizzed past us as we entered the old portals of this most ancient of the cinema cities, and Will Rogers followed in his big sports Cadillac. You expect Rogers to come on an Oklahoma pony, somehow, but he never does.

"Everybody loves Uncle Carl, and everybody accepted his son's invitation," Charlie Murray informed us, as we stopped to ask him the way to Stage 12, where the party was to be held.

When Carl, Jr., smiles at you, there's something in his smile that warms your heart and makes you just know you are welcome, and so it was with assurance of real pleasure that we passed through the door of the stage after we had said hello to our host.

Inside we found the guest of honor, who was furtively wiping away a sentimental tear following the good wishes of the group of old friends who had been surrounding him.

Betty Compson was present, lovely in a new sports suit; and soon there arrived Will Hays, Victor McLaglen, Cecil B. DeMille, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Sidney Fox, Eddie Quillan, Sol Wurtzel, Louis B. Mayer, Billy Haines, Ronald Colman, Constance Bennett, Jack Gilbert, George Sidney, B. P. Schulberg, Hobart Henley, Wallace Beery, and many others.

That other pride of Uncle Carl's heart,—of course Junior comes first,—his little grand-daughter, child of his beloved Rosalie, was not neglected. She was brought in for a moment to be admired.

When everybody had gathered inside, Monta Bell started proceedings by acting as master of ceremonies and introducing some of the famous ones. Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Will Hays, Cecil De Mille and Irving Thalberg all paid tribute in nice little speeches to Mr. Laemmle, after which the guest of honor was presented with a handsome golden scroll. There was a funny little choking noise in Uncle Carl's throat as he responded.

Mary Pickford recalled the days when she worked for Universal. Mary was sure not to forget.

Henry Henigson, studio manager, called the guests to luncheon, which was served in a set that had done service in the weird "Dracula," and I'm sure the fun that went on at the luncheon scared away all the weird spirits which that story had attracted.

Mary Pickford and Will Hays sat at table with Uncle Carl, and Mary kept Uncle Carl grinning with her humorous little remembrances of the old days when, as a timid little girl, she had played in comedies for Universal.

Will Rogers remarked that he didn't see any peanuts or chewing gum around, kidding with B. P. Schulberg, but an attentive waiter sprang to his side at once, and handed him a package of gum, and he told Will there were some peanuts on a tray at the serving table.

We learned with something of a thrill that Professor Einstein was on the lot. Carl, Jr., had begged him to come to the luncheon, but we learned that the Professor, who knows all about space, has a fear of crowds.

We noted still other famous ones at the tables, including Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Genevieve Tobin, Skeets Gallagher, Lupita Tovar, and Lew Ayers.

The afternoon was well along when we bade our hosts and our guest of honor goodbye, with genuine good wishes that Uncle Carl may have many, many happy returns.

The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck

Continued from page 59

chopped parsley to the top and fear nobody.

The beauty of most of my recipes is that you can make them in a mining camp where there is only one store. You don't have to go to a special importer's on an avenue named after a street commissioner to buy what you want. Obviously this keeps your mortgage down. The simple and cheap foods are often the best. Take my now famous codfish balls.

Codfish Balls

Everybody knows the brand of codfish which arrives in a plain wooden box minus all frills. Open one of these unostentatious containers, and remove the contents. At this stage the appetite remains limp. You are at the poor fish stage. That, however, is only the beginning. Even a painting requires background work before the real picture emerges. It is necessary to soak the codfish for thirty minutes or more, drain off the water, then boil until tender in a saucepan of fresh water. Drain the water again, being sure it is all off. Shred the fish carefully and add mashed potatoes equal to the amount of fish used. Beat up an egg, add one teaspoonful of baking powder, combine with the codfish and potato, make balls or cakes, drop them into very hot, deep fat, brown, then drain the grease from the balls on heavy paper. Serve immediately garnished with watercress or what have you, and I promise you that nobody will leave the table while a single ball remains on the plate.

Goose

Another of my favorite dishes is goose. I've always wondered why people are so afraid to cook one. I take this perfectly tractable fowl, dry it inside and out, rub it like mad with black pepper, fill it with apples, and permit it to cook in its own fat until brown. Then I have goose—and believe me, sauce for this goose is sauce for any gander.

Oysters

Another of my suggestions for keeping men home—if you have nothing better—is the oyster stew. Never stew about this stew. Just oysters, a big lump of butter, seasoning and cream. The worst is over quick. On such occasions men have actually been known to part with money without using a fountain pen dropper. Oysters, they tell me, are easily digested and full of many things, including those necessities named after the alphabet which everyone is chasing just now and which in some miraculous way we managed without before some sap hit upon the word vitamin. Now you can't really enjoy any food because you're so busy wondering if A, B, C, D, E, and all the rest are absent. It seems if you don't eat one of these letters, your teeth fall out; the lack of another letter makes you blind; without another letter you can't send any little Susies and Johnnies out into the world. It was bad enough to learn the alphabet without having to eat it, but it does help when it comes in tasty form. An oyster broiled or baked in the shell with a strip of bacon on top and plenty of seasoning is not only the *pièce de résistance* at Antoine's, the famous New Orleans restaurant, but it starts a meal well anywhere. The same can be said of scalloped oysters. Oysters, cracker crumbs, butter, seasoning and milk thrown together and baked in the oven until brown on top is an idea for next Sunday night if you have to stay home. We

predict that the boy-friend who has been reluctant up to this time will decide that he can make more than thirty-five dollars a week if he has good food at home to give him some pep. A general hint to the uneducated is that the less an oyster is cooked the better.

Still another suggestion which I make gratis to the menu-jaded housewife is:

A Regular Cut-Up

Take some pigeons cut up (if the pigeons are pets, order something else for dinner. If labelled butcher's squab, proceed with a clear conscience), add mushrooms cut up, veal kidneys cut up, onions cut up, pepper, salt, spices and a bay leaf. (I'm a real daughter of Eve. I always have a leaf handy.) Simmer slowly in water for a long time—then eat it. I promise that you will either cut up or cool!

Frozen Salad

My pet salad consists of an empty green pepper packed solid with cream cheese and chopped nuts, then frozen in the icebox. I next slice this and place the slices on lettuce leaves, covering the whole with French dressing. When I say lettuce leaves, I mean crisp lettuce leaves, not the discouraged looking stuff that some people put on their plates and that not even a chicken would peck at. The vitality of the cook is shown by the condition of the lettuce. If it is limp, be sure that the cook is absolutely lacking in sex appeal.

It is impossible to give all my recipes, but in general I have several suggestions to offer. First, I like a dash of onion in everything—I don't practise breath control. Onions, like perfumes, should never be obvious. A subtle touch, as it were, back of the ear. Sneak up behind the other ingredients with the chopped onion and then insinuate it. Let it come on like a chorus supporting the star. Just a merry villager when celery is singing tenor and the tomato yodeling high notes in soprano. A delicate bay leaf is the ingenue and should have her bit. Onions are the comedians of the cooking pot, but while they furnish fun for the palate they must never interfere with the love interest of the plot.

Another idea of mine is that people cook vegetables and eggs too long. Never cook an egg to death. Put it on, take it off, give it to your guests and lie back. Still another of my conceits is whipping mild horseradish into mayonnaise combined with whipped cream. It's as effective as the ruche around a widow's crepe. Try it the next time that you make a date with a tomato.

Today I scarcely ever have time to cook because Mamie knows exactly what I want before I do and the viands await me without any worry on my part. I must stop right here to tell you about Mamie. Placed end to end over eighteen years, Mamie and I almost establish a statistic or at least reach from coast to coast. She is the paragon for whom every woman searches in the want ads. She is the priestess of my kitchen and my chink-filler. She told a friend of mine the other day: "Miss Dressler is a darned good woman and can't be beaten. Look for a long time—you'll never find another. That's from the heart. To show you how much I think of Miss Dressler, I left my husband to come West with her." Just look at the woman who would like to be able to do that! Well, Mamie's got her husband with her out here now and all's as it should be in our garage.



... and now those
UGLY HAIRS
can never
grow again!

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permanent removal of unwanted hair

THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the regrowth of ugly unfeminine hair. Koremlu Cream—the achievement of a noted French scientist—not only removes the hair *for all time*, but actually is most beneficial to the skin itself.

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6K

MY DEAR, can those be freckles we see!



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Joking aside, Mamie's devotion makes me very humble. I am not telling you this to brag—just to give you a hint. When people say, "How do you do it?" I retort the only thing retortable, "Cooperation is what counts in any association—whether the contact be business, professional, social or domestic. Look at the other fellow's problems, be interested, sympathetic, and human! I don't claim to be more sweet or tolerant than anybody else. I am sure the other person is as well meaning as I try to be. But when I hear so many woofs and yowls among all sorts of people about their domestic service, I pause and wonder where the blame can lie. I have had only two maids in my long career—and I don't mean one coming and one going, either. The first one died. Mamie has been with me since. When I have had an apartment or house she has been in it. When I've been staying at a hotel, she has sneaked in and massaged me, pressed my gowns or been the chink-filler which is entirely overlooked these days as the noblest of professions.

The bond between Mamie and me is simple. Her problems and interests are mine

and mine are hers. What could be easier? I value Mamie's love and loyalty because nobody knows as I do how important backgrounds are in our lives. An indifferent, surly, careless servant can wreck one's mood for the day without realizing it. The fault may originally have been the employer's who was indifferent to some ache or sorrow previously suffered by the employee. A bit of sympathy at the right moment often forms a bond that nothing can break.

I started out to say a word or two on steak-tails and seem to have begun a novel on the servant problem. Well, food isn't really a digression because without it you can't work and without work you can't live.

(In the next, and final installment of her own story, in the June issue of SCREENLAND, Marie Dressler gives you an intimate insight into a screen actress' life—from the time she gets up in the morning, through the strenuous studio day, until she goes to bed at night, at nine o'clock! Human, amusing, and told in the whimsical Dressler style—don't miss it.)

The Truth About Cosmetics *Continued from page 102*

every last one of them—all of the Seventeen items. Did I have a time!

There was Seventeen face powder, dusting powder, brillantine, Seventeen perfume, toilet water, talcum and compacts. The only one I've had time to try out as yet is the Seventeen face powder, as that is quite new. I am a blondish person and I found it—in a shade called Champagne—particularly nice. The claim is that there are two tones in the powder that give it more life than the average powder in order to make it combine naturally with the skin. I wouldn't know about that, but I do know it has a flattering tendency—and what more could any girl ask?

The Seventeen perfume you probably know. It is a "sweet" perfume, what I call after my fashion, a blonde one, suggesting, somehow spring and pastel colors, laughter and sunshine. It is one of those perfumes that go beautifully on the skin, which, to me, is always the truest test of any scent. It lasts, too.

And speaking of perfume reminds me of the ultimate refinement in that line—perfumed soap flakes. You can wash your hankies and scent them, all in one gesture. Ain't that sump'n, as our friend Andy says?

The soap itself is excellent and won't harm your finest silks and the perfume is manufactured in France. This seems to me like one of those nice, original gift things. It might even make a different kind of bridge prize. Why girls at afternoon bridge don't give themselves more prizes of beauty, I don't know. I think it's a grand idea and personally, I'm tired of getting double decks of cards and such like. The price is only fifty cents a bottle—a large bottle—and it comes in Jasmin, Lilac, Chypre, Lavendar, Lily of the Valley and Sweet Pea fragrances.

In the soap line, our old English friend, Yardley, enters with a new shampoo, called Lavendar Shampoo and Rinse. It costs only a quarter and each package contains two envelopes. The one contains the lavender scented soap flakes. The other little crystals to be used as a rinse. Nice, if you like it. Personally, I find it easier to use liquid shampoos, but the price is so moderate you can certainly afford to experiment and find out about it for yourself.

I've had one amazing experience this month—probably the most amazing ex-

perience any person working in the beauty trade could have. A charming girl called at my office one afternoon. She said she had a new beauty discovery. Having heard that story before I remained calm while she asked me if she could please demonstrate it to me.

Then she set to work and when she finished I was about ready to burst forth into tears. For she changed herself in just a few moments from a beautiful girl to one whose face was badly disfigured with one of those hopeless birthmarks. And then she did some work and transformed herself once more back into the beauty.

This amazing young woman, driven by sheer necessity, has invented a kind of heavy cream that can be rubbed into the skin and so cover any birthmark or scar so that it can not be seen by even the most observant eye. I give you my word that she was sitting directly in the sunlight in my office. And I also guarantee you that I am generally regarded as a most observant person. And I would never have known, if that girl hadn't revealed it to me, that she didn't have the loveliest, most unspotted skin. The cream is made of the purest products and is completely harmless. It comes in a full range of colors, to match all skin tones, and make-up may be put over it with the greatest ease.

Just think what this means to hundreds of hopeless men and women. In this girl's case, she found it impossible to secure a worthwhile position. She was a college graduate and very intelligent. She had youth and energy. But that facial accident, happening before she was born, was enough to ruin her whole life. I regard her as a very genuine heroine and a true savior of many lives, as well as an extraordinarily brainy young thing for having studied chemistry to benefit herself and mankind. Her name is Miss Lydia O'Leary. Her address is 11 West 42nd Street, New York. She will be glad to give you a personal demonstration in how to use her products, if you can call upon her, or will advise you by mail. The creams are very inexpensive—two dollars the jar—and they have the endorsement of physicians. And isn't her story a marvelous one? Life is sometimes better than the movies.



PATS and POKES

Join our Truth Game! Tell us frankly
what you think of SCREENLAND.
We'll pay for your opinions

We want your impressions of the contents of SCREENLAND be they sneers or cheers. For the best letter—and it must be brief—giving us your constructive criticism of our features, art and departments, we offer \$20.00, first prize; \$15.00, second prize; \$10.00 third prize; and \$5.00, fourth prize. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month.

Preference After Free Peek

First Prize Letter

YOU have to choose in life. After glancing over the other movie magazines (when the clerk wasn't looking) I bought the March SCREENLAND because it is—

1. Timely—Dietrich *vs.* Garbo, Discoveries of the Month, Screen News, Barrymores' and Buddy Rogers' trips.
 2. Original—Editorials, honor page, presentation of portraits.
 3. Private Life-ish—Marie Dressler and Bob Montgomery.
 4. Intimate—High Jinks, Hollywood's Favorite Economies.
 5. Helpful—Van Alstyne, star's recipes, addresses, birthdays, Ask Me, Tips on Tempting.
 6. Thought-provoking—Slams and Salvos, Pats and Pokes, Is Education Helpful?
 7. Informative—Revuettes, Screen Song Hits, Casts and longer revues of Current Plays.
- Phyllis-Marie Arthur,
Box 177,
Lowville, N. Y.

Must We Tell All?

Second Prize Letter

SCREENLAND is a smart, up-to-the-minute, clean magazine. Ah—that's where the "rub" comes in—it's clean, too clean. Give us more truth and less poetry. Don't you realize that poetry has gone out? Unless you can make it read like the poetry of Dorothy Parker or Samuel Hoffenstein. Here's to a long life and a franker one!

Alma Portegal,
326 West 47th Street,
New York City.

Par Excellence

Third Prize Letter

SCREENLAND must eat three cakes of Tasty Yeast daily. It has Pep! Vim! Vigor! multiplied. Such a number of departments that make for interesting reading. Vivid personalities. Stimulating contests. Free advice. A relief from some of the current movie magazines.

Just enough of everything, not too much of anything. There isn't a thing I want changed about it, thank you.

Mary Lyons,
91 Winthrop Street, Brockton, Mass.

Not A Poke In Our Contents

Fourth Prize Letter

Come here, SCREENLAND—
Pat! You are the *Vanity Fair-New Yorker* screen magazine. De Paw's Screen Slants, Louis Reid's department, The Stage in Review and everything else in you exemplifies what I mean by this. You are *modern* and *original*, *smart* and *clever*.

Pat! Pat! In brief, SCREENLAND, we like you because your contents prove that you are edited for intelligent readers.

And—I thought I had a *poke* but—honest, mister—I can't find a one!

E. C. Whelan,
3325 South 24th Street, Omaha, Neb.

Disapproval

SCREENLAND is good and all that, but may I suggest that you concentrate a little more on Lew Ayres and Phillips Holmes instead of on the Dietrich-Garbo *mêlée*? Of course, I'm interested in Greta and Marlene, Clara Bow and Joan Crawford, but please don't neglect our film boy-friends for these females!

Margaret Barris,
Providence, R. I.

The Glad Hand

SCREENLAND makes the clock move around, is a good recipe for blues, and contains much information that is not obtained from other movie magazines.

Your pages on "Favorite Parts and Pictures of the Stars" proved highly interesting. We appreciate viewpoints from the stars regarding their pictures, as well as their little economics question.

Might I add in way of suggestion that we also like pictures of their children, their gowns and hats even; we can not all be movie stars but we can at least copy and compare their various costumes.

Mrs. George Wheelis, Jr.,
1105 Jackson Street, Dallas, Tex.

One Objection

You're my favorite magazine—just what one would expect of a Smart Screen Magazine. Your departments are fine; they contain all the latest material about film-land. I have only one objection and that is your Numerology articles.

Miss Julia E. Prejzicz,
43 Silver Avenue, Hillside, N. J.

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their
dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men at will. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can truthfully say "I don't understand what men see in her." But you *want* to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you could fascinate men at will, you would use your power *within reason*. Well, then, you may; for at last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power"—give it to you *free*.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by *like methods* is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for *limited charm*. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination."

You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the *main reliance*—with inevitable failure.

Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she could not. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her natural sirens blind to their own methods.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You

Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the *complete secret* of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is *indispensable*. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.

But more than beauty is *absolutely necessary*. Countless beautiful women are *not* fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows. So Lucille Young gives you *also* the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly *twenty years* of study, by gleaming from countless patrons the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and *putting together*. The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—things you would never discover yourself.

Women are thrilled as never before—because they instantly recognize that all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the *siren type*. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young Methods will give the necessary beauty.

Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation. So marvelous are the promises of complete fascination, that Lucille Young is willing to convince you *at her own risk*. Simply mail the coupon for her booklet—the most amazing thing you have ever read—and it will be sent free and without the slightest obligation.

Lucille Young

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FRECKLES



Spring Sun and Winds Bring Out Rusty Brown Spots. How to Remove Easily

This is the time to take special care of your complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. Spring sun and wind bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now. What your skin needs is Othine-double strength. A few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to fade out those ugly-brown spots and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

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If you are interested—

—to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.

This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.

It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

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BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

How to Behave Though Famous!

Continued from page 27

life hardly a formidable problem so long as her fans believe her to be the demure, wistful damsel she portrays on the screen. All of her publicity material is designed to strengthen that belief. Analyzing such a charming bit of femininity as Janet seems a bit cold-blooded but with the decline of parchesi and cross-word puzzles, 'Find the Fallacy' has become my favorite indoor sport. I'm getting to be just an old fallacy ferret!

And Janet does have a fallacy in the closet. If she were the docile, trusting sort of person we are sometimes led to believe she is, it seems quite obvious that she would usually come up with the short end of the deal in such a highly competitive, standardized industry as motion pictures.

She may be docile and trusting but she's one of the best little stickers-up-for-her own-rights in Hollywood. Her career has been one long fight for her own interests.

You read about her last, now-forgiveness-and-forgotten rift with the Fox company in which she emerged at least partially victorious; it was too open a breach to prevent the facts from leaking out. But you didn't read about most of her previous difficulties; Janet knows her public life too well. She'll fight her battles as privately as possible and keep her sunny side up for you.

Knowing when to apply the soft pedal is a gift in any line, but in public life it amounts almost to genius. William Haines is sponsoring one of the swellest soft-pedal acts ever seen on the Gold Coast.

Gentleman Bill became known as the best cracker-wise on the screen and had us all wishing we could be convincing smart-alecks. Did Bill stop with being clever on the screen? Pardon the foolish question, because I know that you know he didn't; he took his public life seriously and went the bit farther. He was Hollywood's very funniest fellow: his best stories were repeated (and published) extensively; time, place, and appropriateness were no object when he felt a funny spell coming on.

This brings us to the question as to just how far is 'a bit farther.' Mr. Haines eventually got around to the same question, decided he'd been somewhat overdoing things, and forthwith toned down a trifle. That happy and not very well defined medium between overdoing and underdoing is what makes 'em or breaks 'em.

Wallace Beery has to be uncouth for his art's sake and conveys much the same impression in the cause of his public life. To be sure he's naturally rough and ready but he does have a private regard for some of life's major niceties. Yet in public he rarely misses an opportunity to impress his uncouthness on the spectators.

Wallace's brother Noah says public life can go to pot. He's one of the very few players who can snort at it contemptuously and still make a good living. He affects a hat of the Northwestern Mounted variety and a manner to match because he likes it, and not for the sake of looking picturesque.

In case you're still not sold on public life, let's have a look at a few more people who use and recommend it.

Lilyan Tashman made it a useful ally in achieving the title of Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman. Jetta Goudal employed it with telling advantage in creating an exotic personality and having the world accept that personality as exotic and not freakish. Its intelligent use helped Buddy Rogers escape the fate of just another good-looking juvenile. It made Hollywood's First Lady out of America's Sweetheart.

There's no coupon to clip and I'm sorry I can't tell you how it's done in ten easy lessons because without talent and hard work and some of those other homespun virtues, this most elusive of arts will remain outside your pale.

But you might run along and develop a flair for something, be it marathon sitting, cubist sculpture, or talkie acting. Then come back and we'll see what can be done about your public life!

That Garbo-Dietrich Question!

Continued from page 22

a Follies she would give an illusion of such beauty of body that she would be as perfect as the conventional Follies girl—and a whole lot more interesting.

Dietrich and Garbo have never met. Dietrich finished "Dishonored" right after "Morocco" and sailed for Germany to visit her family. Those last weeks on the set were hectic, for Marlene was in a continuous anxiety that the picture would not be finished in time for her to get home for her baby's birthday. There was a day on which she was almost prepared to wreck the picture, bust her contract and jeopardize her whole career in order to get back. On this occasion, at least, Marlene knew that woman's place was in the home.

Here it may be mentioned that Marlene's husband is said to have been more successful in Germany than his wife, better known, and receiving a bigger salary. His name is Karl Seibert. Incidentally, Paramount is trying to land a job for Marlene's hubby so that Marlene won't have to be running back to Germany to visit her husband and baby.

In spite of her anxiety about the baby's birthday, Marlene was a merry soul on

the set during the filming of "Dishonored." In one scene she wears a short frock (those legs, eh?) and she came bouncing in like a kid excited over her first party dress. She had any amount of fun with Lew Cody, also in that picture. Lew proving a sympathetic confidant, and soothing factor, when things seemed to be delayed.

When Marlene left Hollywood, to return in April, it was a front-page story. When she had arrived in New York a few months before there was not a ripple of excitement. But at the boat when she left crowds assembled at the pier at midnight, begged autographs, blew kisses, and generally raved.

A German picture of Marlene's that appeared in New York about a year ago created almost no attention. Hollywood does things better. Von Sternberg, the director, saw her in a Berlin musical comedy and captured her for "The Blue Angel" with Emil Jannings, after Jannings had left Hollywood in eclipse, because of the talkies. This "Blue Angel" was shown the same week Paramount's "Morocco" was released, so that she jumped into stardom.

Rumors abound anent Dietrich. It is variously claimed that she is really an American-born German girl, just as Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn; that she lived in San Diego and won a beauty contest there; that she had played numerous extra and atmosphere rôles in Hollywood without anyone discovering her, before going to Germany; that she originally studied to be a violinist, but hurt her wrist and so drifted to the stage in Germany; that her foreign accent is a clever pose and that if one listens attentively, she will be heard to relapse into good American. But I haven't been able to verify the San Diego beauty contest story, if true. I mention it only to show how Dietrich is continually discussed over Hollywood dinner tables.

While in Hollywood Marlene lives quietly with a cook, a maid, and a Rolls-Royce! She is absurdly fond of toys and owns a woolly toy dog on which she lavishes much affection. She loves buying American dolls and toys for the baby. She has a gay sense of humor which is always on tap, even when she's worried. In Hollywood she has become "Dutchy" to all her friends. She carries a portable phonograph around with her, and she is perfectly piggy about strawberries.

All of which is different from Garbo. Garbo keeps very much to herself, and these days she goes straight from home to the studio, and back again the moment work is finished. She rarely chats on the set and has a perfect horror of strangers. For quite a while now it has been impossible to get Garbo to a party. As for interviewers, she still avoids them as though they had the plague.

Still, there is a human side to Garbo. When she first came to Hollywood, she was a constant visitor at the home of Frances Marion, the Fred Thompson castle high on a hill. Then she became just dear Greta, and was simply darling with Frances' children, who adored her. She would scamper around and play with them like a kid. She loved the horses, too, seemed to have a spiritual communion

with them, which they understood.

This Greta could sit placidly for hours, admiring a summer sunset, revelling in a summer night, from that gorgeous garden. Frances said she seemed to become a part of nature itself, actually to have spiritual communion with the universe. This was in the days of Frances' widowhood. They don't see so much of each other now.

So the Greta she prefers to show to the world is not necessarily the real Greta. In those realms in which she differs from Marlene Dietrich, she is a very distinct personality, and there is room for both of them. Off the set Greta is indifferent to her personal appearance, whereas Marlene is smart in appearance always—which somewhat agrees with the American-born theory.

However, her biography at the studio sets forth that she was born in Berlin on December 27th (no year mentioned!), her father having been an army officer who was killed in the war. Her mother still lives in Berlin, and she is an only child. She was educated at private schools, proved good at languages, and later studied violin for the concert stage. The injury to the wrist spoiled that, hence her entry at the Max Reinhardt School of Drama, which soon supplanted concert work ideas. Her very first part was in the German version of "Broadway." Then came musical comedy and the discovery that her singing voice was unusual. Her first pictures, both released in this country without creating the slightest stir, were "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Three Loves." UFA productions.

Garbo, as we know, is now about 23, going on 24. Dietrich might be about 26 or 27, yet has younger manners in public. Garbo can only be playful in private, Dietrich is naturally playful.

In the meantime, Hollywood won't be quite happy until they have seen these two together. One picture Garbo being a little formal and polite, and Dietrich magnificently giving Garbo subtle homage. Marlene is like that. She can afford to be.

What about these African Films?

Continued from page 25

"Trader Horn," I marvel at her perseverance in braving the thorn brush in her scanty costume, and at her courage in daring to encounter the African sun with no head covering. From sunrise to sunset, while I was in Equatorial Africa, I never stepped out into the open without a helmet or a double-terai hat on. (Believe it or not, I even wore a helmet when I went swimming in Lake Kivu!) I have heard that Miss Booth, since her return, has suffered either from the return of the fever or from the effects of the sun. I am not surprised when I consider the risks she ran.

Into the two-hour showing of "Trader Horn" there has been packed such a wealth of material and thrills that the "shot" of the pygmies seems a bit superfluous. However, it would have been a waste of time and energy not to have brought in the "Little People" inasmuch as the expedition traveled, by train, by boat, and by car, at least a thousand miles from the East Coast to photograph them. Also, pygmies are popular this year!

Naturally, there has been some very clever faking in parts of this picture. For instance, if you know your lions, it is easily noted when the Hollywood lions enter the field of action to fight over the dead antelope. The Hollywood lions have beautiful long thick manes which have thrived in captivity, while the veldt lions' manes have

been kept closely cropped by contacts with thorn brush!

Beyond doubt, brush-covered barricades enclosed the arenas where the lion pursued and brought down the impalla, and where the leopard fought with the baboons and with the hyenas. Experience has taught me that lions and leopards naturally do their prowling for food at night—an inconsiderateness which makes photographing difficult.

Some of the photographs of the animals were thrilling. The "shots" of the crocodiles were especially good. However, there were one or two gruesome close-ups of dying animals which added no thrill to the picture and left a bad taste. The close-up of the death agony of the rhino was horrible to watch.

On the whole, "Trader Horn" presents a real melodramatic African spectacle that no one can afford to miss. Personally, I expect to see it again—at least two or three times. Furthermore, to my way of thinking, it seems ethical to "doctor" scenes in "Trader Horn" for the sake of added interest in a fictional picture, while it does not seem ethical to impose such methods into a "would-be natural history travelogue" film.

"Ingagi," which created a stir last Fall, was advertised as an authentic African film wherein a gorilla captured and carried off a woman. Thrills and shudders tickle

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the spinal column at the mental images created by this daub of words! Investigation revealed that the rôle of the gorilla had been enacted by a man in gorilla's clothes.

"Jango," according to its own press-bulletin, "exposed the terrors of Africa in the land of Trader Horn and represented five years of travel and research of the Davenport Expedition." The revelations of the making of this film are too involved and harrowing for detailed exposure. Suffice to say, the aforementioned Dr. Davenport decided to operate upon some mediocre African film with the assistance of a couple of African natives. With poor dramatic skill, he posed his African "local color" upon would-be wild game trails through the underbrush of Westchester county and the rural settings of Connecticut. The operation was not a financial success. Dr. Davenport's fantastic sensation was removed from the sign-boards. The gentleman himself disappeared from the Eastern region of the United States, but his hungry African native was left stranded.

In due course of time, "Africa Speaks" drew me into its portals. The foyer-lobby of the theatre was bedecked with spears, lion skins, ivory tusks, and two shivery black boys in gala rig-outs of leopard skins, shields and spears. A tribal marking across the forehead and down the nose of the nearest native classed him to me as a boy from the Bangala tribe; so I talked to him in his native language:

"What is your name?"

"Where is your village?"

"How did you get here?"—and so on.

The other native moved over to join in the conversation. Then the arm gesturing and the tongue-clicking began in earnest. People clustered about us to witness this unpremeditated side-show. We were blocking the lobby entrance, but the conversation was enlightening. It transpired that they had set certain goals to be reached before they could contemplate a return to their villages on the banks of the Congo River. They wanted to return in style with fountain pens, watches and many picture post-cards.

"But why the post-cards?" I asked, bewilderedly.

"We want to tell about all the high buildings, trains under the ground, and all the things that we have seen, and we do not want to be called liars," was the answer.

If, and when these prodigal sons return to their villages of thatched huts, I should like to witness their first lectures upon "The Dangers and the Wonders of America" as experienced by two adventurous explorers. One boy proved to be Davenport's deserted actor; and the other native claimed to have made the "African sound-effects" for "Africa Speaks"—not in Africa, but in this country.

In "Africa Speaks" there were some good "shots." The leaping impalla were beautiful; the locust added a novel and interesting feature, and the actual native lion-spearing scenes were the best that I have ever seen from Africa. When a lion snatched a dead wart-hog from a hole in the side of an ant hill, the audible "Oh's" and "Ah's" convinced me that the audience was under the impression that the lion had captured live bait.

The stage-set of the "boma lion filming" was ridiculous. Two white men, apparently African-wise, went into a constructed thorn brush enclosure to photograph lions. As a protective measure, they carried only revolvers—a bit thick that. Then one absent-minded gentlemen suddenly remembered that the rifles had been left in the truck and sent a boy out, empty-handed, to dodge lions and bring back the fire-arms. I cannot imagine a white master asking that

of his boy unless he intended to protect the native with his own weapon—be it only a revolver. At any rate, the episode of the lion capturing the native was either a clever bit of faking or else gross carelessness on the part of the organization.

In another scene of "Africa Speaks," two pygmies crept up to a small herd of elephants. The elephants grazed on un-



This is Robert L. Ripley. In his next "Queeriosities" he actually presents a one-armed paper hanger—believe it or not!

concernedly. Why shouldn't they? The elephants knew that they were protected and belonged to the much-photographed herd of young elephants in captivity on the Government Farm in the Belgian Congo.

For the persons frankly interested in the scientific study and real observation of African game, the Martin Johnson's films offer the most authentic sources of information. Their films have been sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History.



You remember Roy D'Arcy, popular villain of silent screen fame—well, he's back again. Here's a scene from "Masquerade," a Vitaphone short subject.

Ask Me—Continued from page 10

Screenland you saw some stars' signatures. You are right, they really and truly originally signed those photographs. Lewis Ayres is not engaged to Constance Bennett nor is Jackie Coogan engaged to Mitzi Green. Mitzi only said "yes" in "Tom Sawyer." There's a picture you can take Grandma or little Junior to see.

Mary E. L. Who is the most popular girl in my department? You should ask me—but I don't mind patting myself on the back now and then. The principal rôles in "Beau Geste" were taken by Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce and Neil Hamilton, with Ralph Forbes and Norman Trevor. Mary Brian has one of her most important rôles in "The Royal Family of Broadway," with Ina Claire and Fredric March.

Yuke from N. Y. Your favorite big moment is Lillian Roth. There are others who have their heart troubles over Lillian if "Ask Me!" is any indication of her popularity. She was born Dec. 13, 1911, in Boston, Mass. She has dark hair and brown eyes, and, my, oh my, what dimples! She has a sister Ann, who is 17, appearing in Educational-Mermaid Comedies. Lillian has been touring in vaudeville but will be back on the screen.

N. U. T. There are but few who pass this way who will admit to a name like that. George O'Brien was born Sept. 1, 1900, in San Francisco, Cal. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. He excels in boxing, swimming, and football. "Seas Beneath" is a recent picture in which George's smile and biceps will give his devoted fans a

thrill. Larry Kent and John Loder appear with him also in what the well dressed seaman should wear.

Harriette. Can I predict the future of the new screen players that are springing up here and there? I never say, "I told you so" but from the many inquiries about Monroe Owsley, the Georgia boy, I feel amply justified. He was a newspaper man and after a year on the *Philadelphia Ledger*, he played in stock on the stage. He played his rôle Ned in "Holiday" on Broadway before he played it on the screen with Ann Harding. Since that film he has appeared in "Anybody's Girl" with Barbara Stanwyck, Sally Blane and Ricardo Cortez; and in "Free Love" with Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin.

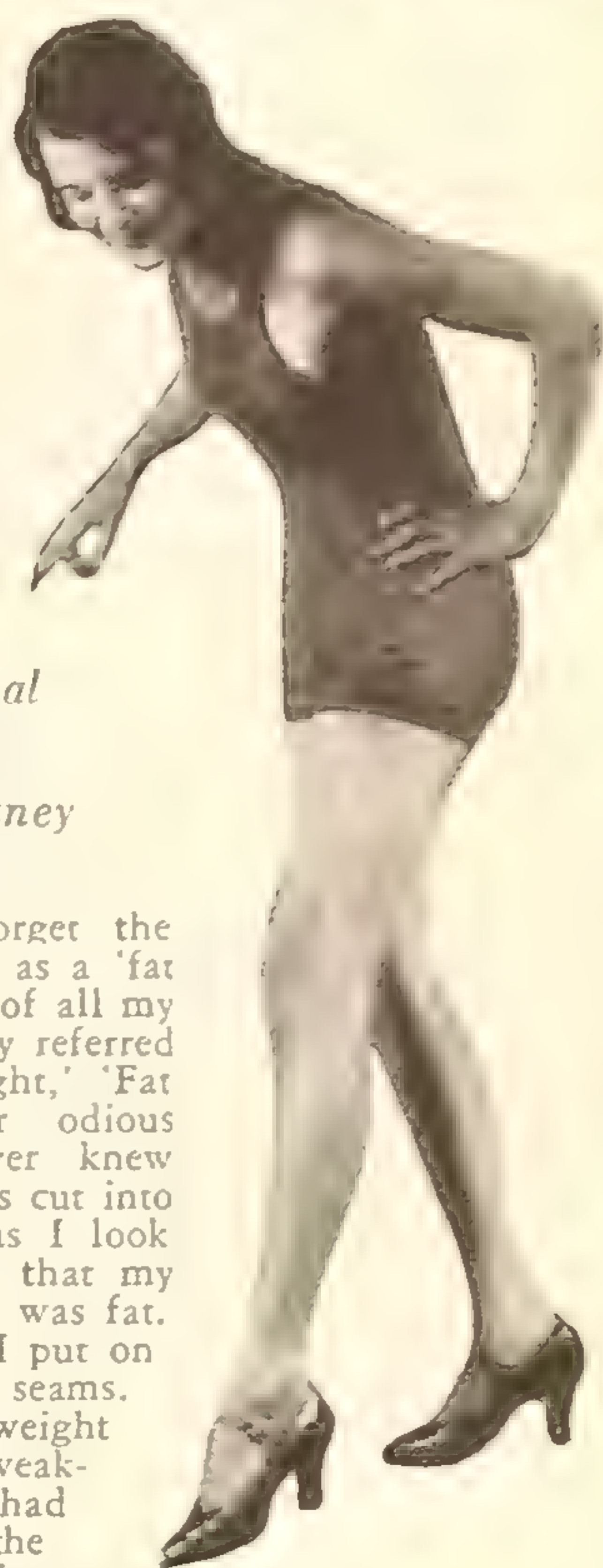
Elizabeth S. Will I tell Dorothy MacKaill all the grand things you say about her? I'm the best little spreader of good news you know and Dorothy will be glad to have such a warm admirer. She is appearing in "Once a Sinner" with Joel McCrea, John Halliday and Sally Blane.

Topsy. And where have you been since 1927 not to know that Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have been married all this time? He has a young daughter by a former marriage but her name is unknown to me. Richard was born Sept. 1, 1899, in Charlottesville, Va. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Goofy. You've picked a winner in Frank Albertson. The boy was born about 25 years ago in Fergus Falls, Minn. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 feet 9 inches

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tall and weighs 145 pounds. He is not married but lives with his mother in Hollywood. The pictures that have put Frank near the top of the ladder are "So This is London" with Will Rogers, and "Just Imagine." His new picture is "Big Business Girl."

Waiting Dot. Isn't it fun getting into print even if one has to wait—getting in is the thing. Louise Brooks and Clive Brook are not related. Billie Dove has not made a picture since "The Lady Who Dared" with Sidney Blackmer and Conway Tearle. Richard Dix will long be remembered as Yancy Cravat in "Cimarron," the best rôle he has ever played.

Vee to Vee. If you like your name as I like mine, you'll never change it. Put that on your grocery list. Ruth Taylor hasn't appeared in films since her marriage on March 17, 1930, to Paul S. Zuckerman. Stage experience and a good recording voice would be a great help to you if you are considering a picture career. When you make good in pictures I'll be the first to ask for a personally signed photograph.

Annette S. You want better and bigger pictures for Evelyn Brent—this may be a knock-as-good-as-a-boost for Betty Riggs (yes, that's her real name). She was born in 1899, in Tampa, Fla. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Harry Edwards, the director, is her second husband. She was on the stage in England for four years before going into pictures. Her latest film is "The Mad Parade," the all-girl picture.

Thelma L. Don't believe all the rumors or boarders, either. You take all the unkind things you hear about the players and I'll take all the nice things I know about them. Jack Pickford hasn't made a picture since "Gang War" in 1928. Richard Barthelmess played a dual rôle in "Wheel of Chance." One of his latest releases is "The Lash" from the story "Adios."

Jose A. Bautista. Am I a plain Miss or else? Just try to find a plain Miss in this advanced day and age. John and Jack Gilbert are one and the same Gilbert. Buster Keaton doesn't have to smile to make us laugh and Charlie Chaplin doesn't need to talk to make pictures. A kiss in sound pictures doesn't need to make a lot of noise—a kiss is a kiss and that's that.

Helen W. If I answered all your questions I'd have to take on a night shift and you wouldn't treat me like that. Bill (Pathé) Boyd is 31. He married Dorothy Sebastian in Jan., 1921. Bill is a 6-foot blond with blue eyes, and weighs 180 pounds. Nils Asther is 29. He is the husband of Vivian Duncan, one of the Duncan sisters, you know. Barry Norton is 25 and not married. Marguerite de la Motte and Dorothy Revier played with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in "The Iron Mask."

Bubbles. I think you refer to Jane La Verne, who played with Reginald Denny in "That's my Daddy." Jane was born July 27, 1922. She has brown eyes and blonde hair but is growing up so fast I can't keep her height and weight on record. Esther Ralston plays with Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner." A grand comeback for Esther to play opposite the golden-voiced Tibbett. You'll adore him as a tramp—and how he sings!

Jackie from Calif. Don't let the b.f. (boy friend) keep you away from David Rolin's pictures—put the soft pedal on your ravings and all will be well. David appears with George O'Brien in "Seas Beneath." He was born Sept. 2, 1909, in Kansas City, Mo. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds. He attended school at Culver Military Academy at Culver, Ind. His hobbies are riding, tennis, swimming, golf, hiking and motor boats. Not married.



There was a lot of ice cream on the "Party Husband" set. Dorothy Mackaill is feeding James Rennie his lines. What a break!

Revuettes—Continued from page 6

THE GORILLA. *First National.* A couple of duck detectives, a gorilla, mystery, and murders and a capable cast make this fair entertainment. Lila Lee, Joe Frisco, Harry Gribbon and Walter Pidgeon are featured.

THE LADY REFUSES. *Radio Pictures.* A not-so-good drama with British background and with Betty Compson as the highlight. Gilbert Emery and Margaret Livingston also ran.

THE LAST PARADE. *Columbia.* And still they come—another racketeer film and a good one, too. It has suspense, mystery, romance, comedy, Jack Holt, Constance Cummings and Tom Moore.*

THE ROYAL BED. *Radio Pictures.* A sophisticated yarn with intimate glimpses of royalty. Lowell Sherman acts and directs. Mary Astor, Hugh Trevor and Robert Warwick are fine.*

THE SINGLE SIN. *Tiffany.* Should a lady tell her husband all? Kay Johnson makes this film interesting. Bert Lytell and Paul Hurst are the male support.

EX-PLUMBER. *Educational.* Lloyd Hamilton is induced to pose as the husband of the lady where he is doing a plumbing job—and her real husband shows up and is very jealous. Giggles galore.

GIRLS WILL BE BOYS. *Educational.* Hattie and wife swap places in this talkie comedy, it should have been funny but it fails to click. Shortage of gags.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE. *Radio Pictures.* Fairly amusing comedy with Henry Armetta and Nick Bass cavorting aboard a ship.

HOT AND BOTHERED. *Universal.* George Sidney, Charlie Murray, pretty girls, boudoirs, wives and the usual complications and gags. Funny.

KANE MEETS ABEL. *Universal.* One of the "Leather Pushers" series, on the usual order and not very exciting.

LET'S TALK TURKEY. *Columbia.* A scenic journey through Constantinople; contrasting the ancient to the modern Turkey. Very good.



Joan Marsh gives us an impression of her lips. And you'll see those lips in action in "A Tailor Made Man," with Billy Haines.

THE SOUTHERNER. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A charming tale of the south with Lawrence Tibbett in magnificent voice as usual. Esther Ralston, as the girl, looks beautiful and acquits herself creditably.*

ONE YARD TO GO. *Educational.* An amusing burlesque and slapstick comedy with Marjorie Beebe supplying many a laugh in her efforts to get her man.

OSWALD ON MARS. *Universal.* Animated cartoon featuring Oswald and Peg-Leg, theme song and unique effects.

OVER THE RADIO. *Pathé.* A funny comedy with Franklin Pangborn. Built around a ridiculous political campaign speech.

THE LITTLE TRAIL. *Columbia.* A Krazy Kat cartoon mimicking the "covered wagon" theme, with musical effects. Entertaining.

VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD. *Tiffany.* Off-stage shots of various players which should prove interesting to all movie fans.

ZUYDER ZEE. *Pathé.* A scenic journey through the canals of the Zuyder Zee with Tom Terris conducting and talking in a capable manner.

Short Features:

ANGEL CAKE. *Vitaphone Varieties.* A nice snappy musical comedy with dancing, singing, girls and everything.

BABY FOLLIES. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A juvenile review neatly handled and very entertaining. Will please the whole family.

COURT PLASTER. *Vitaphone Varieties.* A courtroom farce with Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford. Far fetched but funny.

See Page 110 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

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*Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

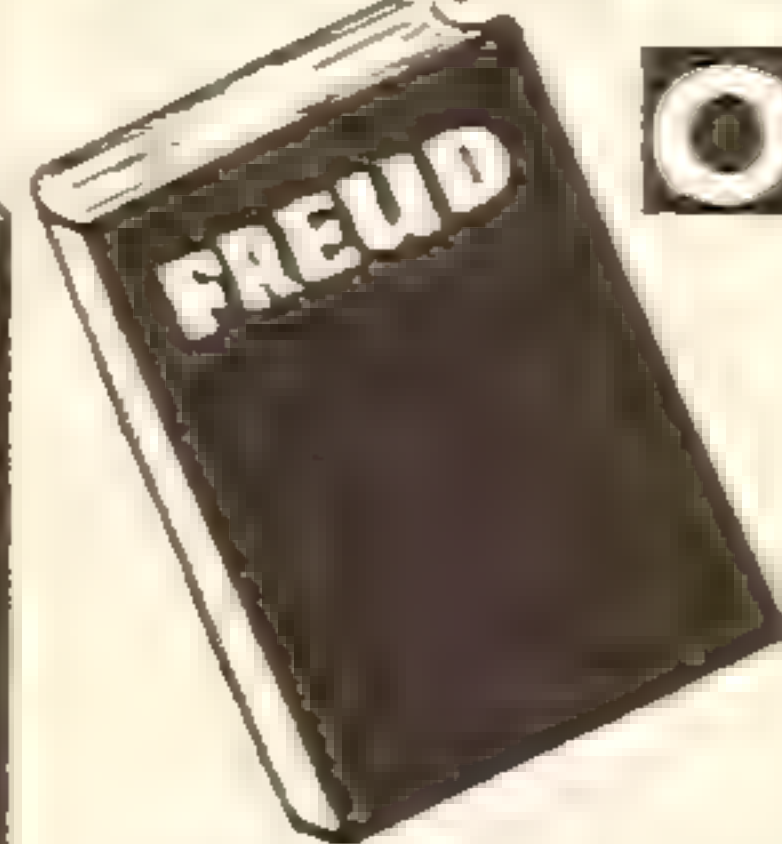
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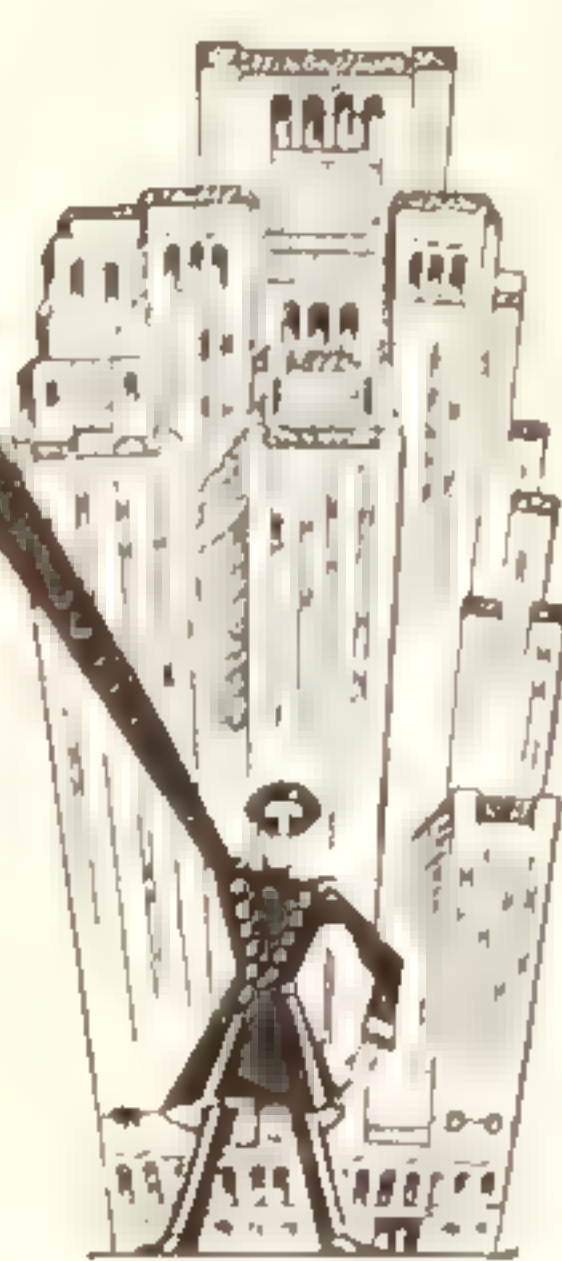
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The Child Wonder—Continued from page 51

in the fact that they tip upwards. Her skin is colorless, but its smooth, heavy white has the translucence of extreme youth. Her lips are full and curved, but as a child's are. Not a beautiful face, it is already provocative, arresting.

As we went up to her office, people stopped her along the way with congratulations. The announcement of her stardom had been made the day before. A couple of young men evinced more than professional approval. Carman was polite and friendly—but undisturbed, unimpressed.

She sank gratefully into the chair by her desk. The door into the next office opened and Samuel Hoffenstein, brilliant young poet-turned-scenarist, stuck his head in for a moment's chat. All along the corridor were offices occupied by mature, famous writers of whom this terribly young person had suddenly become contemporary. Yet she wasn't bewildered—just weary. I think she would have liked to run home and be a little girl again.

"Now I've started all this, I have to keep it up. I can't ever go back." She paused, as she often does in mid-idea, her eyes wandering to space as if she had forgotten where she was and what she was saying. After a moment, she recollected herself and went on.

"Not that I really want to go back, I guess. I sound ungrateful, but I'm not. Such wonderful things have happened to

me and they're exactly the things I wanted to happen. Only now that they have, there's nothing more to want, no," she added more brightly, "that's not quite true. There's Europe. I've always wanted to go there."

This adolescent who is already reduced to wanting a trip to Europe in lieu of any more proportionate desire, was born in Tennessee and, as a child, played with literature rather than dolls.

"I was sort of weakly," she explained, in her plaintive little voice, "always having measles or whooping cough or pneumonia or something. And, not being able to play outdoors with other children, I spent most of my time reading. And then writing. Long, elaborate stories about love and tragedy and divorce and all. They were very funny."

Prolific, if nothing else, Carman continued to write, having determined that literature was to be her aim and destiny.

"My mother always told me I could do anything I wanted with my life and she'd help me. She's a grand person. She was quite a belle when she was a girl and always wanted to go on the stage. But you know how Southern people are. Her family wouldn't let her and she determined that her daughter would choose her own career freely. When I said I wanted to be a writer, she was so pleased—after she married, she had written verse, under the name of Dinantha Mills."

When Carman was fifteen, evidences of genuine talent began to appear in the theses which had heretofore been like the usual literary efforts of childhood. An interested friend, sensing the embryonic ability now becoming apparent, suggested that she abandon love triangles and such until she knew something about them and write on a subject with which she was familiar.

"I had just come home from boarding-school in Nashville for summer vacation, so I decided to write a boarding-school story. A novel—I'm not awfully interested in the short story form."

"We have a house up in the mountains where we spend the summers—a sweet old place with big stone fireplaces, away up among hills and trees. I love it. It's so quiet and peaceful. And it's a perfect place to work in, so all summer I worked on my novel—'Schoolgirl.' Then, in the autumn, Mother sent it to Horace Liveright, the publisher."

That November saw her sixteenth birthday. A month later, while she was decorating her Christmas tree on Christmas Eve, a wire came from the Liveright offices notifying her that "Schoolgirl" had been accepted for publication.

"And I guess probably that was the nicest Christmas present I ever had. I was terribly thrilled." Her eyes shone with the recollection of that first, fine thrill.

A year later, after being news-interest throughout the country because of her book's place among the best-sellers, she began work on her second novel. Also, in collaboration with A. W. Pezet, on the dramatization of "Schoolgirl."

Last September, after the appearance of "Beau Lover" on the book-stands, Paramount signed her to a writing contract, to begin after the opening of "Schoolgirl" on Broadway. The play opened on November twentieth, Carman's birthday. The fates, you see, are still indulgent of her youth—dressing up her attainments in the guise of presents for a good little girl. In December, she came to Hollywood with her mother. And now look at her. Small wonder she can't quite get her breath.

"I always thought I'd like to act," she



Presenting the movie version of "God's Gift to Women"—or Frank Fay all dressed up for his new picture of that title.

said, "but, of course, writing will always come first. There are so few women novelists in this country—and I think there is a place for more. I have a book in my mind now, that I'm terribly anxious to write. I've been thinking of it for a long time—but I want to sort of grow up to it, first. I have an awful lot to learn about writing and I want to wait until I feel I can more nearly do it justice."

No, she is not dizzy.

"Schoolgirl," in answer to my question as to her own reactions to her work, "has a good deal of color, I think. But it's poorly written. 'Beau Lover' is better written, but I don't think it's nearly so vivid. Of course, it's plain that they are adolescent work. But I'm gradually finding out just what I want to do. Plots don't interest me as much as characterization. I like to use situations, rather than stories—situations that develop naturally from human characters."

It is only, one notices, when she is talking of her work that she is really articulate—articulate beyond her years.

About "Schoolgirl" as a play, she smiled sheepishly.

"It went over pretty well, but it got hell from the critics!"

Her own tastes in literature run to Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, Bertrand Russell—with a particularly soft spot in her heart for Van Loon's "Story of Wilbur the Hat."

She likes the idea of being a movie star, but is in mortal terror of losing her head in Hollywood. That head appears, however, to have sustained a level balance thus far—a balance amazing for the brevity of her years. She may be unduly young, but she is already an aware and conscious person. And such people seldom go, to coin a phrase, haywire.



Juliette Compton is one of the best dressed women in pictures; anyway, you'll be able to judge for yourself when you see her in "City Streets."

They Get \$1,000 to \$5,000 For a Story

Continued from page 57

into pictures. Since coming to Hollywood, she has "The Southerner" and "Inspiration" to her credit, and is now working on "Five and Ten."

Florence Ryerson is a California girl, college graduate, whose father and grandfather before her were newspaper men, so she naturally began writing before she was out of school—sold her first story at eight, a melodrama about Indians! Her first husband, Harold Ryerson, went to war, whereupon Florence started designing pretty house dresses and had a full-fledged factory doing a national business to hand him when he returned. Now she is married to Colin Clements, another writer, and they collaborate on books, plays, poetry, scenarios, one of which won the O. Henry prize for 1930. Florence has a jolly boy of about 15.

It was five years ago that she began her scenario career—one-reel comedies for Arthur Lake at Universal, putting in lots of time in the cutting room, so as to learn all the ropes. Her pictures since sound arrived include "The Canary Murder Case," "Hot News," "Dr. Fu Manchu," and "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," also "We Three" for First National, just finished. She and Colin live in a Spanish house at Beverly Hills, with three typewriters, a secretary, a dictaphone, and several cats! They work at night, from 9 P.M. to 2 A.M., and turn out a prodigious amount of work between them.

Dorothy Farnum, who is Mrs. Maurice

Barber, is now in Paris writing for French production, but she hops back here to help out once in a while, notably with "A Lady's Morals," for Grace Moore. Dorothy always seemed much too pretty to be a writer, but she has over twenty pictures to her credit.

Another clever dear is Maude Fulton, first famous as a child prodigy piano player at 9 years of age. She was 12 when her first book, "Sir Sidney's Revenge," was written. Her writing proclivities probably were encouraged by the fact that she haunted her father's newspaper office. But family finances failed, and at 12 the young novelist was carrying hat boxes for \$2 a week, to help out. At 13 she played the piano in a ten-cent store for \$3.50 a week, but an old friend of father's got her promoted to secretarial work—she learned shorthand, typewriting and had the measles all in the same week!

When she had saved \$100—15 years old then—she sallied forth to conquer the world via New York. After some starving days she got work in the chorus, lodged in a house for immigrant girls, and lived on 15 cents a day. In five years she was a star dancer on Broadway. Then she toured Europe, as a dancer. It is on record that she turned down an invitation to dine with Stanford White the night he was murdered. All this time she was writing, too, and presently came the successful stage play, "The Brat," in which she herself starred. Followed "The Hum-

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ming Bird," and all the rest of them. She produced plays at her own theatre in Oakland, California, for a time; was production manager for Edward Everett Horton in Hollywood for a year, and now she is one of the most successful scenarists in Hollywood, with "Once a Gentleman," "The Command Performance," "The Steel Highway," and "Maltese Falcon" to her credit, the last two about to be released.

Little Dorothy Yost is another who started in journalism. Her father, Robert Yost, was a managing editor in Los Angeles. She was sixteen when Julian Johnson helped her write for the screen. She loves animals and so many of her pictures have featured horses and dogs—a la "Kentucky Pride," a race-horse story. Now, in addition to writing for Universal, she has had a play presented with great *éclat*, "The Emperor," written in collaboration with her young husband, Dwight Cummins—another couple like Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.

Eve Unsell is another bright dear, college bred, who began her career in her teens. Studied drama, literature, voice, and has all sorts of university degrees. Her motion picture interests began after three years of brilliant newspaper writing and stage acting, when she became a play reader for Mrs. Beatrice DeMille, and later editor for Paramount and Fox. She has won screen credit for scores of pictures, many originals as well as adaptations, for dozens of our most famous screen stars from Mary Pickford to Lon Chaney. At 16, this bright girl had plays copyrighted and produced under the name of Oliver Wallace Geoffreys, which sounded nice and important.

Agnes Brand Leahy began as a script girl, which means she held the scenario and informed the director which scenes came next. She has about ten screen stories to her credit.

This story will never end if I don't crowd the rest! Marion Orth, who once meant to be a trained nurse, married, one boy baby, and doing scenarios for Fox, First National, Paramount, and de Mille. Bradley King, convent-bred, wrote magazine stories, caught Tom Ince's attention, did scenarios for him until 1924, and has since written for Fox, Warners, and M-G-M. Helped Frances Marion on "Anna Christie," and is screen credited for half a dozen by herself. Maurine Watkins, Radcliffe and Yale, began on Chicago Tribune; wrote plays, notably "Chicago"; now doing screen stuff for Fox.

And Sonya Levien, Russian, New York University education, daughter of Siberian prisoner; meant to be a lawyer; wrote for national magazines; two successful plays; edited for Roosevelt; married to Carl Hovey; son 9; hates being on time; restless, clever, does Will Rogers' scripts for him. Gladys Lehman, university graduate, began as story reader for Universal; made herself learn to write, did synopsis first; first screen story for Reginald Denny, now leading scenarist for Universal with a dozen first-class talkies to her credit. Beulah Marie Dix, college bred, M.A. and A.B. degree, author of 20 books, entered film work through Cecil de Mille, and since bristling with screen accomplishments: Jane Murfin, associated with "Strongheart" pictures, was a New York playwright—two of them made in pictures, "Lilac Time" and "Smilin' Through." Studied art and languages in Europe. Is also an actress. Now a staff writer at RKO.

Then there's Gertrude Orr, another Kentuckian, college girl, former newspaper reporter, overseas with the Red Cross in war, marvelous experiences. Visited the Orient, and came to Hollywood in 1922, did publicity in studios, and now a flour-

ishing scenarist. Can't leave out Doris Malloy, college girl, war worker in France, fiction and advertising writer; broke into screen work with Western serials, and now on Fox staff. Helped with that all-woman picture, now titled "The Mad Parade," because of her war experience.

Also Winifred Dunn, scion of British statesmen; took up world reformation at 18; wrote a screen play to promote it which was produced as "And the Children Pay." Found the world didn't want to be reformed and so to Hollywood. Became scenario editor for Metro, wrote several herself. Has 20 screen plays to her credit. Now head of woman's committee for the Olympic Games in Los Angeles for 1932. Viola Brothers Shore, Ursula Parrott, (author of "Ex-Wife"), Virginia Kellog, Peggy Thomson, Gertrude Purcell, Ethel Doherty, Louise Long, and Dorothy Howell are all bright girls whose names appear as scenarists or dialogists of screen stories and really should not be lumped in a footnote like this. Lenore Coffee, formerly a stenographer, author of short stories, is another girl



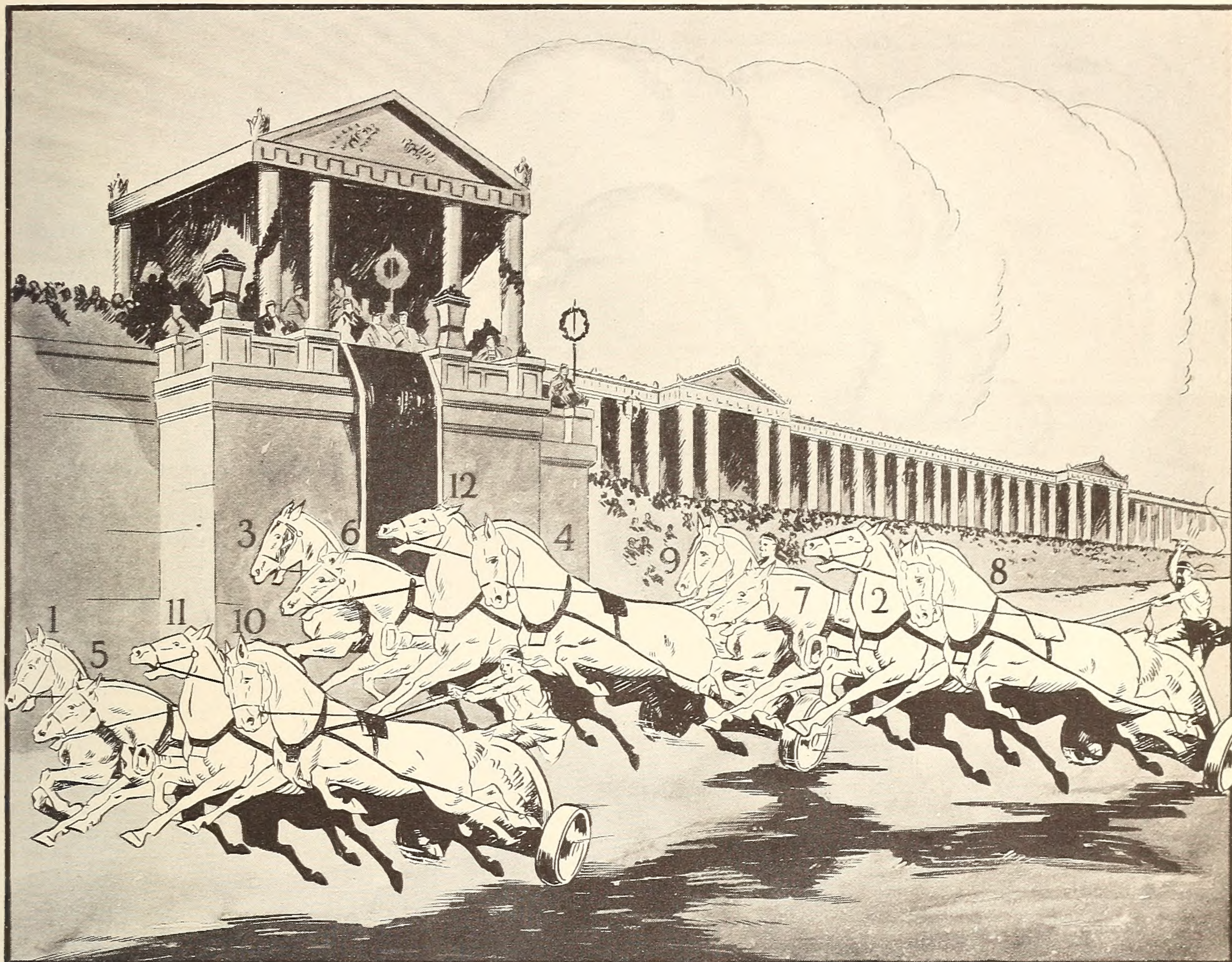
Apparently, Marguerite Churchill keeps a diary, in fact, several of them.

who has been writing scenarios for at least six years, weathering the talkie revolution with honor. "Mother's Cry" is her latest.

Then there's Jeanie Macpherson, Cecil B. de Mille's scenarist for years, including "The Ten Commandments," and "The King of Kings"—single, formerly an actress, director and writer in the days when \$22.50 a week covered all those jobs at one studio.

You will note that 85 per cent of these girls were newspaper women or writers of some kind before entering this work. Two-thirds of them are college bred. All of them had considerable experience before becoming scenario writers. It isn't one of those jobs that just anyone can do. It calls for not alone a vivid imagination, a knowledge of life, an exact efficiency, but a naturally versatile intellect as well. They must have a vast sympathy and understanding of their fellow human beings in various walks of life, and they have to be diplomats, for actors, directors, producers, supervisors, authors and technicians all have to be placated and convinced that the scenario is first class—to say nothing of an exacting box office public. They are paid everywhere from \$200 to \$1,000 a week, with Miss Marion getting \$3,500 every seven days. Yes they are paid at the rate of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 for a story. But oh, they earn it!

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By Helen Howard

HERE'S a girl who calmly surveys her success in Hollywood and remarks, "It's just a lot of talk!" Modesty? Not particularly! Evalyn Knapp means just what she says. Talk—the common garden variety that you and I use every day, has played such an unusual part in her life that almost every time she opens her mouth it seems as if it brings her either a triumph or a sorrow.

Evalyn was born and educated in Kansas City, Missouri. The "you've-got-to-show-me" state. Evalyn started showing 'em at an early age—in high school, with her acting in amateur dramatics. In junior college it was the same way. Whenever there was a fat leading rôle to be played, Evalyn got it, and carried off all honors. When her school days were over, she got a job in a local stock company, and for a while it looked as though she had found a clear road to success.

And then—she *talked* herself out of it!

Just as everything was at its rosiest, the manager came to her, and turned Evalyn's whole world dark with just one sentence.

"You've got a perfectly horrible, middle-western accent," he said, "and you'll never get anywhere in the theatre until you get rid of it."

Evalyn resigned from the company then and there. *Talk* had gotten in its first blow!

In spite of parental opposition, Evalyn went to New York. Her family felt that any success their daughter might win would be valued the more because she had earned it all herself, so she painted Christmas cards, laboriously, hundreds upon hundreds of them, to get the money for her ticket. Once there, she studied elocution and enunciation for six long months without once going near a theatre to try for a job. How she ever lived through it, Evalyn herself isn't quite sure, but there was a succession of unpleasant, poorly-paid jobs that helped her eat and pay rent for a half-year that she will never forget.

Finally her teacher pronounced her ready, and Evalyn landed her first New York rôle, in "The Patsy." No chance to use the new cultured accent here, though, nor in any of the parts that followed. She went on the road, too, playing, incidentally, for several weeks in Los Angeles without ever

going to Hollywood or any of the studios.

Back east again, she was given a picture test, and because the studio liked her voice so much, she received a lead in a Vitaphone short subject. But—it was a ga-ga, baby talk rôle. Evalyn, imitating a soft-voiced Southern girl she had known, did it so well that the studio officials, thinking it the only sort of thing she could do, put her in twenty-eight more of them! Even so, they won her a long term contract to make full-length pictures.

After a month on a boat, to help her put on a little weight, Evalyn reached Cinema City, and reported for work. Darryl Zanuck, Warner executive, who was the first to interview her, drew back when he heard her speak.

"Why, you don't talk baby talk at all!" he exclaimed.

Another disappointment, to be laid at the door of talk. Seeing Evalyn's downcast face, Zanuck added kindly, "Never mind, probably we can find something else for you to do." He gave her the lead in "Sinner's Holiday." But — (yes, another one) — it was a penny arcade play, with a Coney Island accent!

Here was a jinx that could not be broken. Was the Kansas City manager wrong after all? Evalyn despaired of ever winning a chance to use her dearly-bought cultured accent. Then, the jinx did break! Out of a clear sky, just as she was about to give up, Evalyn graduated overnight from the language of the bowery to that of Boston. In other words, to the leading feminine rôle in a George Arliss picture!

Mr. Arliss, notoriously careful as to the quality of his supporting casts, was interviewing all prospective leading ladies himself. Nervous, facing tremendous competition, Evalyn read over the play with him. But Mr. Arliss' first words, too, were a disappointment.

"Where are you from?"

When Evalyn tremblingly replied "Kansas City," he answered "I thought so!"

So the mid-western accent still clung. All was lost.

Not quite. The eminent actor's next words reassured her. "I don't think there is anything in your speech that cannot be overcome. You get the part."

Talk had scored again!



Evalyn Knapp, whom you'll see in "The Millionaire" with George Arliss; and in "You and I."

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